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MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER

VOL. XI., 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MEDFORD, MASS.

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MEDFORD

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J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

DAVID H. BROWN.

President of the Medford Historical Society, 1902–1906.

The Medford Historical Register.

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MEDFORD FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES E. HURD, BOSTON.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 4, 1907.]

WHEN, a few months ago, in a conversation with one of your members, I expressed a willingness to give your Society, not a lecture, but a heart-to-heart talk on "Medford, as I Knew It Fifty Years Ago," I did not realize what I was taking upon myself. The limitations of my subject as implied in my promise did not once occur to me. The whole history of the town seemed back of me, and I had vague visions at the moment of the references I should be able to make to eminent citizens of the past; to the great captains of industry in the way of ship-building, who had laid the foundations of the town's prosperity; to the leaders of public thought, and, in the purely intellectual line, to those two famous daughters of the town, Maria Gowen Brooks and Lydia Maria Child, who years before had shed a permanent literary flavor over the place. Surely there was an embarrassment of riches in the way of material for such a talk. It was not until after many weeks, and when the date assigned me was growing near, that I sat myself seriously to the task of preparation. Then the truth first dawned upon me. I realized, to my consternation, that up to that time I had been living in a state of delusion, and that instead of the free and unlimited scope I had expected, I was bound by the letter of my promise and agreement to confine myself to speak only of the town as I knew it when, a boy of nineteen, I wandered into its precincts, and that my area of treatment lay wholly between the autumn of 1853 and the summer of

1854. All the rich material of the past was thus barred out, and all the still richer material of the years which followed I could make no use of.

At first I felt strongly tempted to write and withdraw my promise, but after due consideration I concluded that I might, in the way of anecdote and comment, manage to shed some sidelights on Medford life and society, even in that brief space of time, that might be of passing interest.

I doubt if in all the years of Medford's history there was ever a more stagnant period than during those nine months. I am not finding fault. It suited me well enough, for I needed quiet surroundings for my work; but it was unfortunate for your sakes here tonight that it didn't provide me with more stirring material than I shall be able to give you. I was young when I first came to the town. I knew no one, and my life was spent much to myself. I made few acquaintances, but I was naturally of an inquiring mind, and while most of the people I met with were apparently oblivious of my existence, I kept my eyes and ears open.

My first coming to Medford was the result of a painful episode in my family history. When I was a child I used to hear my mother, who died nearly twenty years ago at the age of ninety, tell the story of her brother who died in Medford, away from his home, at the age of sixteen, and who was buried in the old ground across the street from here. His father, my grandfather, had, with several of his neighbors, obtained the charter for a new town in New Hampshire, and had emigrated there with his family. The conditions were unfavorable, however, and the little community suffered from lack of money. It was finally decided that half a dozen of the younger men should return to Massachusetts and seek employment, sending home regularly a portion of their wages, thus relieving the stress upon the little community. My uncle was then young in years, but a man in size and intelligence. He begged to be one of those

chosen, and his prayer was granted. With his companions, carrying his little bundle, he walked a hundred miles to Boston. That was in the year 1802. In that year Thatcher Magoun was building his first vessel on the Mystic, and thither the young lad hurried in pursuit of work, which he at once obtained. On the second day after his arrival he fell from the deck to the ship's bottom and was instantly killed.

All the rest of the remaining years of her life his mother was filled with a longing to visit and look upon his last resting place. But that comfort was denied her. The hard days of the pioneers were not yet past, and a few years later she, too, was taken. At the time my mother was three years old — too young, one would suppose, for even so sad an event to make a permanent impression, yet so heavy and sudden was the blow, and so keen was the sorrow in the household, that it remained until the day of her death, nearly ninety years later, one of the most vivid and painful of her memories.

And so the first vessel built on the Mystic after colonial times was baptized in the blood of this New Hampshire boy, and as one of the results of his tragic and untimely fate I am sitting here and talking to you tonight.

When I left my New Hampshire home fifty years later to seek, as my uncle did, my fortune, my mother exacted a promise from me that I sometime would visit Medford, find the grave, and mark it with a stone, no matter how humble. It was a year or two before the opportunity came. One beautiful day in early October, in 1853, I started out from my Boston boarding-house on my long delayed mission. It was a day to be remembered. The sky was clear, the air bracing, and my lightheartedness was altogether unbefitting the solemnity of my errand. After leaving Charlestown Neck it was a plunge into the real country. Winter Hill was bare of buildings, save here and there a farmhouse, and on either side were fields of corn and spacious gardens, pastures,

and green trees where are now paved streets and rows upon rows of handsome houses. Down in the marshes to the right were the busy brickyards, and near by, a standing rebuke to the civilization of the time, were the ruins of the Ursuline Convent, destroyed by a mob a few years before.

Passing down Main street on this side the hill, I stopped to study the Royall mansion. I knew nothing of its name or history, but the place carried with it an unmistakable flavor of the past, and that was an element which always attracted me. So on past the Medford House, over the bridge, past the little branch railroad station and City Hall, into the square. As I entered the square, things had a strangely familiar look. There are so many things in old-fashioned New England villages that look alike. It reminded me of certain New Hampshire villages with which I was familiar, the type, I have since found, of nine out of ten of those anciently planted in New England, the main feature consisting of two broad streets crossing each other at right angles, the intersection forming what is always and everywhere known as "the square," round which are clustered the various stores of the town, the postoffice, and the oldest church, the town pump always in the center. This last was my first objective point, for my long walk had made me thirsty. I was not so thoroughly permeated with my errand as to be oblivious of everything else, and I spent a comfortable and instructive hour in "sizing up" the town before I turned my steps toward the old burying-ground, directed by a little girl, who was curious to know if I "was going to have a funeral," and who seemed to be genuinely disappointed when I assured her I was not. The wall which skirted the yard was in a dilapidated condition at that date, the town, or the church society having it in charge, evidently feeling sure that none of those in the enclosure would ever try to get out, and equally sure that nobody outside would be anxious to get in, and so regarded its mending as unnecessary. A

diligent investigation availed nothing in the way of locating the spot of which I was in search. I should have been sure of that in the beginning. The world is too busy with its own affairs to take note of the friendless and penniless who leave it, and the only consolation I had in my disappointment was that the nameless dust I had vainly sought nourished the grass above it equally with that of those of more lofty name and lineage which had mingled with it.

While I was resting on the broken wall, from my investigations among the dilapidated stones and unmarked mounds, I was accosted by a pleasant faced young fellow who had been watching me, and who thought I might be searching for some rare botanical specimen. He assured me there was nothing but the commonest weeds and plants in the yard. When I explained that I was simply trying to locate a grave his curiosity suddenly cooled. Later I formed a closer acquaintance with him. You of a later generation know him as Nat Bishop, who later, as a man, brought honor upon himself and his native town as an explorer and naturalist. His home at that time was on Salem street, and very near this spot. I recall his taking me there once or twice, and of meeting his mother, who impressed me as a superior woman. A vague and altogether uncertain memory connects the Bishops with T. P. Smith. Both were property holders on the street, and I think their estates joined.

It was now one o'clock. I had eaten nothing since seven that morning, and became suddenly conscious of an appetite. As a result I began to look about for the means of satisfying it. Walking back to the square I began hunting for a restaurant. I soon found that my search was labor lost. There was no restaurant, but a man whom I asked furnished the information that I could get a good dinner at "Betsy Baker's" for fifty cents, and appeared surprised that I did n't know that Betsy Baker's was the Medford House. Now, half dollars were not as plenty then as they are today, and besides,

if the truth must be told, I had n't half a dollar in my pocket. Hungrier than ever, I wandered down Salem street, when Withington's bakery caught my eye. "They make things to eat, here," I said to myself, "and of course they sell them." A course of reasoning I subsequently found correct.

I shall never forget that dinner, which I ate off the counter, while the girl in attendance watched me as if she expected I was going through the whole stock. Three doughnuts, half a dozen cookies, quarter of an apple pie, with a glass of milk. I have eaten dinners at Parker's, Young's, the Touraine, and the Waldorf-Astoria since then, but never one with a better appetite, or which went so directly to the spot. I remember it, too, for another reason. There was a third person present, who watched my gastronomic performances with evident astonishment and admiration. His floury appearance and white jacket showed him to be a baker, probably one of Mr. Withington's employees, and as soon as he opened his mouth I knew that he was an Irishman. As I wiped my mouth with my handkerchief after finishing my meal, he opened upon me. Our conversation ran something like this: —

"Ye come out here from Boston?"

"Yes."

"Wid a team?"

"No."

"By the cars?"

"No, on foot."

"Are ye lookin' fur a job?"

"No."

"Are ye a baker?"

"No, I was never inside a bakeshop before."

"Well, then, if ye footed it out from Boston this hot day, and ye are n't a baker, and ye don't want a job, what the divil are ye here for, anyway?"

Whereupon I explained with considerable particularity my errand. He looked disgusted.

"It's the women are the fules!" he commented. "Here ye've come thrampin' out to a place where ye've no business, to find the bones of a man that's been rotten for fifty years, and that nobody remembers? Well, and what would ye do if ye found 'em? Tell me that!"

I could not tell him, and our conversation ended. I returned to Boston that afternoon, but I was n't satisfied. There was something about the atmosphere of Medford that appealed to me, and the following week I packed my carpet bag and went back, this time by train. I found a boarding place in the square, in the house on the corner of Forest and Salem streets, where Timothy Cotting afterward erected his brick block. A baker named Richardson occupied one half, while the other was lived in by Mr. Gibbs, the worthy watchmaker, whose store was just opposite. On the opposite corner of the same streets stood an ancient building, the Tufts house, I think it was called, with one or two immense trees in front. At that time it was occupied — the lower half, at least — by a Mr. Peak, whose family later toured New England as the "Bell Ringers."

Mr. Peak was a skilful barber, as well as a hustling periodical dealer. He was a slender, active man, with a face that showed the traces of smallpox. He was a good talker, as well as a good walker, and seemed to do a thriving business.

Just below, and only separated from the Cotting bakery by an alley, was a big wooden tenement building, far gone in decay, which was fortunately swept out of existence some years ago. Its site is now covered by the brick block already referred to. On the opposite side of High street and near the City Hall was the residence of James M. Usher, the latest historian of Medford, and the first, I believe, to establish a newspaper in town.

Just above Mr. Usher's, in a modest little store, kept by a Mr. Winneck, was the postoffice. It may be that I was a trifle impatient at times, but it used to seem to me that Mr. Winneck took his duties too seriously.

There were no letter-carriers in those days, and everybody had to come to the office to get or send letters. I recall, even now, with a feeling of irritation, the deliberation of the postmaster in handling the mails, and how he rebuked the impatience of the waiting people with a gleam of his glittering eye.

The low brick block which curved from Main street round into Ship street is much the same as it was then, though I think not one of the old-time tenants remains. Most of them are probably dead. The old railroad station has changed little. The City Hall maintains the same respectable and dignified air that it did when I first knew it. At that time it was too large for the legitimate uses of the town, and the end toward the square was occupied as a clothing store. I went there once to purchase a pair of pantaloons, and I shall never forget the interested air of the proprietor, or it may have been a clerk, who inquired of what tint I would like them.

One thing which has materially changed the aspect of the square is the disappearance of the old town pump. Added to its picturesqueness, it was in those days an absolute necessity. Here came the tired horses to drink, and in dry seasons the inexhaustible supply furnished the neighbors with water on washing days. A tin dipper without a chain testified at once to the thirst as well as to the honesty of the inhabitants. With the introduction of the city water it, of course, lost much of its practical value, and the coming of the electrical railway system made its removal a necessity.

On Forest street, leading to Pine Hill, there were but two or three houses on the left. On the right were half a dozen, with the Universalist church. And speaking of churches reminds me.

I was never particularly attracted toward any one church, but I was always fond of good preaching, and so used to distribute my Sunday visits among the places where I was pretty sure to hear it. Medford, in those

days, was well supplied with preachers of ability. The Rev. Jacob M. Manning, of the Mystic Congregational Church, was one of these. Later he was called to the pulpit of the Old South, in Boston, where he remained until his death. The Rev. E. P. Marvin, of the Second Congregational Church, was another of local reputation. The pastor of the Universalist Church, G. V. Maxham, was a man of fine presence, a gentleman, and beloved of his congregation. He had the poetic instinct, and was the author of some fine poems, which found place in the magazines. But of all the clergy I loved best to listen to the Unitarian minister, John Pierpont, whose fervency and honesty endeared him to many who were not of his faith. He was a sturdy abolitionist, a warm advocate of temperance, and an ardent worker in every movement which led to the uplifting of the human race. He wrote beautiful verse, and compiled the best school reader ever published in the United States. As a matter of course he found enemies in every parish where he served. It could not well be otherwise. No man can well please God and the people at the same time. Pierpont knew that and he did not try.

During my stay in town Tufts College was in process of building. One of the painters and decorators of the structure was a Frenchman named Louis Randel. I had known him as a teacher of his native language in Boston, and used to go often to the college and watch him at work. A drearier place than the college grounds were at this time can hardly be imagined. It was simply a bare, barren hill, without a shrub or bush to break the monotony of the surroundings. The building itself was far from attractive. It stood square and alone, and was repellent to any one of artistic tastes. But see to what it has grown, and what a place of charm its surroundings have become. Its second president, Dr. Alonzo A. Miner, I knew from my earliest boyhood. He was born on the farm next that of my father, and though much older than I, that fellow-townsman sort of feeling made him seem near.

I have referred to the Medford House. In the winter-time it used to be the objective point of sleighing parties from Boston. Occasionally these were of a hilarious character, and gave the place a rather unpleasant reputation. Like all country hotels, it had its regular hangers-on who were always ready to drink at a visitor's expense. I can remember two or three who were chronic ornaments of the benches on the front piazza of this hostelry, and whose presence notably reduced the attendance of local patronage.

One day was very much like another in old Medford. It was seldom that anything sensational occurred. The most exciting thing that happened during the nine months of my residence was the advent of the insane street preacher, who was known as the Angel Gabriel, so called from the fact that he carried a long tin horn, which he blew in the street to attract audiences. It was the so-called Know-Nothing period, when the silly and credulous people of the community professed to believe that the Roman Catholics were going to make an armed attempt to overthrow the government, and formed a political organization, which for a time, shame be it said, obtained a strong hold here in Massachusetts. The Angel Gabriel was an apostle of this movement, and wandered from town to town, blowing his horn and stirring up the people with his crazy utterances. It was a July Saturday when he entered Medford. It was just after supper when he first sounded his horn, and it did not take long for him to gather a crowd. Later the doors of the Town Hall were opened, and the room was soon packed with people, out of curiosity. I have never heard a more insane farrago from the lips of any living man. It was a call for the people to rise and drive the Roman Catholics from the country. He declared that every servant girl was provided with a package of poison, ready to drop it into the food of the family the moment the word was given by the Pope, and that every Catholic church was an arsenal where the members drilled at night, ready for

a bloody onslaught upon the Protestants. There was a contingent of rough characters in the ship-yard who were eager for any chance for trouble, and they were quick to seize upon any excuse. There was to be a special Catholic service in one of the churches in Chelsea the following day, Sunday, and forty or fifty of them preceded by the Angel Gabriel, started in wagons for Chelsea. Here they attacked the people taking part in the service, smashed the church windows, tore down the cross from the tower and committed other deeds of vandalism, which, but for the excited state of public opinion at the time, would have sent the perpetrators straight to jail. There are probably some within this room who will remember the circumstance better, perhaps, than I.

As has been seen, the Medford of fifty-three or four years ago was by no means the Medford of today. It was then like a big country village, with between three and four thousand inhabitants, where you would see the farmers walking about in their shirt-sleeves, where ox-teams were as common as horses, and where you heard a good deal of the old New England dialect spoken. It was a quiet, restful place, withal, excepting in the ship-yards. All the life and energy of the waking day seemed to be concentrated *there*, and the steady beat of the hammers of the calkers was the beat of the pulse of the great industry which made the prosperity of the town. In all the time I was a resident there was not a murder nor a burglary nor a scandal, business, political, or domestic, aside from what I have mentioned, and I cannot even remember that there was a dog-fight.

The town then was not as much of a bedroom for Boston business men as now. True, there were many who did business in the city and went in daily, but the great majority found work enough to do at home. There was much sociability in the old time and everybody knew everybody else. Doubtless there was a good deal of visiting among the people, else there would not have been that degree of familiarity that was so apparent.

We are apt to judge the past by the present, but do we ever really stop to think of the tremendous differences which exist between two or three generations? Let us consider, for instance, those conditions which existed in the days of which I am speaking and those of today; of the things your fathers lacked and did not know that they lacked, and yet got as much out of life as you do today with the multitude of things then undreamed of. Fifty-four years ago there was no water department system in Medford. Every family depended upon its own well or the town pump, and all so-called modern conveniences were altogether unknown. In the year 1853, I venture to say, there was not such a thing as a bathroom or a bathtub in the town. Hot and cold water on tap was only two years old in Boston, and Medford housekeepers only knew of it by hearsay. Gas, if used at all, was very sparingly used. My memory is not clear on that point, but I am quite sure that the popular light was known by the name of "burning fluid." Kerosene, which is a product of petroleum, did not come in until after the discovery of the oil fields in Pennsylvania ten years later.

There was, however, a fire department. Not a paid department, but purely volunteer. If I rightly remember, there were three companies, all friendly. I do not recall their names, but one of them had a house on High street near the Unitarian church, and it was a favorite lounging place of the members and their friends in the evenings. I think Captain Teel headed this organization. All these companies did good service, no doubt, when the need came. I remember only a single instance when it was called out. A fire broke out in somebody's shed. It took but a few minutes to subdue it, and then the whole populace adjourned to the engine house to partake of a collation, which consisted of crackers and cheese and a pail of hot coffee, in which everybody shared. There was no red-tape in those days. The collation — they called it co-lation then — was everywhere the custom,

and a conflagration was not considered legally extinguished until the crackers and cheese had been properly served and eaten.

There was, in 1853, no military organization of any kind. The Brooks Phalanx, which had enjoyed a nine years' existence, had resigned its charter in 1849, and the Lawrence Light Guard was not formed until October, 1854.

In 1853 there was no regular police force in town. If you wanted a thief caught you had to catch him yourself or get your neighbors to help you. And there really didn't seem to be much need of policemen. It was only when the village grew larger and a new element came in that the need became apparent. In the late fifties, I think it was, three constables were appointed to keep the peace, and they used to carry their badges in their pockets, to be pulled out only in a case of dire emergency. So you see that ancient Medford was a law-abiding place and its inhabitants a quiet and God-fearing people. At that time I do not think there were a dozen families of foreign parentage in town. The inhabitants were of pure New England stock, whose blood ran from old English sources. Go through the records of the names of the first settlers and you will see what I mean. There are the Lawrences, the Halls, the Tuftses, the Ushers, the Bishops, the Adamses, the Stearnses, and a score of others equally familiar to your ears, all of whom lived in the good old Anglo-Saxon way, and left a permanent impress on the social and business life of the town.

But to come back. Fifty years ago there was no Y. M. C. A. I am not sure that you have one now. If not, there is a gap to be filled. There was no Historical Society. No one thought of such a thing. There was no literary club, and you will pardon me if I say it, although there was much genuine literary taste, it was put to little practical use. I was at that time anxious to come in contact with people of literary accomplishment,

but though I met with well-bred and apparently well-read people, they never seemed to care to talk about books or authors. I do remember one exception, however. A Miss Louise J. Cutter, the daughter, I think, of a Mr. Cutter who lived near the tide-mill, gave evidence of considerable literary ability, and contributed occasionally to the Boston press. She died quite early of consumption. The impulses to literary production were quite lacking. There was no village newspaper, no public library, no reading-room, no telephones, no fraternal societies. Clubs were unheard of. There was neither boat club, home club, woman's club, whist club, nor bridge club. I do remember one organization, the Mendelssohn Society, I think it was called, which brought together weekly or monthly a number of young people interested in music. But to those without "ear" it counted as nothing. Strange to say, there was no Masonic lodge, although one was established in the autumn of 1854, a month after I left town. There was no lodge of Odd Fellows. There had been one some years before, but owing to internal dissensions its charter had been surrendered.

The popular athletic games of today had not been created nor invented. There was no baseball, no football, no basket ball, no croquet, no lawn tennis, and one might almost say, no anything. If one met the word "gymnasium" in print one would have to look it up in the dictionary to know what it meant. Bicycles were as yet unheard of. It was not until thirty years later that the word found a place in the language. The idea of an automobile had not entered the wildest dreams of inventors, and its motive power, electricity, which now runs everything from a train of cars to a sewing-machine, was an altogether unknown quantity. In those days people slept upon feather and straw beds, and I have many times seen huge loads of straw in Medford streets stopping here and there to supply houses with fresh material for worn-out beds. And the custom was the

same in Boston. The modern generation supposes that mattresses are as old as the Christian era. In reality they came into use within the memory of many members of this society. And sewing-machines and carpet sweepers! I doubt if there were either of them known in Medford in 1853. The first sewing-machine I ever saw was at the Mechanic's Fair in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, in the fall of 1854, and that would work only imperfectly. At that time there was no communication with Boston except by the trains on the Medford Branch, which came and went four times a day, or by private teams, or on foot. Nearly all travel was by the first. The cars were small and dirty, and a single one sufficed on most trips. Horse-cars and electrics were yet undreamed of.

West Medford existed in little more than name. I used frequently to walk out there. The houses were few along High street after leaving Thatcher Magoun's. In the summer of 1853 the number of dwellings within the borders of West Medford could not have been over thirty. The streets that had been laid out were mere country roads and were unpaved and unsidewalked, and what is now one of the most attractive of suburban places was then a rough and undeveloped section of country, hardly calculated to favorably impress the seeker for a home.

. . . . . .

These reminiscences of a by-gone period in the town's history may seem to your younger members overdrawn, but I have tried hard to keep within exact limits, and to describe things just as I saw and remember them. And it must not be forgotten that the same conditions that prevailed in Medford prevailed also in a greater or lesser degree in every other village in the Commonwealth. They all stood upon the same footing, and Medford was behind none of them. Her progress, like that of all other towns, has been that of gradual evolution. All the lacks that have been considered were not lacks nor necessities at the time. When the demand came for advancement

in any direction it was promptly met, and today there is not a public or private necessity or luxury known in any part of the country but is enjoyed to the full by the people of Medford.

We today imagine that we have got about as far ahead in the way of invention and civilization as we ever shall, but it is not impossible that twenty-five years hence we shall sit in our homes and ask, with a pitying smile at the remembrance, "Do you remember when we used to light our homes with gas, and used to talk over a telephone with a wire attachment?" I don't know of anything which shows more vividly the swiftness of the world's progress than a comparison of the Medford of fifty years ago and the Medford of today; the quiet, restful suburban village with its old houses and simple ways, and the pushing, rapidly growing young city, which has only now just begun to feel its strength.

ACTION OF BOARD OF SELECTMEN ON GOVERNOR BROOKS'S PORTRAIT.

To the Selectmen of the Town of Medford: —

We respectfully request you to remove the portrait of Governor Brooks, which now hangs in the Town Hall, to the new Library.

(Signed) MRS. DUDLEY HALL,
H. H. BRADLEE,
DUDLEY C. HALL,
GEORGE D. HALL,
HORACE D. HALL.

Voted, the portrait of Governor Brooks be removed to the Public Library. Selectmen's Records, B. 9, p. 74. July 7, 1875. [See Vol. X, page 104.]

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED LETTER WRITTEN BY COLONEL ISAAC ROYALL IN 1779.

THE Society is indebted to Mr. George Y. Wellington, President of the Arlington Historical Society, for the accompanying copy of a letter by Col. Isaac Royall of Medford, written from Kensington, England, in 1779, to his old friend and tutor, Rev. Samuel Cooke, minister of the Second Parish in Cambridge, located at Monotomy (now Arlington, Mass.) The original of this letter was given by Miss Anna Bradshaw, granddaughter of Samuel Cooke, to Mrs. M. W. Hodgdon, and is now in the possession of her daughter, Miss Ellen W. Hodgdon. The original letter is beautifully written in a very fine and small hand, covering three pages of letter-sheet 9½ x 15 inches; it is well preserved in a transparent silk cover and is kept in a safe in the State House, Boston.

KENSINGTON May 29: 1779

DEAR SIR

Our long acquaintance and the Friendship you profess'd and shew for me and my Children and Family induc'd me to write you soon after my arrival in England as I thought it would give you pleasure to hear from me I therein gave you a particular account of our voyage which Letter I hope you receiv'd at the same time I wrote my Worthy Friend M[r] Turill but as I have not had the pleasure of hearing from either of you in return makes me fearful they did not get to Hand and meeting the other Day with Capt. Malachi Salter who is Uncle to M[r] Willis Hall's Wife and who told me he was bound to Halifax and from thence home to Boston and if I had any Letters to send to my Friends would be glad to oblige me and would take particular care of them so that I thought this would be a good opportunity of sending you a Letter by him who will be able to tell you my state

NOTE. Isaac Royall was born in Antigua in 1719, and died in England of small-pox in 1781. See Vol. III, p. 133.

of Health and situation and can give you an account of my Dear Motherless Grand Children who he has seen and for whose Mother you always express'd so great an esteem and regard and Mary the second Daughter looks very much like her tho they are all very healthy fine promising Children as you would wish to see in a Thousand my Heart I confess is too much bound up in them tho I think they at present bid fair to deserve every esteem and regard I can possibly express for them by their sweetness of Temper and good Behavior that if you was to see them you would think so too but of this Capt. Salter can tell you more than I have time to write. In my former Letter I acquainted you that at the commencement of these troubles my Business call'd me to the West Indies to settle my affairs there and to look after that little Estate I had there and if I could to sell it and accordingly I bespoke my passage for myself and my nephew Doct. Charles Russell who offer'd to accompany me and to do some Business for his Mother in Law my Sister Vassall on board Capt. Mackay a Vessell belonging to Mr. Bilestón I pack'd up my Sea Stores and Cloaths for the passage and came to Boston after attending the Public Worship on the Lord's Day Evening before the Battle of Lexington to take leave of my Children and Friends intending to have gone from thence to Salem to embark for Antiguas but unfortunately staid at Boston Two or Three Days and din'd with The Hon^{ble} Capt. Erving the very Day the Battle happen'd after which it was impossible to get out of Town for Gen^{l} Gage had issued Orders to prevent any one coming in or going out upon which I thought it most prudent as my affairs call'd me to the West Indies and a good opportunity offering I went to Halifax expecting there to meet with a Vessell bound to Antigua but was disappointed I remain'd in Nova Scotia upwards of a Year the greatest part of the time in the Township of Windsor without meeting with a favorable opportunity till then for Antigua as the Small Pox being in Halifax prevented my going into that Town

to get a passage and my Son in Law Mr. Erving and my Daughter to my very great surprise came down to Halifax in the Fleet after the Troops evacuated Boston before I ever heard of it they over perswaded me to give over my Voyage to Antigua and to accompany them to England as I did not know whether I should ever live to see my Grand Children again if I did not and therefore complied with their earnest solicitations and accordingly took passage with them in Capt. Hall and arriv'd after a very short and pleasant passage of One and Twenty Days and had the pleasure to find my Son in Law Sir William and his Family very well we all liv'd together for about a Fortnight and then Sir William's little Boy about Thirteen Months old was taken ill and he remov'd to Kensington where we tarried about a Month and then remov'd to Brighthelmstone for the benefit of the Childs bathing in the Sea Water where I had my Health very well for the first Six Weeks or Two Months after which I was taken very ill of a slow Nervous Fever which disorder continued the best part of the Winter following and I have never had my Health since from that time to this and that Sickness prevented my going to the West Indies wholly so that I have never been able to go there since as I wrote you my intention was to go there to settle my affairs and to sell my Estate if I could and then to return Home to Medford as soon as possible but Providence has seen fit not to permit these things and therefore I must make myself as easy as I can tho I was oblig'd to let the Lease run out which had got Two Years from next August before it expires. I little thought the last time I saw you that I should see England as I design'd for Antigua it was a thing foreign to my thoughts and quite unexpected to me as I never had the Small Pox upon that account did not think I should ever see England I have hitherto escap'd the Small Pox but have been pretty much confin'd and never ventur'd to London without going in a close Conveyance and then tho I have seen them in the Streets yet have been in a Coach

I mention this to let you see how much a Slave I have been for fear of that Distemper so that I have been to no Public Diversions but to see One Play and Two Oratorios but that I don't so much regret if my Health was but in any degree restor'd I intended to have been Innoculated but my Sickness render'd it improper and which has been the case ever since. This is a Country where Gaiety and Dissipation are too apt to get the preeminence tho I have seen but few diversions and little Gaiety myself for neither my time of Life or Purse will admit of it and I thank God my inclinations do not now lead to it however they might have done some years past. I have not seen Lord North or any of the Ministry nor have I been in company with any of the Nobility nor have I been able to go either to the House of Lords or Commons to hear the Debates since I have been in England except Lord Edgcumb who I saw once or twice at my Son in Law Sir William Pepperells and once about a year ago had the pleasure of dining at a Friends House at Brighthelmstone with the Duke of Manchester who seems to be a very sensible and agreable gentleman. I have shewn Capt. Salter Copies of Two Letters I wrote Lord Dartmouth at the commencement of these troubles with an intent to convince him I did every thing in my power to prevent their taking place and to clear up the misrepresentations that might have been made to his Lordship concerning our Province I sent them enclos'd to my Friend and Correspondent Joseph Paice Esqr to deliver them with his own Hands which he has since inform'd me he did but they had not the desir'd effect M^{r} William Winter copied these Letters fair for me and if he is living can doubtless remember a good part of the contents of them and I think I shew them to Charles Pelham Esq^{r} before I sent them. Upon my first arrival in England I thought it my Duty to wait upon Lord Dartmouth and accordingly did and likewise upon Lord North and Lord Germaine but had not the honor of seeing them as the Servant said they were gone out of Town

and after I so far recover'd my Sickness as to be able to come to London I waited upon them again but was answer'd they were engag'd so that I never attempted to go afterwards and I have not seen any of the Ministry since as I mention'd before. I waited also upon Gov^{r} Pownall who I had the pleasure of having a long Conversation with and he ask'd very kindly after a great number of his Friends and acquaintances in particular after M^{r} Bowdoine and M^{r} Pitts and express'd a great regard for them both and for the Province in general as being a very fine Country and a good sort of People and was very sorry for the difficulties that have happen'd and said had his advice been seasonably taken it is likely it would have prevented all these troubles. Gov^{r} B—— and Gov^{r} H—— came to see me soon after my arrival and I return'd their visit and soon after Gov^{r} H. was so complaisant as to invite me to dine with him but I did not go so our acquaintance soon broke off. Lieu^{t} Gov^{r} Oliver has lost his Wife she died about Two Months ago and he is remov'd with his Family to Bristol as is M^{rs} Boarland and Family and M^{r} Lechmere and Family and a good many more of our Country People M^{r} Simpson talks of going in a few Days to live there so that I shall be left alone from all my American acquaintance except M^{r} Flucer who is but a little distance from me I never was at Bristol but they say it is a pleasant place and that they can live a third cheaper there than they could here I have thoughts of going there soon in about a Fortnights time to drink the Hott Well Waters which the Docters tell me is good for the Disorder I complain of upon my Liver that I have been for some years afflicted with tho I thank God I am much better than I have been for this Twelvemonth past and am in hopes this Journey to Bath and Bristol Hott Wells will recover me entirely. Some time past I receiv'd a Letter from my Attorney D^{r} Simon Tufts at Medford dated October 22 wherein he says that the Committee of Medford for the last year voted my Estate out of his

Hands as they said I was an Absentee and forbad him having any thing further to do with it whereupon he applied to the General Court by Petition but could not get it revers'd tho it past by no great Majority an answer to which I have wrote Doct. Tufts and desir'd him and M^r^ Hall to apply to M^r^ Dana or some other good Lawyer to draft up for him and M^r^ Hall to sign a suitable Petition or Memorial in my name and behalf and as my Attornies to the General Assembly setting forth the services I have formerly done the Province in my Legislative Capacity the true cause of my leaving the Province at the commencement of the War and the perfectly inoffensive conduct I have observ'd since and that I have not only shewn my compassion for the poor American Prisoners but my regard to my Country by giving last year to M^r^ Boddington The Treasurer of the Society for that purpose Six Guineas towards their relief and I wish it had been in my power to have given Ten times as much and that I have occasionally assisted my Countrymen here who ask'd assistance of me by giving some a Guinea and some Two Guineas as their necessities requir'd and I could spare the Money and pray that the Act so far as relates to me may be repeal'd and that they as my Attornies may be permitted to take Possession of the Charge I have by my Power committed into their Hands and the Rents and Issues of my Estate be appropriated to my use and further that I have no doubt on such a representation of my true Character and such a Prayer that Relief will be obtain'd and that they must also mention in the Memorial that it is my purpose and intention as soon as my Health will permit to return and reside in America I should have return'd with M^r^ Brattle when he went and even now with M^r^ Salter by this opportunity but my Health will not admit of it and besides I have lately been inform'd that [break in MS.] Act past in the General Court or Assemby that any Person who has left the Massachusetts without leave and come to Great Britain who shall presume to return without leave

from the Assembly to any part of the Massachusetts shall be sent back to the Kings Troops if they are able at their own expense if not to be paid by the Public and if ever they return again they are to be deem'd to forfeit their lives and to suffer Death without benefit of Clergy this I can hardly believe for I have never seen the Act tho I have made strict enquiry after it but have not been able to obtain it and what is very surprising I am inform'd my Name is mention'd in the Act likewise which I can scarcely believe as I had done every thing in my power to serve the Province but Business and my ill state of Health made me leave it. Now I request the favor of you as you are acquainted with the Gentlemen of the General Court and the Council that you would speak to them in my behalf and use your influence that my Attornies may improve my Estate for my use and that I may have leave to return home as you knew my conduct and character while I was concern'd in Public affairs and that I ever was a true Friend to the Province and I shall think it both my Duty and advantage as soon as I have leave to return home and get a good Wife as I have had an exceedingly good Wife already I hope I shall in some measure make up my loss (for I think it now my Duty to marry as I have had the misfortune of losing my beloved Daughter Lady Pepperrell) by getting another in my own Country and among my acquaintance and live and end my Days among you and be buried with my dear Wife and Father and Mother and the rest of my dear Friends hoping I shall hear from you soon I shall conclude with wishing you the continuance of your Health and every other Blessing and remain with my Respects to your Family and to your Brother M^{r} Hastings and his Wife and to all our Cambridge Friends

Dear Sir

Your

Friend and h'ble Serv^{t}

P.S. I have taken this opportunity by Capt. Salter to send you a pair of the best Temple Spectacles with Silver Bows in a case with the Initials of your Name upon it which I beg your acceptance of as a token of my Respect and hope they will suit your Eyes. I have likewise sent you my own Picture fram'd in Profile and enclos'd the Picture of a surprising Musical Child the admiration of the whole Kingdom and a thing that perhaps mayn't happen again in a Century M^r^ Salter saw it with me and will be able to give you a more particular account of it

The above went by Capt. M. Salter but for fear you should not get it I send this copy by M^r^ Oliver Smith who will be able to inform you of my health &c and am with respects to yourself and Family and all Cambridge Friends

Dear Sir

Your

Friend & h'ble Serv^t^

[Signed] I. ROYALL

The Rev^d^

M^r^ Cooke

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SUNDAY RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN WEST MEDFORD.

December 1st, 1907, was the fortieth anniversary of the first public Sunday religious services in West Medford. These services were held in Mystic Hall under the auspices of the West Medford Christian Union.

A Sunday-school, first held in a private house, was regularly organized May 28, 1865, in Mystic Hall, and held its sessions there Sunday afternoons.

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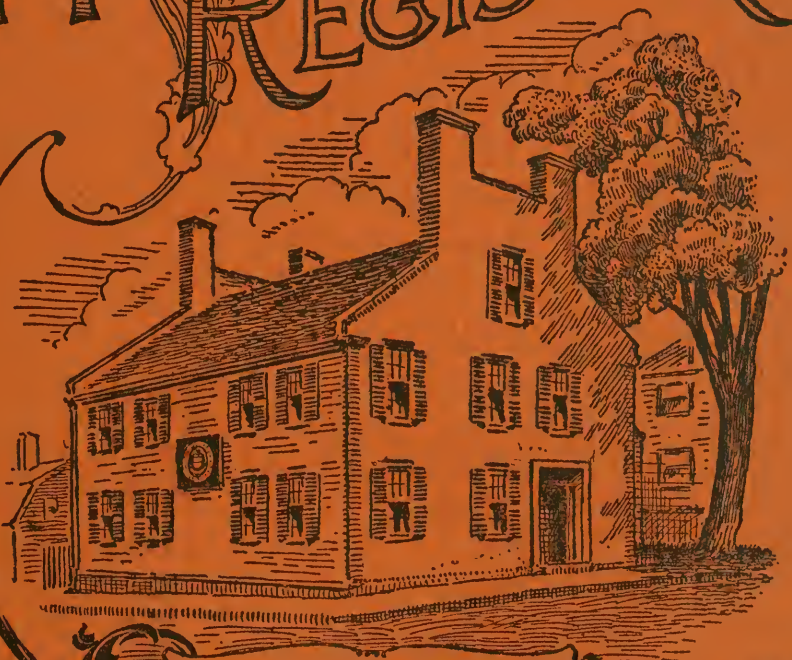
HISTORICAL REGISTER



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THE FIRST
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IN MEDFORD.

The Medford Historical Register.

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YE OLDE METING-HOUSE OF MEADFORD.

BY MOSES W. MANN, WEST MEDFORD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 5, 1906.]

TWO hundred and ten years ago there was erected in the eastern border of that thriving portion of our fair city that is known as West Medford an humble building our fathers called "there meting-houſe."

As far as is known not much has been written in the way of narrative about it (at least for a half century), yet its building marked an era in the history of our "peculiar" (town), that was founded in 1630. It may seem singular, yes, *peculiar*, that no house for the purpose of public worship was erected in Medford for sixty-five years, when we recall that in other places the church was "gathered" when the town was planted. Perhaps it was logical to do the *planting* first and the *gathering* afterward. Such was the case in 1642 on our northern border in the settlement of Woburn. One of its founders records the fact that it was "unnatural for a right N. E. man to live without an able ministry as for a smith to work his iron without a fire." We may not believe, however, that because for sixty-five years there was no meeting-house in Medford that there was no worship, any more than we may think that no town government existed because of the same reason. The dwelling of some freeholder, or perhaps his barn, or the tavern, accommodated the town meeting, and at various times the ministers preached the word of God in the same places.

The death of Mr. Cradock, and the subsequent closing of his business interests, must have had a discouraging effect on the Mistick plantation, called Meadford, and for

many years it was a "scattered village," having only a few over thirty tax payers on real estate when the first steps were taken toward erecting a meeting-house.

It may be appropriate here to note that the structure was just what its name implied — a house for the town's people to meet in, not only for worship, but for the transaction of the town's business, which was done with a strict attention to the minutest details.

Of the tax payers above mentioned but a part were church members. The term church was used by the fathers to designate the associated body of worshipers, and not the house they assembled in. Few roads there were in 1690, for few were needed. From Charlestown, through Mistick, or Meadford, came Robert Sedgwick, Edward Johnson, and four others through the "farm" of Zachariah Symmes, the minister of the Charlestown Church, to explore the territory to the north, located as Charlestown Village. The way they took was over the rocky hill, where had dwelt the Indian king Nanepashemit, and their route came to be known as the "Oborn rode."

At the top of the hill another road divides from this, "the way to the Weare." It is appropriately called *High* street, and the hill is still known as "Marm Simonds'."

The order of the General Court in 1635 "that hereafter no dwelling-house shall be built above half a mile from the meeting-house in any plantation without leave from the court," was of none effect in Meadford. There was no meeting-house to measure from, and Meadford's dwellings were scattered from Charlestown to Menotomy, along a road little better than a cow-path, and whose course through the forest was marked by blazing the trees at intervals on either side.

It is the purpose of the writer to present in these lines some memorial of the house our fathers assembled in, and if possible bring to the thought and comprehension of the people of the present day something of their efforts in that time that seems so far away to us. The town, by

vote (observe, it was the town), decided that there should be a meeting-house erected. Doubtless it had been the theme of conversation around every fireside along the Mystic and on the outlying ways for months before, only intensified by the town warrant giving fifteen days' notice of the meeting. We may well imagine that the project was thoroughly discussed, and the record is, "there shall be a meting-houſe at or before May ninetie four and is to be finished by the first of October following (or sooner if it can be) on the land of M^{r} —— Willis near the gate by marble brook on a rock on — north side of Oborn Rode."

This was on January 17, 169$\frac{2}{3}$. Having thus decided to build, the next important thing was to appoint a committee to do so, the choice falling upon Peter Tufts, Caleb Brooks and Thomas Willis, who represented the extreme ends as well as the center of the town.

Whether the distance at which he lived made the duty onerous, or whatever his reason, Lef^{t} Peter Tufts "refusing to serve" (says the record) made an addition to the committee necessary. So on April 3, 1693, John Hall, Sen^{r}, and Jonathan Tufts were added, and these four were to be "A Comitte for y^{e} [work] aforesaid and they have full power [to] act therin as is more fully expreſsed in the vote as above said. Attest: Stephen Willis, Clerck."

Referring to the former vote, we find that provision was made for such as should provide "material or work about said meeting" — "at the discretion of the Comitte." They were to stake out the land promised by Thomas Willis, "and gett a deed of said land according to law for the use aforesaid in behalfe of the towne." Lastly (and by no means least in importance) it was voted "that y^{e} said houſe shall be seven and twenty foot long, twenty four foot wide and fifteen foot between joynts."

How the town expected the work to be done without an appropriation of money does not appear, but none was at that time made.

The "Comitte" must have had a serious problem to

solve during the two years that ensued. During that time the town generously offered to Mr. Simon Bradstreet the sum of forty pounds in money for annuity, with his housing and firewood, as an encouragement to settle in Medford, and chose a committee "to reseat with Mr. Colman," who had for a time preached here. Possibly the call to Mr. Bradstreet may have expedited matters, and on September 13, 1695, another town meeting was held, when sixteen and one-half pounds were *subscribed* by eighteen persons. It is improbable that the subscription list was then closed; but the town at the same time made provision "that what moneys shall be wanting beyond what is subscribed shall be paid in the way of Rate." Also the "rate of 12*d.* per head and 1*d.* in the pound for estates." In order that none might escape bearing their part, it was ordered that "those that *refuse* to subscribe shall pay their full proportion," the same rate to apply.

At the same time the subscriptions were called in, to be paid at or before the 25th of December following. In view of the fact that time would be required for preparation as well as building, it was provided that one-half of the rate or tax should be paid by the time the meeting-house was "covered and inclosed," and the other half at its completion.

The next ten days must have been busy ones for the committee, and the problems of future needs and of furnishing anxiously and earnestly discussed, as well as consultations held with workmen.

On September 23 the town assembled again, and this time voted "to give unto Thomas Willis John Whitmore John Bradshoe and Stephen Willis, Sixty Pounds, Currant money of N. E." for building a meeting-house 30 ft. long, 27 ft. wide, and 16 ft. between the joints.

It will be noticed that here is an increase of three feet in length, three in width, and one in height from the original design. It was also specified the roof should be shingled, and the walls clapboarded and bricked.

The rest of the specification was " Dors & windows & Glafs to lay a lower flore all which work is to be done at or before the last of May next ensueing."

The vote of the town also specified that there should be a " couenant drawne " by Lef^t^ Peter Tufts, Infi. Francis and Stephen Willis, wherein the said Thomas Willis, John Whitmore, John Bradshoe and Stephen Willis " doe couenant & Ingage " in the building of a meeting-house according to the " time and Menes abouesaid."

In the second part " the Inhabitants doe couenant & Ingage for the payment of the money for said work or in meeterials for said work as aboue to give unto Thomas Willis, John Whitmore, John Bradshoe & Stephen Willis, sixty pounds " for building the meeting-house.

Incorporated into this contract was a clause providing that any of the inhabitants shall have the liberty of paying their part in work or materials, in case they can agree with the workmen, or can hire or buy for money.

In comment, the writer would consider this proviso as evidence of the informal existence of a sort of Medford Home Market Club.

The four builders were to " bear their part in the building according to the ruls," and in case any (not inhabitants) should give anything for the house, " the workmen shall give an account of the same to the town." No chance for any boodle or graft in this. It will be noticed that this covenant or contract was by a different committee, in the town's behalf, than the one before named, and that Lef^t^ Peter Tufts evidently no longer refused to serve, but appears to be the chairman. We may suppose that with the meeting-house to be completed the following May the builders soon got at the work.

A few observations at this point may not be inappropriate. Medford had then no building ordinance, so the builders were at no trouble or loss of time in securing a permit to build, or ascertain the grade or street line from the city engineer. No questions of drainage bothered them, and the foundation (" the rock near marble brook ")

would be perfectly satisfactory to the building inspector of today. We would have had no fire stops to insist on, as there was no chimney, and the frame was not the "balloon construction" of later times. Its timbers probably grew on Medford stumps, most likely of oak of goodly size, and hauled to the site by teams of oxen. Then the axemen put in their work, squaring the logs, hewing to a line with mathematical precision, and making the chips fly merrily. Next the framers had a hand in the work, making great mortises, gains and tenons. Splices there were no need of, and probably there were none, as no timber was over thirty feet in length.

The tools they used were clumsy and uncouth compared with those of mechanics of today, but the men knew how to handle them, and accomplished their work. Those were days when buildings sprang not up in a night like the gourd of Jonah. Not only the timber of the frame, but the boards that "covered and inclosed it," were made from the logs at the building's site, and in this we may find a reason for the "liberty" the inhabitants had in the matter of "meterials," and also of the "time and menes."

The "currant mony of N. E." was not so plenty or so current as that of today, and doubtless some men whose names do not appear in that first subscription list had trees growing on their farms that made good timber or boards, shingles or clapboards, laths or "lower flore." Some other Medford men could handle the whip-saw, and they had their opportunity. Somewhere on the slope of the hill was made a saw-pit of stone and timber, and on this the great pine logs and smaller oak timbers were placed one at a time. One man above on the log and another below in the pit worked the saw up and down, down and up, till board after board and the smaller joists of oak were made in sufficient quantities. Great boulders that any Medford farmer was glad to have out of his pasture formed the foundation walls. No cellar was needed, for their was no furnace or steam heater,

and so no need of space for fuel storage. The floor beams were only hewed on one side, instead of all four, and laid flush in great open pockets cut in the sills, and also supported by other boulders, so that when the solid men (and women) of Medford assembled thereon, they felt secure. A floor of boards laid upon these, and all was ready for the eventful day of the raising. The great timbers, ten or twelve inches square if of pine and eight if of oak, had all been fitted tenon in mortise and securely pinned together, and lay upon the floor in four sections, ready to be raised to a perpendicular position, a whole broadside at once, and all the town came to do it, or see it done. We have been unable to find any account of *this* "raising," though at that of the third meeting-house it was said "*there was no one hurt.*" Does this intimate that at the earlier ones some accident occurred? We may trust not, though such had been the case elsewhere when it was thought necessary to provide a liberal allowance of rum, lemons, cider and sugar "to make the tackle work smoothly."

When in position the frame was "inclosed" by the carpenters with boards placed horizontally and with edges bevelled to overlap and shed the driving rain. The roof timbers were "covered" with boards extending from eaves to ridge-pole, which was hewed on two sides to fit the angle of the roof. Meanwhile other workmen had been busy on the farms of Medford. The great pine trees that years before had been felled and had escaped the burning, whose stately trunks were free of knots, and from which the outer sapwood had decayed, were cut into shorter pieces. These split into thin sections, piled up to season, and afterward shaven smooth with a drawknife, formed the clapboards and shingles with which the walls and roof were finished. The former were the longer, thinner at the upper *edge*, and overlapping each other horizontally and at the ends by a bevelled joint, made a wind- and weather-proof covering.

The shingles were the shorter, and were thinnest at

the upper end, and their manufacture has in the last few decades become a lost art for which the *reliable* builders of the present day sigh in vain.

While the frame was fastened with wooden pins, the boards, clapboards and shingles were secured with nails, and here was another example of co-operative industry and a home market. All the nails were hand made and in many cases home made, even the children assisting in beating out on a little anvil each single nail from an iron rod of suitable size. Every nail was placed where it would do the most service, and none wasted.

Next in order in the "couenant" was "the walls [to be] bricked." Clay was abundant in Medford, and bricks but lightly burned were packed into the spaces between the joists and timbers of the framework, being laid in clay instead of mortar of lime and sand. Such construction may be found in the oldest houses of Medford, and adds much to their warmth and protection against the spread of fire.

The "Couenant" called for "Dors & windows & Glafs," and "to lay a lower flore." This required more skilled workmen — they were the joiners, who made the window-frames and sashes. Of "Dors" there must have been at least two, and probably both in the external wall, with some attempt at ornament in their finish and make-up, while the "flore" was made of pine from the primeval forest, and well seasoned, as it had need to be, for the boards were wide, as were those that sealed the sides of the room up to the window-sills.

The town, on the 4th of November, 1695, voted to have a pulpit and deacons' seat made, as well as "the body of seats," and have the walls "plaistered with lime," thus increasing the outlay to eighty pounds. It was tedious work *sawing* the great logs into lumber, so the laths were split in narrow and thin strips varying in width and thickness, and nailed on the joists, concealing the bricks already laid. Lime was made by burning oyster shells, and hair to mix with it may have come from

the tannery at Whitmore brook, while a plenty of sand was also to be had near by. Only the walls were thus coated, but doubtless the mud-wasps did their share among the roof timbers and king-posts, which, with the beams, were left exposed to view.

The "body of seats" were a series of long wooden benches without any backs, which occupied the central portion of the "flore" and were movable.

The pulpit was elevated several feet, requiring a stairway to enter it upon the left-hand side, and was not complete without a sounding-board suspended above it, while the deacons' seat was in front of the stairs and facing the "body of seats."

We may well imagine that the good people of Meadford assembled in their new meeting-house with gladness and a commendable pride at its completion in 1696, but there was probably no service of dedication, as we term it today. On May 25, 1696, the town directed the selectmen to get a sufficient title to the land on which it had been built, and on March 6, 1699, the deed was voted to be placed in the keeping of Major Nathaniel Wade, and a copy made in the town record book by the town clerk.

On the former occasion a very important committee was chosen, whose duty it was to "place the inhabitants in said meeting-house." This committee was Lef^{t}. Peter Tufts, John Hall, Sen^{r}., Caleb Brooks, Inf^{i}. Stephen Francis and Stephen Willis. The duties of no modern mayor or alderman could compare with those of this committee. First, they were themselves seated by the selectmen, for so the sovereign people in town meeting assembled had ordained. Then the trouble began. Age, wealth, generosity in contribution, and social distinction or "quality," were the factors that entered into the problem the committee had to solve, and how much jealousy and heart burnings, ill-concealed ofttimes, family quarrels and the like were thus engendered! From their decision there was no appeal, and where the committee placed one, he or she had to sit for the year. Theirs must have been a difficult labor, a thankless task.

When first completed, the only special seats of prominence in the meeting-house were the deacons' seat and "the little pue under the pulpit." The latter was in full view of the congregation, but neither its occupant or the preacher were in sight of each other. Early the next year (1697) the town voted to build a "seatt" forward on each side the house, the front of said seats to be "borded and battened . . . the front of the foreseatt and the seat on the women's side, to be built from the pue to the place left for stairs into a gallery; and the seat to be made on the men's side to reach from the deacons' seat or shorter, which is left to the discretion of the selectmen" and seating committee.

Here we have an insight at the interior arrangement and plan of the ancient structure. "The pue" was what was later termed "the little pue under the pulpit." The latter was at the middle of the end farthest from the "Oborn rode," the present High street. The foreseat joined the pulpit and little pew, and extended to the right and was a step higher than the main or "lower flore." Then extending along the easterly side wall to within six or eight feet of the front corner was a platform one step high, whose front was "borded & battened." This construction was less expensive than panel work, and formed a screen before the women's seats, as does that in the present Unitarian and West Medford Congregational Churches. This was on the women's side of the meeting-house. On the opposite, or men's side, a similar "seatt" was built, only there was no foreseat, the space being occupied by the pulpit stairs and deacons' seat.

In 1699 (March 6) the town voted to build a fore-gallery, with three seats from end to end (one-half for men and one-half for women) with stairs at either end. Stephen Francis, John Whitmore and John Bradshaw attended to its construction.

At this town meeting the question of "charges" the seating committee had to struggle with is in evidence. Thomas Willis had given the land, and it was fitting

that his generosity should have recognition. So he was given "leave to build a pue for himselfe & soe many of his family as may with Convenyance fit therein . . . the pue to be built at the weft corner . . . one side of it to Joyne to the stairs going up into the pulpitt & the other side of said pue to Range with the deacons' seat."

As "charges" were thus recognized on one side the pulpit, so was "quality" on the other, for here was seated the widow of the wealthiest citizen (Major Jonathan Wade), and according to custom styled "Madam Wade." How long it took to build the fore-gallery we may not know, but it had not been long in use when the town voted, on January 31, 1700, "that only *men* should sit in the front gallery."

It seems that Major Nathaniel Wade had been granted the privilege of building a pew at the south side of the meeting-house, which would remove the two back seats on the women's side; but he was to have it finished by the middle of the May following.

It is open to doubt whether the seat on the men's side, next the wall, was constructed in the same manner as the women's seat, as at this same town meeting it was directed that the seat where "Mr Hall and Mr Wyre sits" should be built up the same as where the "woman sits." That wasn't all, either. The two back seats were to be taken out and the women were to be seated at each side, at the discretion of the "committee to seat the town." This committee might seat the *town*, but seating the *women* was another matter, as we shall see later.

The women were fond of ornament, even two hundred years ago, and the town had, in constructing *their* front seat, had a row of nicely turned "banesturs" placed along the top of the "borded & battened" front, forming a grille or screen of pretty effect.

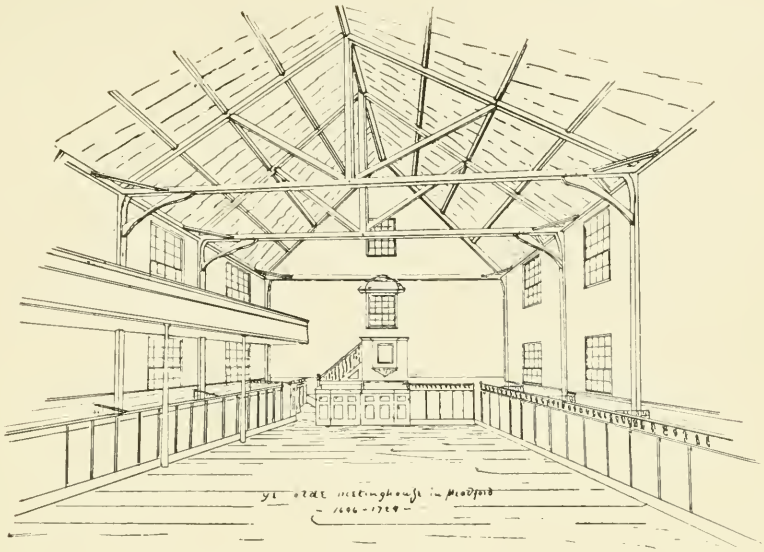
Now the men had their innings, and it was voted the seat on the men's side should be built up the same as that on the women's, and be finished or ornamented likewise with "banesturs," and the town foot the bill.

Well, the men might have their seats raised and their ornamental *banesturs* if they liked, *but* for the women to come down from their seats in the *fore-gallery* was too much to be endured in silence.

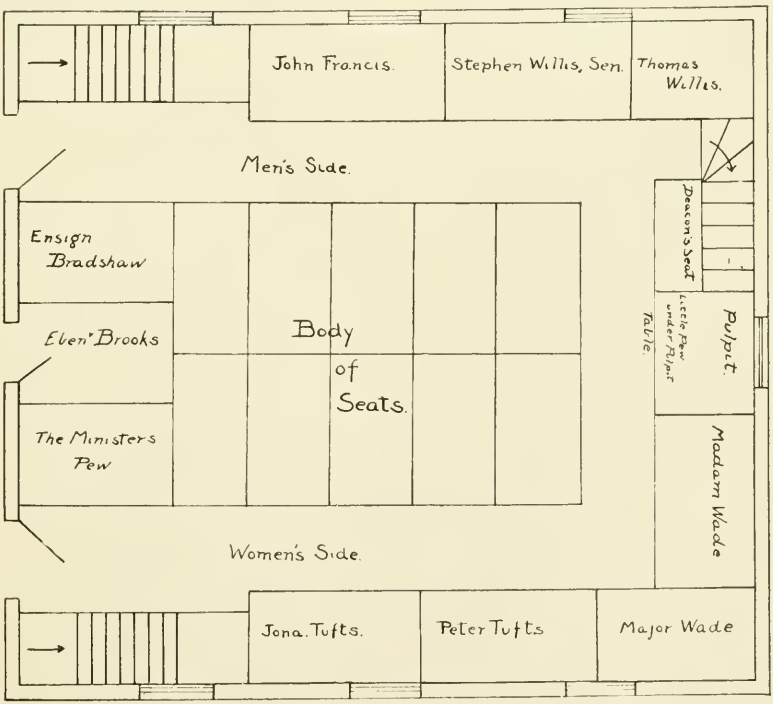
The echoes of the indignant protest that the men of Medford town heard in February come down to us in the vote of March 3, 1700, "to part the front gallery in the midst, the one halfe for men, and the other halfe for women *notwithstanding* any former vote to the *Conterary*." This momentous question settled, the pew of Major Wade claimed attention. After making void a former vote, the major was granted "liberty to build a pue at the northeast corner of the house taking a part of the pue that" (his brother's widow) "Madam Wade sits in, soe much of it as shall range with the alley and soe run through said pue on the one side and come out on the other side pue so far as to take in halfe of the window, said pue to be built the same hight with the former pue adjoining." This was on March 3, and conditioned on being finished by the middle of the next May. The major being provided for, Left. Peter Tufts was next in order. He was to have "liberty" to build a pew that took one-half the room between Major Wade's and a point one foot and a half from the window under the stairs into the gallery on the women's side. Then Thomas Willis was given liberty to enlarge his pew so far as the window, and the same height as before.

Notice these extracts from the town records contain often the word *liberty*. It is somewhat ominous and prophetic of the day that came seventy-five years later, when Capt. Hall and the Medford Minute Men marched up High street to Lexington.

Another thing; the preciseness of the record and the detail of description furnish the data from which we are able to furnish a plan of "ye Olde Metinghouse." The Rev. Charles Brooks, in the History of Medford (1855), gives (I think) a mistaken impression of it, both as to its size and appearance.



INTERIOR OF MEETING-HOUSE.



Plan of First Medford Meetinghouse 1696 Scale 4'-1"

Accustomed to the drawing and use of plans as has been the writer, it seems fitting to present a plan of this ancient edifice that will agree with the ancient record book of the town. Right here it is also fitting that acknowledgment of the valuable assistance of Mr. John H. Hooper should be made, and without which the task would have been much more difficult to accomplish.

The placing of certain families in these various pews seems not to have lessened the duties of the seating committee, for on May 19, 1701, Left. Peter Tufts and Deacon John Whitmore were "joyned" to it, and also "Sergt. Stephen Willis if his brother Thomas *should be out of the way*." Whatever that may mean, it is evident that there was careful provision for a full quota, as the record reads, "all votes to the conterary notwithstanding."

Major Wade was evidently to have the chief seat in the synagogue, if we judge by the record, but he was dilatory in its construction, as at this time (a year after the grant) the same was confirmed, but limited a little, "onely not to goe farther then the first Barr in the window."

The next thing to demand the town's attention was "the two *hinde* seats between the doors." We must remember that the town meetings were held right there, and all details could be accurately observed on the spot. Ebenezer Brooks had been granted a pew space, but it was vacated by his accepting one elsewhere, and it was next planned to make of this area two pews for four families.

At the next yearly meeting the question of alterations seems not to have come up; but the town had a reckoning with Ensign John Bradshaw, and it was found that for labor performed and the minister's board, "*from the beginning of the world unto this day*," there was due him (errors excepted) the sum of £16, 16*s*, 6*d*. We were a little in doubt last year as to the accuracy of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, but what of this long-standing account? This settled — and what a re-

lief it must have been!—and the town was ready next year, 1703, for a review of the pew business, and as Major Wade was still dilatory, he was directed to take his choice of two pews named within *one week*. This hastened the valiant major's movements, and he selected the one next the madam and in the corner near the pulpit, and Peter Tufts and Jonathan Tufts the other two. Stephen Willis and John Francis had those opposite on the west side.

It will be noticed that all the pews the town had allowed to be built were adjoining the walls, leaving the central portion for the "body of seats," with an alley from the door on either side and before the "little pue" and deacons' seat.

At this point it is well to consider the peculiar situation of affairs existing, for Medford was a *peculiar*.

Soon after the meeting-house was built Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge was invited to preach. As he lived in Charlestown, the town provided a horse for him to ride to and fro (coming on Saturday and returning on Monday), and paying two shillings therefor, if well shod. The reverend gentleman had been ordained to the ministry in Connecticut twenty-eight years before, and was somewhat over fifty years of age. The town, careful of his comfort, in the bargain about the horse, arranged that he might ride to meeting on the Sabbath, when there should be occasion. It is hardly likely that he did so when he lodged with John Bradshaw, as *his* home was only across the way.

Notice just here again we said the town; there was no church or organized body of worshipers, though some effort was made by Mr. Woodbridge during his stay for such. He desired to reside in Medford, and wished the town to build him a house, which would have been larger (2 ft. wider and 8 ft. longer) than the meeting-house was. The town declined to do so, and he proceeded to have one built, but becoming involved in difficulty with the workmen, more troubles followed.

These at last were terminated, and the town began to

look about for another to succeed him. In May, 1712, their choice fell upon a young man of twenty-three years, Mr. Aaron Porter, who accepted the call and became the Reverend Mr. Porter by his ordination on February 11th next following. Notwithstanding a violent snow-storm on the preceding day, it is said that more people came than could get inside the meeting-house. The town made generous provision for their entertainment, appropriating eight pounds therefor, but somehow the expenses doubled, as at the March meeting the bill amounted to sixteen pounds. At the same meeting were presented the bills incurred at the fast-day occasion that preceded the call of Mr. Porter — one from Ebenezer Brooks for "neats toong & cheeſe at ye fast 00-03-6," and one from "Capt. Peter for veall at ye fast, 00-06-3," and another from Mrs. Hall "for intertainment of ye ministers at ye fast, 01-02-00."

The meeting-house had been built for sixteen years, and some minor repairs were made. John Whitmore, Sen.'s, bill was "two days & halfe mending meeting-house fence 00-07-06," and "nail to mend ye meeting-house 00-01-00, two casements & caping them, 00-07-00 & two turned posts for ye meeting-house, 00-05-00." Three shillings per day would hardly satisfy the carpenters of the present time. The windows not only needed new sashes but glass, and twenty-nine shillings and six pence were required for this, and Ebenezer Nutting, who was the constable, put in his bill for 00-02-8 for stays and hooks for the windows. Stephen Hall's charge for work and *hooks* and hinges for the meeting-house, was 00-07-6. Stephen also furnished three shillings and four pence' worth of posts for the fence. From these items we may readily see that there was a sort of renovation made with the coming of the new minister. Unfortunately, we may never know the items that made up the sixteen pounds expense at Mr. Porter's ordination. If they had "veall, neats toong & cheeſe" at the fast, we may be assured that on this occasion, the first of its kind in town, the best, both solid and liquid, was provided.

Earlier in the day the ministers and representatives of six churches in near-by towns assembled at John Bradshaw's house, and there the new church, the First Church of Christ, in Meadford, was organized, or, as it was termed, "gathered."

Fifteen men signed the covenant, but no women. Four bore the name of Hall, three that of Whitmore, three more of Willis, two of Brooks, and one each of Bradshaw, Francis and Pierce. After this was done the council adjourned to the meeting-house, where Mr. Porter was ordained, he preaching his own ordination sermon. The custom is different today, and so are many other circumstances and environments. It is recorded that in the winter of 1700 it was "so cold in the Medford meeting-house, that men struck their feet together, and children gathered around their mothers' foot stoves." Fancy that, ye people that growl at the sexton if the temperature of our modern churches, or perchance the ventilation, isn't just satisfactory!

That day they sang the one hundred and thirty-second Psalm, and it wasn't accompanied by any organ music, either. The old Bay Psalm Book was probably used. A few months later the minister had a wedding present of one, in "turkey leather," on which his uncle looked and set the tune, and a little later the town ordained "that such Perſon as shall Read the Psalme Shall Sit in the deacons Seat." This functionary read a line (perhaps two) and the people sang them, then more were read and sung, so the psalms and hymns were said to be "deaconed." Sometimes the deacon had a "pitch-pipe" to sound, thus assisting in getting the pitch or keynote. Organs were unknown in New England, as also hot-air and steam *heaters*, and over a century was yet to roll away ere a stove was installed in a Medford meeting-house. Our observation is that the taking of the Sabbath collection — offering, we call it now — is something of an art. How was it in "ye olde first meeting-house?" There seems not to have been any table there then, but there may later have been one.

A month after the ordination John Whitmore and John Bradshaw were chosen deacons. Evidently John Whitmore had successfully passed his examination of four years before, as the town had "voted to call John Whitmore to account by what order he held out the contribution box, and how he disposed of the money that was put therein." Possibly he had some depreciated currency or *tainted* money to contend with. Anyway, somebody put in some "black-dogs" on one occasion, and those had been known to be counterfeited. Church treasurers have some *queer* experiences.

For a year later the record reads, "John Whitmore Sen^r. refusing to hold out the contribution box on the Sabbath as formerly, the town made choice of Thomas Willis Sen^r. to receive the contribution money and account therein with Insigne Bradshoe."

With the settlement of a resident pastor there seems to have been a call for increased accommodations in the meeting-house, as on the 9th of May, 1713, a committee was "empowered to grant liberty to some young men they shall think *sutable*, to build a gallery over the *side* gallery on the west side of the meeting-house, and give them their orders and upon what terms they shall build sd. gallery, and order the stairs therefor."

As there had been, hitherto, no mention of any *side* gallery, the elevated platform that was "borded & battened" in front, and ornamented with "banesturs" was most likely meant. This view is borne out by the fact that the west was the men's side, and the proposed gallery was for *young* men who were "sutable," and rested upon the two turned posts that J. Whitmore made.

Furthermore, the same committee was directed "to consider what they think most proper to be done in their meting-house for better accommodation . . . more convenient room by a table, pews or galleries, and report at the next town meeting."

So on May 12 the town voted to go on to finish a *front* gallery on the *beams* of the meeting-house, with stairs convenient for the same.

When the deacons were chosen by the church, on March 11, it was decided to celebrate the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the 22d, and every sixth week thereafter, so the *table* needed to be provided, and this was to "reach so far as the door of the little pue under the pulpit."

After this three pews were built next the front wall between the doors, but there was no alley before them, as the house was becoming too small. Deacon Bradshaw had the one on the right of the men's door, and Madam Porter (the minister's wife) the one on the left of the women's. Both of these could be entered from the alleys; the one between them could not. It was Ebenezer Brooks', and the town made a virtue of necessity and allowed him to cut a doorway into his pew through the front of the house. An evidence of the growth of the town and increased attendance is seen, that in January, 1714, the partition in both the front and upper gallery was moved over a little, to make room for one more man in each of the men's seats, *i.e.*, five men, three in the first or fore-gallery, and two in the "gallery on the beams," or "uper gallery."

In 1717 the "rail" in the body of seats was also moved eastward, to accommodate five more men, and, strange to say, there was no protest from the women.

So many pews had been built that the body of seats had been reduced to five rows, as seen in the moving of the rail. And now a word about these pews. They were not such as we now see in church edifices of modern build, but were rectangular enclosures, such as may be seen in King's Chapel in Boston. They had a seat for one person in the front corner next the alley, and across the opposite end and back side, with a door next the alley, and when one was seated only his head was visible above the enclosure, unless perchance the open space between the "banesturs" allowed the children to have a game of peek-a-boo, which wasn't safe to indulge in, for the "tytheingman" was ever watchful.

[Continued in July Register]

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

We use this caption advisedly, as the hill was then known as *Bunker's*. The result was not accomplished without resistance, there was considerable loss of life, as well as destruction of property occupied by the enemy, and some prisoners with their arms taken.

A study of a map of the locality at that period would show the area now covered by railroad tracks, freight houses etc., to have been the Charlestown Mill Pond. A later map would show the Tufts' Mill Pond, where is now the Charlestown Playground and the isthmus known as the "Neck," very narrow. At that time Samuel and Ebenezer Hall formerly of Medford were publishing the "New England Chronicle," ("Printers" they styled themselves) at Stoughton Hall, one of the Harvard College buildings in Cambridge.

To their paper of Thursday, January 11, 1776, we refer the readers of the REGISTER for an interesting account of this affair:—

CAMBRIDGE, January 11.

"Last Monday evening Major Knowlton was dispatched with 100 men, to make an incursion into Charlestown. He crossed the Mill Dam which lays between Cobble Hill and Bunker's Hill, about nine o'clock, and immediately proceeded down the street on the westerly side of Bunker's Hill; a part of the men under the command of Capt. Kyes, at the same time were ordered to take post on the east side of the street, just under the hill, in order to intercept any persons who might escape from the houses in the street, some of which were occupied by the enemy. These houses, which were a little without the compact part of the town, the enemy suffered to remain unburnt in June last, for their own convenience.— They were now surrounded and set fire to by our men. In one of them they found six soldiers, and one woman, all of whom except one refractory fellow, who was killed were brought off. In another of the houses, according to the information of the prisoners, lived seventeen of the enemy's carpenters. As the woman says she went to this house, in order to borrow something, just before our men arrived; but seeing no light, and not being able to get into that part of the house where they kept, she concluded they were all asleep; as it is very certain no one escaped from the house;— and as our

men set fire to the building very suddenly, it is thought the whole seventeen perished in the flames. We burnt 10 houses and brought off 6 or 7 muskets. Three or four houses are still standing. The whole was performed in less than an hour, without the loss of a single man, either killed or wounded, notwithstanding the enemy kept up a considerable fire of musketry from Bunker's Hill."

The Cobble Hill referred to was the eminence on which was for many years the McLean Asylum, and the mill dam afforded the Continentals a short route into the beleaguered town. It also afforded a means of escape for at least one British deserter, as seen in the issue of January, 25:—

"Since our last we have had several deserters from the enemy,—one of them stationed at Charlestown Mills, pitched his companion over the dam, and then run for Cobble Hill."

We trust that the other sentinel did not find a watery grave, but "all 's fair in love and war." Charlestown at the time of the ever memorable battle was compactly built between Breed's Hill, where the monument now stands, and Charles River, with a comparatively small number of houses northward along the road now called Main street. The buildings destroyed at this time were probably near the site of the Edes' mansion, now noted as the birthplace of Prof. Morse of telegraph fame.

Between foes and friends, the old town named for King Charles who granted the charter to Matthew Cradock's Company, was well nigh obliterated. Its territory once entirely surrounded that of Medford, and embraced that of Burlington, Wilmington, Woburn, Winchester, Somerville and parts of Arlington, Medford, and Malden. Its corporate existence became finally absorbed in that of Boston in 1874.

The "three or four houses" that Major Knowlton left could have afforded but little shelter to the British troops whom editor or "printer" Hall styled "ministerial butchers." The result of the action was that the lines were closer drawn against the enemy in Charlestown.

We will refer again to Mr. Hall's paper:—

"We hear that the enemy, the evening on which troops burnt the houses at Charlestown, were entertaining themselves at the exhibition of a Play, which they called the Blockade of Boston; in the midst of which a person appeared before the audience, and with great earnestness declared that the Yankees were attacking Bunker's Hill. The deluded wretches at first, took this to be merely *farcial*, and intended as a part of their diversion. But soon convinced that the actor meant to represent a solemn *reality*, the whole assembly left the house in confusion, and scampered off with great precipitation."

This play was written by General John Burgoyne. He had presented one in London previously, possibly with more success than attended the one this side the sea. In this, one of the characters was costumed as a "Yankee Sergeant" and the performance was much enjoyed by the British officers and the Tory ladies who were in attendance. It was designed to impress the soldiery with contempt for the "Yankees" and was succeeding finely when the "Sergeant" gave the alarm "with great earnestness." Soon the order "officers, to your posts" awakened everybody to the situation. In the wild scramble that ensued the fiddles of the orchestra were broken, seats overturned, and the much alarmed ladies were left to find their way home from Faneuil Hall. Their gallant escorts were unceremoniously called to other duties.

It was reported that after the evacuation of Boston the tables were turned and a play called the "Blockheads" (evidently parodied) or the "Affrighted Officers" was produced, in which the names of Lord Percy, Burgoyne and prominent Loyalists were thinly disguised.

Some years ago we heard of a pamphlet that undertook to prove that there never was a Battle of Bunker Hill, which seems a singular effort. It was not on account of the mistake in the name of the hill, but in discredit of the fact.

If the fact of this second battle, in which eighteen persons lost their lives and six prisoners were taken, is discredited by our readers, we refer them to the above detailed account published at the time by a son of old Medford, one of Massachusetts' early journalists.

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

[Inserted by some former residents, and found upon page 26 of a History of Medford.]

BATTLE OF THE BEES.

Sometime about 1830 the Bees of Mr Joseph Swan went over in a body — and made an attack on the Bees of Mr Samuel Train (near the Meeting House) they fought in the air — with great fury — and many fell dead on the ground — Mr Train witnessed the battle. Finally Mr Train's bees were conquered, and compelled to assist the others *in carrying away their own honey!* which was done in a short time, while they were coming loaded out of the hive, Mr Train sprinkled flour (from a cook's flour box) and then went to Mr Swan's hives where he found the flour on the Bees, and thus identified them as the Invaders. —— It was a Case that did not admit of any redress.

C. S. Dec. 1855

Mr. Brooks' volume was published in 1855. Another attached paper commented upon the announcement of the same from the Unitarian pulpit. Along with the above are several newspaper clippings in relation to pugnacious bees. Mr. Swan was about forty years of age at the time of the battle he described, and his entry is made twenty-five years after the occurrence, in a legible hand, on the old-fashioned blue writing paper, and attached with bits of red wafer to the margin of the leaf.

Doubtless the occurrence made a vivid impression upon the youngsters of the neighborhood, as fifty-eight years afterward Mr. Swan's nephew took up the story and added more details, and also an incident his uncle omitted from his account thirty-three years before, as seen below.

BEES IN A DWELLING HOUSE.

Sometime about 1830, as near as I can recollect, at the time of the battle of the bees mentioned by my uncle Caleb Swan as having occurred between the bees of my uncle Joseph Swan and Mr Samuel Train whose house was next my mother's in Medford, a large swarm of bees came one day and settled on the eaves of the house at the Southwest corner, where they had discovered previously an entrance at the gutter into the attic in a space made between the south wall of the attic and the eaves. I well remember the time. The air seemed full of bees and as they passed along in

their flight over my uncle Joseph's, Roach's, and Train's premises, every one seemed to be out, beating tin pans, ringing table bells and making other discordant noises to induce the bees to settle in a swarm so that they could be hived. But they cared nothing for the noise but soon got into their new quarters where they lived several years and made a deal of honey. The first winter after they came my mother had a door and shelves arranged so that from the attic chamber where I and my brothers slept, the door could be opened and honey taken out. These bees were finally destroyed by an excessively cold winter.

JAMES G. SWAN

BOSTON, Aug. 5, 1888.

He also *illustrated* his manuscript by an outline drawing of his mother's house. This, though a little crude, is readily identified as the house next adjoining the Unitarian Church where Washington was once a guest.

The *bees* are also shown clustered on the "southwest corner," and duly labelled "Bees." This above manuscript is in a clearer and excellent hand and on white paper. The "premises of Roach" may be identified today by the old cellar, where was the house which was demolished soon after the death (by accidental burning) of Hannah Roach, in 1886. Those of "Train," as is well known, adjoined the house of Mrs. Swan, which became a beehive. The residence of Mr. James Swan's "uncle Joseph" was then near High street, and was in the early seventies moved backward, enlarged and remodelled to its present shape by the late Alvin D. Puffer.

Both the Messrs. Swan were observers of men and things in Medford.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYS.

[For account of the same see page 492, Brooks' History, 1808, *Snowballing*.]

Sectional differences existed in Medford a century ago even among the boys, as those living east of the meeting-house were called "*maggots*," while those at the west were designated as "*fag-enders*." The snow fort of the "maggots" boasted a single piece of artillery, which, however, proved more dangerous to the garrison than

to the besiegers, as one boy was seriously wounded "on its discharge." See Mr. Swan's account for details of the fray:—

The boy was David Osgood only son of Rev^{d} Dr. Osgood The boys had built a large Fort of Snow behind the meetinghouse — a party appointed to attack it, and another party to defend it. David Osgood was of the inside party. They had got a large bellows nose, hammered the large end together and so made a Cannon of it, and filled it with powder — but at the first fire it exploded in several pieces — one of which tore his face and neck very badly and came within a hair of the jugular vein. He bled so profusely [that] Dr Brooks thought his life in imminent danger for more than a week.

Snowballing parties were prohibited after this. . . .

A similar snowball fort was made by the boys of Dr. Stearns' Academy south of the bridge — but the attack was ordered to be given up — it was to have been attacked a day or two after the other.

Dr. Brooks was chosen governor in 1816, and held the office for seven successive years.

CENTURY OLD MEDFORD ITEMS.

The year 1808 was noted as the time when an *assistant* teacher was first employed in the public school.

Also in 1808 were made several diggings for Captain Kidd's buried treasure.

For richest Jems and gainfull things most merchants wisely venter;
Deride not then New England men this corporation enter:
Christ calls for trade shall never fade come Craddock factors send;
Let Mayhew go and other mor spare not thy coyne to spend;
Such trades advance did never chance in all thy trading yet:
Though some deride thy loss, abide her's gaine beyond man's wit.
—*From Chapt. VII. Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England. Edward Johnson.*

On February 21, 1908, our former president and faithful worker, Mr. David H. Brown, entered into rest. He had but recently assumed the editorship of the REGISTER, and to it gave his latest work.

An appreciative memorial is being prepared and will be presented in due time.

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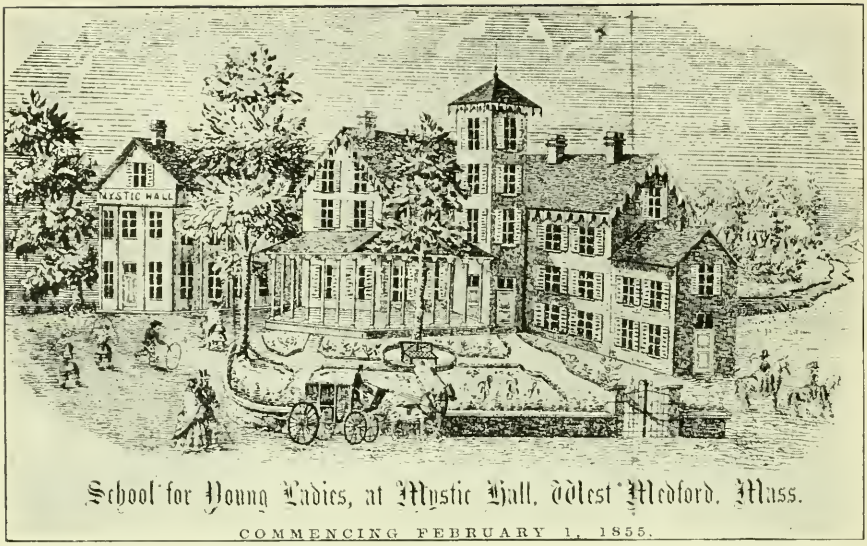
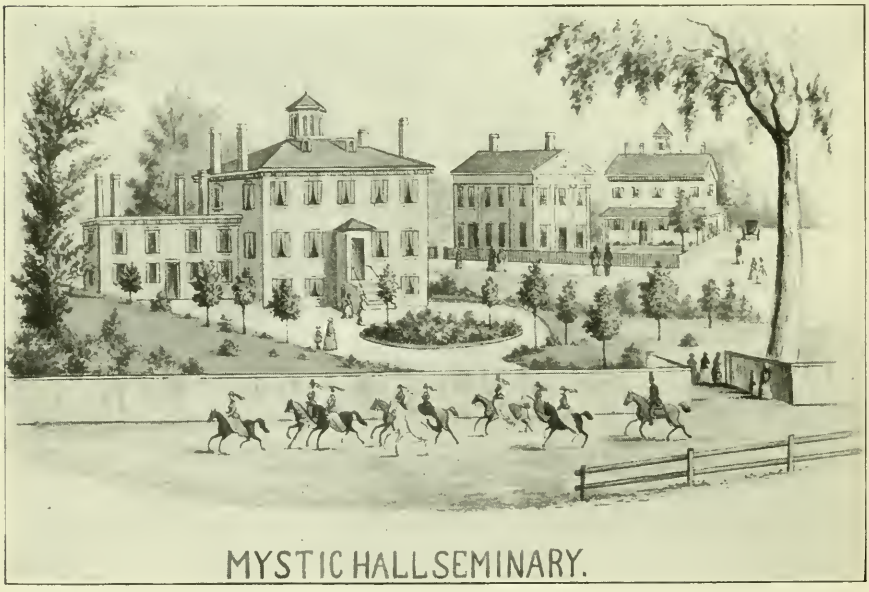


School for Young Ladies, at Mystic Hall, West Medford, Mass.

COMMENCING FEBRUARY 1, 1855.



MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.

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The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XI. JULY, 1908. NO. 3.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.

BY MRS. JENNIE PEIRCE BRIGHAM.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, March 7, 1908.]

SOME years ago, I read in a Medford paper an article relating to Mystic Hall Seminary, in which the writer doubted if any still lived who had attended that institution. At first, it was rather of a shock to me, for I did not realize that its existence was in so remote an era. Then, I consoled myself with the thought that the writer must be quite young if fifty years seemed so far away and the institution merely a tradition. If so, I must surely be one of "the oldest inhabitants." Assuming this to be the case I bring to you some reminiscences of a pupil of the seminary.

I have been asked to give a sketch of what to some of you, especially the younger members, is merely an echo of the past (and, perhaps, not even that) of an educational institution which was located in West Medford during the fifties — Mystic Hall Seminary. From the elaborate prospectus issued by the proprietor I quote the following:

"West Medford is fifteen minutes ride from Boston by the Lowell R. R., in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, with lovely villages sleeping among them, while the Mystic river, from which the seminary takes its name, winding to the ocean, gives new beauty to the whole. Its proximity to Boston renders the superior talent of that city available to the pupils and the institute."

Fifty years have brought many changes in West Medford, but not as many as might be expected. The village has become part of a city, churches have been erected, nomenclature of streets has changed, many stores have

been opened (there was only a small one-room building in the seminary days, and that contained the post-office and a few groceries), and Medford pond has become Mystic lake. But the river still winds, and the tide still covers the marshes at its flood, although it has ceased to impress me with the idea, that then prevailed amongst us, that it was of great width.

Although now nearly covered with buildings, the area bounded by the River, the Lowell R. R., and High street was then a large, open, treeless field, which later was crossed by a wide path bordered by young trees, connecting one of the seminary buildings with the hall or school.

There was a large estate in West Medford at that time occupied by the family of Thomas P. Smith, the residence being on High street near the station. During the life of Mr. Smith, there was erected, upon the land adjoining his garden, a building the lower story of which was finished for a store, with rooms for a dwelling in the rear. The upper story consisted of a large hall used for fairs, social gatherings, and like purposes, called Mystic Hall. I am inclined to think, notwithstanding the prospectus, that the seminary took its name from the hall rather than from the river. After the death of Mr. Smith, the widow decided in 1854 to open a day and boarding school, or young ladies' seminary. At that time there was a private day school in West Medford, kept by an English family named Wood — a mother and two daughters — and also one in Medford, in the basement of the engine house of Jackson No. 2, kept by a Miss Chase.

There were already on the Smith estate two buildings suitable for school purposes, and, the town of Medford having built a new almshouse on Purchase street, the old one fronting on Canal street, with the Lowell R. R. closely in the rear, was purchased. The interior was entirely remodeled, and the general appearance of the outside changed by the addition of a long wing to one side for dormitories, and the house became Mystic Mansion. By

crossing the railroad at the rear of the house, you entered the path of which I have already spoken that led to the school or hall. This building had also undergone a change. The store had been changed to a schoolroom, Everett Hall; the dwelling part into classrooms and studio. There was also a large barn on the estate, part of which was converted into a gymnasium and bowling-alley. These additions and improvements having been completed, Mystic Hall Seminary opened its doors on February 5, 1855.

The visiting committee was composed of some of the most prominent men in Massachusetts — judges, clergymen, physicians, senators, poets, and presidents of universities. Women were not ignored, although their higher education was not much talked of then. I think we were commencing to leave (slowly to be sure) the "clinging vine" period, which attitude was then considered the proper one for women. However that may be, I find on the list the names of Mrs. Sigourney and Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott). Among their male associates were Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts; President Walker, of Harvard; President Sears, of Brown; Judge Bigelow, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Hon. Rufus Choate; Rev. Dr. Lothrop, pastor of Brattle Square Church of Boston; Hon. Charles Sumner; Henry W. Longfellow; Father Taylor, of the Seamen's Bethel; Dr. D. Humphreys Storer; Gen. John S. Tyler; and others, too numerous to mention. I find that all the different religious denominations were represented, save the Roman Catholic, and I have not the slightest doubt that if Mrs. Smith had started her school fifty years later, Cardinal Gibbons would have appeared on the board, for she was very energetic and persuasive.

Among the instructors were John P. Marshall, A.M., of Tufts College, Ancient Languages; Charles J. White, also of Tufts, Mathematics; Professor Viaux, of Harvard, French; Winslow Lewis, M.D., Anatomy, Physiology,

and Hygiene; Professor Papanti, nephew of the famous Papanti, Dancing; and Rev. Edward J. Stearns, Chaplain. The last was looked on with distrust by the younger pupils, being the compiler of a spelling-book in use at the seminary. His duties were not confined to the chaplaincy, as he was instructor in moral science and ancient languages. The principal taught natural science, composition, and belles-lettres. Professor Papanti was succeeded by others, among them Professor Bell, who taught steps and played the violin while so doing. He used the bow to point out deficiencies and rap toes, and he was very graceful in deportment, if not in language, for his denunciations of awkward pupils were scathing. Another was James Sullivan who brought a harpist and pianist to play for his classes. I must not forget little Mlle. Fauscave, the resident French teacher, for she was patient and painstaking, and her surroundings could not have been happy.

The Norfolk (Virginia) *Herald*, 1855, says:—

"We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to Mystic Hall school, near Boston; particularly of those who, having daughters whom they desire to have educated abroad, are interested in obtaining information of the best schools to send them to. The branches of instruction at the Mystic Hall embrace all that is necessary to a finished education, not only as regards mental culture, but all those graces and exterior accomplishments which befit the woman who is destined to shine in the highest sphere of dignity and refinement, or to fill a more useful but not less dignified position in society. The high character of the principal, Mrs. T. P. Smith, is a guarantee for the unexceptional government of the school."

To her pupils, Mrs. Smith appeared a very gracious woman, of fine address, kindly, sympathetic, and dignified. Her dress on special occasions was always the same —black velvet and lace, with pearl brooch and earrings, ropes of pearls, that we hear so much of now, were not so common then.

I can best give you an idea of what Mystic Hall aimed to be by quoting from the catalogues of the school. The poetry I shall read was composed by the principal. The *Boston Intelligencer*, in 1856, speaks of her "as a poet, with attainments of the highest order." She also wrote the hymn used at the opening of the school hours.

"The plan of education comprises four departments; the Physical, the Moral, the Mental, and the Graceful.

"A cultivated mind and elevated morality will accomplish little with a sickly constitution, consequently, physical education is placed first. [This has since come to be recognized by all educators.]

"To the moral department, comprising not only integrity of character and Christian morals, but what is equal and of more importance, is added an amiable and loving spirit.

"In future years from lowly hearth
Soft gentle eyes will beam,
And light of woman's truest worth
From household circles gleam.

"In patience, hope, meekness and love,
Woman's appointed lot,
With ever glancing eye above
From mansion or from cot.

"The mental comes third. In this department those teachers and professors are employed who have a tact for teaching, as well as great erudition in their respective departments.

"The graceful department comprises music, painting, drawing, dancing, manners, carriage, and conversation generally. The young ladies are encouraged to converse with each other, in a lady-like and dignified manner, and in every way qualify themselves for whatever station they may be called upon in the future to fill,

"While health a certain charm imparts,
And cultured minds and gentle hearts,

Will their possessor ever win
Respect and love and all akin.

"Yet grace and beauty, too, are given,
To cheer us on our path to Heaven.
Let graceful mien and charming word
Then beckon on to joy and God."

This last line was altered in the next catalogue to

"Their powerful influence afford."

We had the best of instructors procurable, and if we did not become physically, morally, mentally, and gracefully proficient the blame must not rest on the teachers. It was claimed, and admitted, I believe, that this was the only seminary in the country where the two branches of physical education, swimming and horsemanship, were taught.

To produce experts in the former branch, swimming, three bath-houses were built on the river-bank near the old lock of the Middlesex Canal — another tradition? Well, in those days, there was just enough water in the canal to make skating in winter. It was quite a little walk from the school. One had to go down Canal street, cross the railroad, and continue on to a gate, through that down a short declivity, then climb up the rocks by the side of the old lock and run down rather a steep path. I trust that old Mystic is still salt at high tide, it was then, and that was the swimming hour. I do not remember any expert swimmer, save, perhaps, a pupil from Cuba. The others confined their feats to holding on to a rope secured to the steps, and jumping up and down. None ventured far toward the aqueduct as many large snapping-turtles were caught there, and we were often prevented from ranging farther up by the seines being set on certain days by the menhaden fishermen.

For horsemanship there were four horses. Fairy was a small mare that one could only mount by rushing down

the steps and vaulting into the saddle, while William, the hostler, coachman, and factotum in general, held her up to the steps. The other horses, Hunter, Gypsy, and Mayflower, remained quiet, which enabled the riders to mount gracefully and in the proper manner, provided William did not give one too strenuous a hand and toss her far over the off side. Gypsy, was a small, black horse, and a favorite with all, but Hunter was always Hobson's choice, high, angular, and lame in one hind leg. If he galloped he rode comparatively easy, but to stop him one had to rise in the stirrup, brace against the pommel, and saw his mouth with the check, and then, when he settled into a trot, one wished she had never tried to stop him. Mayflower, a fine large mare, was only allowed to be used by a few of the older pupils, as she was usually reserved for the principal.

I find that in 1857 there were sixty pupils. I think the school opened with three. They came from many states, about fifty per cent. from Massachusetts. All the New England States were represented, and also the Middle, with the exception of Delaware (which brings to mind a remark I once heard from a man who had travelled extensively in the United States, that he had never met a person from Delaware). Virginia, Ohio, District of Columbia were represented, and there was one from Cuba and another from Canada. Those from Cleveland, Ohio, were looked upon almost as coming from the antipodes.

Everyone was expected to attend morning prayer in the schoolroom, but expectations were not always realized, the pupils residing at Mystic Mansion not liking the distance on a cold morning. We attended whatever church our parents desired, and were conveyed to and from the edifice in a brightly painted omnibus, with the name, Mystic Hall Seminary, lettered on the sides near the top. I hope some one here remembers that omnibus; it would make me feel a little less like the ancient mariner. It was drawn by a heavy horse, called Buckskin.

This horse, when allowed to be driven in other vehicles by the pupils, had to be managed by two pairs of hands to keep him in the road, as he had a most unpleasant habit of running sideways toward the gutter or wall. We unkindly diagnosed this peculiarity as "blind staggers."

The course of study was composed as follows: First, a preparatory course for young pupils. And let me add here, that although the seminary was originally intended for what was termed a "finishing school," I read "that so many young ladies presented themselves for finishing touches when the outlines of an education were not plainly discernible, it was thought best to receive the little misses, and ere long a class would graduate thoroughly educated, as well as elegant and graceful." The Intermediate and Collegiate Departments were divided into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; also an optional course and resident graduate course.

Under music, came singing, piano, guitar and harp. The violin, or fiddle, was not taught, being deemed unfeminine. Under painting was included oil and water color, crayon and head drawing, Grecian and Oriental painting, papier maché, monochromatic, potichiomania, wax fruit and flowers, inlaying of pearl, and leather work. It may seem strange for me to combine these under painting, but I have done so because "M and P," music and painting, or "M" or "P" singly, were affixed to the pupil's name in the catalogue to signify the extra accomplishments taken. "M" might mean piano, harp, and guitar — all three or merely one. "P" stood for any or all that I have enumerated under painting, but it generally stood for Grecian painting.

Mrs. Smith was quite an artist in oils, and had made a number of family portraits. I will add for the information of the younger, and perhaps some of the older ones present, to whom Grecian painting is unknown, that it was accomplished in the following manner: A steel engraving or lithograph was saturated with water and stretched. When dry it was like a drumhead, and

was then varnished on the back until it became transparent. Oil paints were applied on the reverse, and no shading was necessary, that being supplied by the original. It was merely the coloring of a print to suit the fancy. It was an economical as well as rapid style of painting, as all the paint remaining on the palette was mixed together and used as background. A little touch of paint on the face of the picture was sometimes added, then a thin coat of varnish, and it was ready for the frame — or the rubbish pile, as one chose.

I was a Grecian painter, and at times feel rather elated at having been an adept in one of the lost arts. Quite a number of pupils took lessons in wax fruit and flowers, or rather fruit, for that was moulded and easily made, while flowers required a more skilled touch. Sometimes in the country I have seen funeral wreaths which the unsuspecting owner has assured me was the original wreath preserved in wax. How vividly this brought back to me the days of wax work in the studio.

A monthly report was made out for each scholar regarding her proficiency in lessons and deportment. I think the daily school life could be summed up in a general way, as prayers, 7; breakfast, 8; school, 9; intermission, 12 to 12.30; dinner, 2; music and painting in the afternoon; tea, 6; study hour together, 7 to 8; conversation in music-room parlor, 8 to 9; lights out at 10.

It is needless to say that lessons were memorized, by this I mean every word in geography or history must be letter perfect, particular stress being laid on rules in arithmetic and grammar; and a method was employed by a teacher in geography that I have never seen elsewhere, although it may have been used. Very large maps were hung on the wall, and the teacher named the rivers, mountains, capes, or whatever might be the day's lesson, and pointed them out, while the pupils chanted them after her in a sing song rhythm. This brings forcibly to mind the way we learned our multiplication table in the public school, each table being sung with a terminating

chorus of "Five times Five is Twenty-five," to the air of Yankee Doodle.

French was always spoken at table, therefore, we were not a particularly garrulous crowd, the conversation being limited to asking for the desired articles or requesting to be excused when the dessert was not especially popular. Then the order went forth that all young ladies who wished to be excused must ask before the dessert was served. Great consternation arose among the younger ones, until it was discovered that by gaining the good graces of the cook, under a pledge of secrecy, the day's dessert could be foretold.

I have already mentioned that there was a large, well-equipped gymnasium and bowling alley connected with the school, and the suits worn on those occasions were what were known as "bloomers," although some preferred to call them "Turkish costumes." I have never visited a modern gymnasium, but the various exercises we had were sufficiently startling, and near neck-breaking among the younger ones if no teacher were near.

Those pupils boarding at Mystic Mansion were obliged to cross the railroad, and then take the wide walk through the field which led to the school. During the noon hour a long frieght train used to switch off and back down the track opposite the mansion to wait for the Lowell express to pass. As there was a stringent rule that the pupils must not leave the seminary grounds without permission, the younger ones used to crawl under the cars, and it was quite a stump (I believe it is called "stunt" now) to crawl under when we could hear the clink as each car began to move. What saved us from mutilated limbs I do not know, unless it was the same cherub that used to sit up aloft and look out for the life of poor Jack, said cherub no longer being needed in these days of steam. When this pleasant pastime of "crawling under" was discovered, and the culprits admonished and told into what depths of sin they had fallen, the excuse was that they were afraid they would be late for lessons.

To acquire a graceful carriage (which as I read you

was one of the attributes which "beckon on to joy and God") we had calisthenics, using first a wand, then swaying graceful movements with arms and hands to the piano accompaniment of the Russian March. This selection was invariable, the air was never changed.

Embroidery was taught by the resident German teacher. There was cross-stitch on canvas worked so finely that it resembled tapestry. There were ottoman covers worked on broadcloth, chenille embroidery that very few attempted, and the height of all ambition, the working of a large figure picture in tapestry that could be framed. The favorite subject of this composition was a Highlander and a lamb.

We had our secret societies with badges and letters that were exasperating to the uninitiated who could not discover their significance. There were the "L.G's," with knife and fork engraved on their buttons. Lazy Geese they were called by the younger girls, in retaliation for the name of "small fry," which had been applied to themselves. The "C.C's." bore a sunburst, and were dubbed the "Celestial Captivators." The "R.D's," said their letters meant Reform Dress, but as we could not see any reform in dress or manners, we gave them silent contempt. The seniors had a resplendent button, with the Greek letters phi, sigma, phi, that silenced us. Such learning was beyond criticism!

All these minor societies were eclipsed by the Mystic Alliance, which included all that were eligible by age, sometimes otherwise. It was termed a literary society, and issued a monthly paper called, *The Mystic Wreath*. One or two young Harvard sophomores were allowed to join the Alliance. I only know of one now living, and he is a well-known writer and educator. The "small fry" were not recognized by these haughty college men, but the "small fry" had eyes and ears, and they used them to advantage.

At the end of the term (there were two terms in the year) there was a reunion. I saw in the Medford paper to which I have referred, a copy of an order of exercises

which you probably all read. These exercises commenced at three o'clock. The graduating class had the usual salutatory in Latin followed by reading in French, German and Spanish, English essay and the valedictory, while the other pupils aided to the best of their ability. Then came award of prizes, given by some of the visiting committee, and the presentation of a gold medal to each graduate. If the reunion came in June, and the weather permitted, a collation was served under the trees in the garden, and a number of pupils showed their proficiency in horsemanship. In the early evening there was a concert given by the pupils, which was followed by social enjoyment and band playing.

I have made mention of the possession of ears and eyes by the small fry. The following is what they heard and saw on one Saturday afternoon. It was the usual custom for the principal to go to Boston on that day, and some of the Harvard members of the Alliance thought it an excellent opportunity for calling. On this particular Saturday, however, for some reason or other Mrs. Smith had remained at home, and word reached her that there were visitors for certain young ladies. The principal received the visitors with a very gracious manner, and asked of what service she might be. One stammered out, "We have come to inspect the institution." "Delighted," was the reply. They were taken over the various rooms of the school and studio, and entertained until they showed flagging interest, when, with thanks for the courtesy, they took their departure.

Mystic Hall Seminary only existed in West Medford from February, 1855, to June, 1859. In the winter of 1858, Mrs. Smith visited Washington, having influential friends there. This was before the strenuous life in America, and she believed that the time had come in that city for an educational school on the basis of Mystic Hall Seminary. This plan was carried into operation, and in the fall of 1859 she opened her school at the capital. Two or three of her graduate teachers accompanied her. She could not have chosen a more unfavorable time. The

John Brown excitement culminated within a few months after the opening of the school. A spirit of uneasiness pervaded the entire country, especially the south, from whence she expected to draw her pupils, and the school was soon closed.

Four years is a brief time for an educational institution to exist, not long enough to make a deep impression on a community. If I have given you a glimpse of what one boarding school life was fifty years ago, I have done all, and perhaps more, than I expected. The founder and principal of the seminary had the highest hopes of its stability and success, and in these hopes and beliefs she was supported by the press and friends in many states. As I quoted from the *Norfolk Herald* at the beginning of my paper, let me end with a quotation from one published at Boston at this time.

"Among the proudest boasts of New England, none may be more justly indulged than those referring to our admirable schools. We have the means of education profusely scattered upon every side; and while our public institutions deserve especial commendation, there exist private ones most eminently adapted to public wants, and meeting exigencies which cannot otherwise be reached. The comparative value of the physical and mental education can be more happily advanced under the circumstances which attend a private institution than in a general and public one.

"The mothers of Columbus and Washington will never be forgotten, and to produce such mothers should be the highest aim of the age, and so indeed it is in such schools as the one to which we take great pleasure in making reference, known as the School for Young Ladies, at Mystic Hall, West Medford, Mass.

"Mrs. Smith has surrounded herself with the best procurable talent in every branch, and to Mystic Hall school we shall ever point with highest pride of a true New Englander."

New England has long since forgotten the brief life of Mystic Hall Seminary. Let Medford remember.

Yᴱ OLDE METING-HOUSE OF MEADFORD.

By Moses W. Mann, West Medford.

[Continued from Vol. 11, No. 2.]

THE seats in the pews were hinged, and turned up on edge as the people stood during the long prayer. This concluded, they were turned down again, and the result was like a fusillade of musketry all over the house.

Mr. Porter's pastorate was all too short, as he died after serving the church and town nine years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell in 1724.

He, like his predecessor, took unto himself a wife soon after coming to Medford. Still more room was needed for the accommodation of the people, and after much discussion the town built a new and much larger meeting-house just beyond the brook, and on August 21, 1727, worshipped in the subject of our sketch for the last time. The selectmen were directed to sell it, for the best advantage for the town. I find no report of their doings in the matter on the record; but upon the treasurer's book under date of January 4, 1729, is this item, "To Cash Recᵈ of Benj. Willis for ye Old Meeting-house

Omitted fetting down before."

The receipts are entered on the right hand pages of the book, and the page being one of the earliest used, the right, or outer edge, is so frayed and worn that the amount paid by Mr. Willis is missing. An interesting matter in this connection is the date January 4, 1729. As the town directed the selectmen on September 29, 1729, to sell it and Mr. Willis paid for it on January 4, it was in the *eleventh* month of the year, which then began with the first of March, instead of January. Another incident is that the entry is not in regular order, but is explained by the written note, "Omitted setting down before."

Such are the facts gleaned from the ancient records of the town, their time-worn and discolored pages now carefully preserved between silk tissue.

In a careful reading of them, often requiring patient

study, and diligent comparison of the quaint expression, and almost phonetic spelling, the writer felt as one becoming introduced to the men and people of the Medford of long ago. *So* long ago was it, that it is well to take a look beyond the strip of land bordering the river, "and extending back a mile in all places," that comprised the Medford of those days, making the thirty-one years ye olde meeting-house was used. A. D. 1693, William and Mary had been for five years the reigning sovereigns and the town meetings were called "in their majesties names." The witchcraft delusion at Salem had just run its length and subsided without thrusting its baleful presence and influence into Medford.

Beyond the sea in old England, John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, and Richard Baxter, the voluminous writer, had but just passed away. The "Pilgrim's Progress" of the one, and "Saint's Rest" of the other were beginning to reach these shores.

John Dryden, the poet and translator of "Virgil," and John Locke, the mental philosopher of that age, were just completing their life work, while the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was in his prime.

But four years had passed since Sir Edmund Andros had been sent home to England, and one Medford man is credited with saying, "If Andros comes to Medford we'll treat him not with shad and alewives but with *swordfish*."

Possibly if this ancient Medfordite could now return, he would find a different taste prevailing in the matter of a fish diet; and Parson Porter would find that potatoes (unknown in Medford when he came as minister) afforded more palatable and nourishing food if the roots were cooked, instead of balls that grew upon the vines. Andros' successor wasn't much more heartily welcomed, though the people were loyal to the king who had granted the new charter.

Less than nine years before, the general court in answer to the people's inquiry, had declared "that Meadford hath

been and is a *peculiar*." Doubtful of their right, or perhaps too modest, no deputy had been sent till four years before the enterprise of building the meeting-house was inaugurated. With it as a central rallying point, the sixty year old town was waking to new life, for in the autumn of that year, it adopted "Town orders and by-laws." Of the houses that were standing in the Medford of 1696, we can be positively certain of but two that remain today — the Major Jonathan Wade house, and the Capt. Peter Tufts house, commonly called the Cradock House,—"if this be treason" (or heresy) "make the most of it." There is a possibility that the old house recently removed a little from the corner of High Street and Hastings Lane (and now many times repaired and twice enlarged, and so taking a new lease of life), may have been the home of Dea. and Ensign John Bradshaw. All others that were contemporary with the old meeting-house in its early years have yielded to the tooth of time, and possibly none that were built during its thirty-two years now remain. A few monarchs of the forest there are, and yet very few whose roots had then taken a firm grasp in Medford soil. The primeval forest has gone and danger threatens the newer growth. If we take the map of Medford, and trace a series of circles in quarter miles, from the site of the meeting-house, we shall find that the first passes through the site of the First Parish Church, where the third meeting-house was built, the Brooks and the Cummings Schools; the second, or half-mile, through the city farm, Hall road, Medford square, Cradock school, and West Medford R. R. station.

The three-quarter mile radius reaches the Brooks Farm building, the site of the Wheeler mill just above Menotomy river, the end of Woburn street at Playstead road, the old mill site on Whitmore brook and also the one on Meeting-house brook, Gravelly brook at Forest street, the Everett school and the Royall House.

One mile is just beyond Wear bridge, the farther corner of Oak Grove, Bear meadow, Earl avenue and Fulton

street at the Fellsway, Park street, Mystic park and Tufts College. One and a quarter miles would reach the old Powder House in Somerville, and one and a half the so-called Cradock House. With the latter exception, the spot selected for its building was central then.

"Ye olde meeting-house of Meadford," occupies a peculiar place in the history of the peculiar town, in the fact that the town, by taxation, supported public worship within its walls for seventeen years before the gathering of a church. For almost the average length of a human life it served its purpose, convening the sovereign people in their civil capacity in the town meeting, and the exercise of religious freedom of worship.

No matter how acrimonious the debates may have been, or what the difference of opinion was on the town's business affairs, the Sabbath worship was observed. If this could be *before* the church was organized, how much more must the meeting-house have stood for afterward.

And when the time came to leave it for the new and larger, we may well think that in the hearts of some, especially of the older people, arose the remembrance of former days. It has come to be a custom to inveigh against the Puritans, and to consider them as cold and austere. We do well to remember the circumstances under which they came to these shores; the persecutions they endured and finally fled from; to remember that they established the civil and religious liberty we enjoy and not to allow the present time to degenerate into civil and religious license.

I find no record of theological differences in the old meeting-house. The Quaker or Baptist may have been there, but that time was long before the Universalist, Unitarian, or Methodist-Episcopal. The churches of England and of Rome, the ancient Medfordites would have none of. This is evident in the fact that, in the acts of worship and observation of times, everything was diametrically opposite. Even the Holy Scriptures were unread in the meeting-house, and not until 1755 was

there a Bible upon the pulpit. No lights gleamed or candles flickered from its windows on Sunday night, for the Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday. One Medford man is credited with having "a poor opinion of religion got by candle light."

The records say of a *town* meeting, "Adjourned to meet at Stephen Willis' on December 6 at about sun-setting."

From twelve to fifteen shillings a year paid for the care of the house, and sometimes the deacon was the caretaker.

The duties were sweeping, shutting the casements (possibly there were shutters on the windows, as glass was expensive), and removing the snow from before the doors. Since that day, thirty houses for public worship have been erected within the limits of Medford, and eighteen are now in use as such. Two of the thirty (the second and third built by the town while there was but the one church), were demolished when outgrown.

Three have been destroyed by fire; one is now beyond the limits of Medford, owing to change of boundary, while one has been moved into its borders. Five have become devoted to business and residential use, leaving eighteen in present service, with one homeless society about to rebuild. One is the college church. Therefore, to eighteen organized bodies has increased the gathering at John Bradshaw's house on that winter day one hundred and ninety-five years ago.

Could Rev. Mr. Woodbridge ride from Charlestown to Medford on horseback, as of yore, he would not have to alight and open the gate across the road near Marble brook ere he could proceed.

Mr. Aaron Warner would find his old parish somewhat changed on doctrinal points, but ready to welcome him, and possibly he might not be pleased with the chiming bells and liturgical service across the "country road," as he would call High street. Parson Turell would look in vain for his old home, only demolished in recent years.

Perchance he might wonder if this was really Meadford. But *we* may do well, if we of this year of grace, 1906, serve our day and generation, in church and state, in religious and civil duty, as did the men and women who in 1696 built and worshipped in "Ye olde first meting-house of Meadford."

DAVID HENRY BROWN.

David Henry Brown was born in Raymond, New Hampshire, August 17, 1836, and died at his home in West Medford, on February 21, 1908. He was the second son of Joseph and Elvira (Howard) Brown, and was descended from many of the founders of New England, among whom were, on the paternal side, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, Thomas Webster, Hon. Samuel Dalton and other founders of Hampton, New Hampshire, and Hon. John Gilman, of Exeter, New Hampshire, and, on the maternal side, Gov. Thomas Hinckley, of the Plymouth Colony, Rev. John Mayo, first pastor of the Second Church of Boston, and Rev. William Walton, one of the founders of Marblehead.

Born on a New Hampshire farm in the first half of the last century, he knew from experience what a life of plain living and high thinking was. His mother was ambitious that her boys should have a good education, and although she died when her son David was fourteen, her wish had been impressed on her children, three of whom went to college.

After leaving the district school in Raymond, Mr. Brown attended Hampton, New Hampshire, Academy in the fall of 1853, and then went to Phillips Andover Academy to fit for college. He entered Dartmouth in the fall of 1857, graduating in 1861, in the same class with President Tucker. It is worthy of note and showed his characteristic persistence, that he persuaded one of his boyhood friends who had left college on account of ill health to return and finish his course. Mr. Brown

taught school in the long winter vacations to earn money for his expenses, and after graduating from college he taught two and a half years as principal of high schools, first at South Abington, now Whitman, and then at Stoneham, Mass. He was a clerk in the quartermaster's department at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1864 and 1865. On returning to Boston, he entered the educational department of Taggard & Thompson, publishers and stationers. On the retirement of Mr. Taggard, in 1869, he became a member of the firm, and continued the business, the firm name soon becoming Thompson, Brown & Co. Among the most noted books which bore their imprint, were "Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice," "Eaton & Bradbury's Mathematical Series," and "Meservey's Book-keeping."

At his death, he was one of the oldest publishers in the country, and his firm, through all the vicissitudes of business and of keen competition, bore a reputation for honorable dealings.

In 1869 Mr. Brown married Abby Dudley Tucker, daughter of General Henry and Nancy (Dudley) Tucker, of Raymond, New Hampshire, a lineal descendant of Gov. Thomas Dudley, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He is survived by his wife and three sons, Henry Tucker Brown, of New York City, Howard Dudley Brown, of Arlington, Massachusetts, and Edward Bangs Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, and two grandchildren, Elizabeth, daughter of his son Howard, and Barbara, daughter of his son Edward.

In 1871 Mr. Brown came to Medford to live in the house on Allston street, which was ever after his home. West Medford was then a little village, with no church and only some twenty-five houses on the west of the railroad. Many changes took place in the thirty-seven years of his residence here, and he took a prominent and active part in all that promoted the welfare of the community. He never held public office, nor was a candidate for office, but he was a public spirited citizen,

anxious to see progress in all local affairs, and not afraid to give his opinion, even when it opposed the wishes of others.

In 1872 a movement was started to organize a Congregational Church in West Medford, and in this Mr. Brown took a foremost part, being a charter member, serving as the first clerk of the church, the first treasurer of the society, as a member of the subscription committee for the first church building, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school in 1875 and 1876. In 1897, at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church, Mr. Brown gave the historical address. When the present edifice at the corner of High and Allston streets was built, Mr. Brown was chairman of the committee on plans, and took part in the ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone. He was one of the trustees of the Barnes fund from the time it came into the possession of the parish until his death.

He was one of the organizers and the first president of the West Medford Village Improvement Society, through whose efforts many improvements in that part of the town were secured. He took the leading part in the organization of the West Medford Reading Club, which celebrated its thirtieth anniversary last December, on which occasion Mr. Brown read an historical sketch of the club. He was the secretary and treasurer at the time of his death, having filled the office for four years.

He was a life member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, a member of the committee on papers and addresses from 1900 to 1907, and he wrote the notices for the Historical and Genealogical Register of at least fifteen of its members. In genealogical matters he had more than a local reputation, being considered an authority on genealogical research. His account of the first three generations of Simon and Joan Stone, from whom he was descended, has been commended as a model genealogical sketch.

For the Old Home Week celebration of his native

town, Raymond, New Hampshire, in 1901, Mr. Brown wrote some delightful reminiscences, giving a vivid picture of New England country life sixty years ago.

From the organization of the Medford Historical Society, in which he took an active part, to the day of his death, his work for it and his interest in it never ceased. He was always willing to do whatever needed to be done. He was the first chairman of the committee on papers and addresses, serving for ten years. During this time, he planned work covering the local field, and secured also many speakers from other places. He was president for four years, from 1903 to 1907. As a member of the publication committee he was deeply interested in the success and continuance of the Medford Historical Register, getting many new subscribers for it. On more than one occasion, when the society was in debt for the Register, he procured funds so that its publication could be continued. He was the editor at the time of his death.

The celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Medford was due to his initiative and untiring effort. At the time of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary Mr. Brown had been very urgent that it should be observed, but nothing was done. When, twenty-five years later, a fitting time for a celebration came again, he spared no effort to make it a success. At the literary exercises Judge Wait paid him a well-deserved tribute, saying, "He was a man not himself a native of Medford, but for more than thirty years her good citizen . . . the man whose courage in the face of difficulties, whose enthusiasm in the midst of indifference, whose persistence in spite of discouragements, and, above all, whose faith in spite of disappointments have made this celebration possible and inevitable."

Simple and unostentatious in his life, he did not forget that "poverty and riches are of the spirit," and he surely had the riches of the spirit. He was kindly in his judgments of others, never suspicious of men's motives, and persistent in whatever he undertook. He has left on

record his conception of what a man should be, an ideal to which he himself was true. "It must be recognized that the power and influence of the church depends on the power and influence and personal character of its individual members. If we love God we shall love our neighbor and try to be good citizens. It seems to me we should be ready to do the things that ought to be done, laying out work for ourselves as well as for others."

EARLIEST MYSTIC RIVER SHIP-BUILDING.

By John H. Hooper.

"October 15—1635. A number of Dorchester, Mass., families began their journey to Windsor, Conn., and arrived at their destination just as winter was setting in. Many died of cold and starvation. In December about 70 adults and children, including some of these emigrants came to Saybrook from the up-river settlement and took passage for Boston in the *Rebecca*, a vessel of 60 tons burden."

"April 26 — 1636. The possessions of William Pynchon and others, who settled Springfield, Mass., were sent to the head of navigation on the Connecticut, in the *Blessing of the Bay* belonging to Gov. John Winthrop."

The *Rebecca* was owned by Gov. Mathew Cradock, and was, no doubt, built in Medford soon after the settlement of the plantation.

The establishment of his men on the Mystic, extensively employed in the fisheries, caused the building of small vessels therefor, and this leads to the inference that ship-building was commenced on the Mystic at an early date.

In a letter from the company in London to the authorities here, dated April 17, 1629, they say, "We have sent six shipwrights of whom Robert Moulton is chief." . . .

In another letter, May 28, 1629, they say, "The provisions for building ships, as pitch, tar, rosin, oakum,

cordage and sail-cloth in all these ships, with nine firkins and two half-barrels of nails in the *Two Sisters*, are two-thirds for the company and one-third for the Governor, Mr. Cradock." . . .

These letters show conclusively that vessels were built in the settlement prior to the building of the *Blessing of the Bay*, claimed to have been the first built in New England.

As Governor Cradock's location was in Medford, and the place where his vessels were built, it is fair to consider the *Rebecca* the older vessel of the two.

PAPERS AND ADDRESSES. 1907-8.

MONDAY EVENING COURSE.

October 21. — "Jamaica." Illustrated. Mr. Rosewell B. Lawrence. November 18. — "A Story of Gettysburg." Gen. Luther Stephenson of Hingham. December 16. — "The Old State House." Mr. Charles F. Read of Brookline, clerk of the Bostonian Society. January 20. — "Jamestown and the Jamestown Colony." Rev. James L. Hill, D.D. of Salem. February 17. — "The First Parish in Medford." Rev. Henry C. DeLong. March 16. — Annual Meeting. April 20. — Our First Railroad and How it was Built." Illustrated. Mr. Moses W. Mann. May 18. — "Old-fashioned Medicinal Remedies." Charles S. Ensign, LL.B. of Newton.

SATURDAY EVENING COURSE.

December 7. — "Some Pictures of the Far East." Illustrated. Dr. Walter G. Chase of Boston. January 4. — "Samuel Adams." Mr. Charles G. Chick, President of the Hyde Park Historical Society. February 1. (Postponed to February 11.) — "Some Brick-makers of Medford." Mr. George S. Delano. March 7. — "A Pupil's Life in Mystic Hall Seminary." Mrs. Jenny P. Brigham of Brookline. April 4. — "Dea. Galen James." Miss Helen T. Wild. May 2. — "Colonial and Modern Newspapers." Mr. Charles H. Adams of Melrose.

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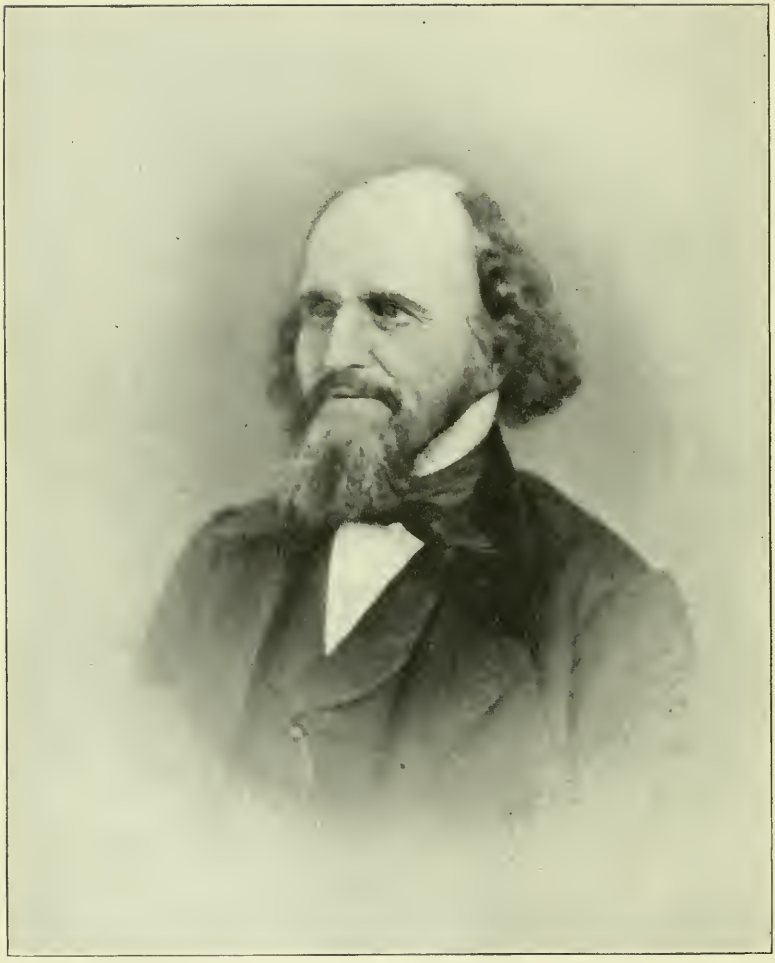
FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



GALEN JAMES.

The Medford Historical Register.

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GALEN JAMES.

By Helen Tilden Wild.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 4, 1908.]

ONE of the most prominent men in Medford for fifty years subsequent to 1820, was Galen James, who came to this town in early manhood and gave to it and its interests the best part of an active and earnest life.

Born in Scituate, Massachusetts, near the "Block House Yard" on the North River, where his family had carried on ship building for several generations, he inherited the trade of a ship carpenter.

He was the son of Major John James and Patience Clapp; he was born September 29, 1790, and baptized June 5, 1791, as Galen Clapp James, in honor of his maternal grandfather. He did not habitually use his middle initial, but it appears in his two marriage intentions filed in Medford.

His ancestry includes the pioneers of Plymouth County, Mayflower passengers and sturdy men of Kent, who settled Scituate in 1628. We find among his forebears, the names of Brewster, Turner, Briggs, King, Otis, Brooks, and others prominent in the early life of the colony. From them he inherited a strong devotion to principle and a firm belief in the dignity of labor.

He was married in 1817 to Mary Rand Turner, daughter of Hon. Charles Turner, Jr., Member of Congress, and Hannah Jacob, daughter of Col. John Jacob. She was a relative of Mr. James, though hardly near enough to be called a cousin. They had eight children; only two of whom lived to maturity — Horace and Matilda Turner.

Mrs. James died December 13, 1831, and Mr. James

married, second, Amanda Jacobs, daughter of David Jacobs, April 14, 1833. She had no children.

The first Mrs. James was only thirty-four years old when she died, and we know very little about her except the influence of her Christian character upon her children.

It is a family tradition that Miss Jacobs declared that she never would be a step-mother to anybody's children, but when her suitor came rowing down the river and asked her to come up to Medford and be a mother to his two, she did not say him nay. She was a cousin of Mary Rand Turner James, and at the time of her marriage was living at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, where Hon. Charles Turner was steward. During the last years of her life she was blind, and, as early as 1846 she complained of impaired sight, but she put her own ailments in the background and interested herself in the cares of her household and the welfare of those about her. A sister of Miss Jacobs was the mother of Hon. Charles Sumner.

The son, Horace James, was educated at Andover and Yale, became a clergyman and was settled at Wrentham, Worcester and Lowell.

During the war, he was chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, enlisting at Worcester. It was said of him, "Kindness of disposition, strong common sense, great willingness for and capacity for work and clear insight into the character of men were among his predominant characteristics . . . but in, through and above all, our friend lived to glorify God as a Christian minister." After his term of enlistment had expired, he was connected with the Freedmen's Bureau. His health was undermined by an attack of yellow fever while serving in this capacity, and in 1873 he was stricken with hemorrhage of the lungs, which caused his death, June 9, 1875.

The daughter became the wife of William Haskins of Medford. It is only a little while ago that she left us, and we appreciate her sterling qualities. Her father spent the last years of his life in her family. He died April 14, 1879.

Before his majority, Galen James came to Medford and worked for Thatcher Magoun, in the only ship-yard then existing in the town. In 1811, he paid his first tax in Medford, and though he was only twenty-one years old, he was assessed for personal estate to the amount of $200. He was not taxed here in 1812, being at that time in Milton, at work in the shipyard of Daniel Briggs. In 1814, he returned to Medford, and thereafter made his home here. Before his twentieth year he had worked in various shipyards of the State with his father, who was a very well educated man for his day, and quite a musician. He was not well enough off to educate his children as he wished, and they had only the advantages of the common schools, and were early put to work.

In 1816 the firm of Sprague and James was formed. Isaac Sprague, the senior partner, was the son of Asher Sprague of Scituate, and was a ship carpenter in the yard of Thatcher Magoun. In 1814 he married and went to housekeeping in a house of his own, and was taxed that year for stock in trade and faculty. Mr. Sprague hired land at Labor in Vain landing and contracted to build a vessel for James Lee, a crusty bachelor merchant of Boston, but finding that his limited education hampered him in the financial part of his business, he resolved to take a partner and selected young James, who had a little money to start with, a good business head and a practical knowledge of ship building. Mr. Lee was very angry at the new arrangement and told Mr. Sprague that he would not sign any contract if "that boy" was admitted to the firm. The "boy" was twenty-six at this time, but with his curly, sandy hair and ruddy complexion, he probably looked younger. Lee had a strong will, but he was pitted against two stronger ones, and Sprague and James, after some months of waiting, received his order and built the brig, *Bocca Tigris*, according to original contract.

In 1817 they owned their yard, the third established in Medford, and were taxed for stock in trade to the amount of $1,000.

The same year, Mr. James married and bought a house which he sold later to his father, just before he established himself in his permanent home at the corner of Riverside avenue and Foster's court — as we know them today.

The firm built sixty-three ships, and the partners retired in 1849 after amassing comfortable fortunes, according to the standards at that time.

The first vessels built were brigs and schooners. The first ship was the *Rassellas*, built in 1820. The same year they built the steam-boat, a stern wheeler, Governor Pinckney for ——— Sullivan, of Boston. By the name of the boat and the surname of the owner, (no other name is given in Brooks' History) we infer that it was the invention of John L. Sullivan, of Middlesex canal fame, and was put in commission on the Santee River, in South Carolina.

The only other steam vessel was built in 1841 and was modelled much like the ferry boats of today. This one was used by the Eastern Railroad to transport passengers from its terminal at East Boston to the city proper. Her name was the *East Boston.*

From 1822, the size of the vessels built increased. The *Lurilla* built in that year was of 369 tons burden and the largest was the *Soldan* built in 1841. The firm retired from business before the building of clipper ships, but the schooner *Ariel*, built for the same James Lee who had hindered the young firm, was of that type and was considered quite a wonder at the time, 1841. She was used in the China trade to smuggle opium.

Sometimes Sprague and James built ships for their own investment, selling them on the stocks. In the *Palmyra* and *James H. Shepherd*, they retained a share. The captain of the former was named Cushing and was a brother of Mr. David Cushing of Medford. Captain St. Croix Redman commanded the *James H. Shepherd*, and although Mr. Shepherd owned the major part of her, the captain and the builders each had an interest in her. The *Soldan*, the last ship built, lay on the stocks all summer before a

purchaser was found. She was bought in part by George Pratt. Captain Shaw, her commander, and Sprague and James had a share in her. These ships plied between New Orleans and Antwerp, doing business principally in cotton. These "ventures to sea" in the main proved profitable.

It is impossible now to tell the fate of all the ships of Sprague and James, but though some were wrecked and others were outclassed when the new style of clipper ships came in, they were good vessels, built on honor, and their commanders were proud of them.

Captain Redman, writing of the *Shepherd* after he had sailed in her for many voyages, said, "Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Touro and Captain Macy are building a very large ship at Portsmouth and have offered me an interest in her with command. I have not given them a definite answer yet but it is most probable that I shall decline. I am very fond of the *James H. Shepherd*, she has no fault except that I would like her a little stronger, but with care I am in hopes she will make many safe and prosperous voyages. She has the appearance now of a ship not more than two or three years old."

Mr. Sprague was the head of the mechanical part of the business and designed the ships, making the moulds and doing the draughting in his parlor, generally after working hours were over in the yard. Mr. James' place was in the counting room; each had perfect confidence in the other's ability and never interfered with the other's department. Both were men of iron will and differed radically in religion, Mr. Sprague being as strong a Unitarian as Deacon James was an Orthodox, yet in all their long business connection, there was never a breach in their friendship and it was continued until Mr. Sprague died, in 1851.

Both men, according to the custom of the day, took apprentices into their families. Joshua Turner Foster lived with Mr. Sprague and later married his daughter. John Taylor lived with Mr. James and married his sister.

Foster and Taylor succeeded the firm of Sprague and James in the "Labor in Vain" yard. After Mr. Taylor went to Chelsea, Mr. Foster carried on the business there and built the last Medford ship, in 1872. Other apprentices well known in Medford for years were Roland Jacobs, John Stetson and Elijah Ewell.

In youth, Mr. James attended the Congregational church in South Scituate, which his mother joined in 1813, but the old school clergyman there never attracted his interest. Very early in life he left home, as I have said, to work in various places, and in Salem he boarded with Baptists and attended church with them. He became interested in their methods but never subscribed to their creed. From that time, however, he became interested in religious matters.

While in Milton, he attended the church of Mr. (afterward Dr.) Codman, in Dorchester. He preached the orthodox doctrine of predestination and its attendant beliefs. His congregation was divided for and against him. A council was called which decided that he should remain in his pulpit. The next Sunday, Mr. Codman found eight men at the foot of the pulpit stairs blocking his entrance. He established himself in the deacon's seat. There he conducted the opening services, during which another preacher was admitted to the pulpit. Mr. Codman continued, preached his sermon, pronounced the benediction and retired with his followers. Then the second minister carried on another service, after which he lunched in the pulpit and as soon as possible conducted the afternoon worship. At the usual hour Mr. Codman again appeared and delivered his afternoon discourse. Galen James, the young apprentice, attended this quadruple service, and I have told the story because I think the incidents of that day made an impression on his mind which was the key to his later actions in regard to religious controversy and his adoption of his creed.

In this time of excitement, Galen James determined to read the Bible and formulate a theory of his own, rather

than to select one of the various creeds presented upon the authority of the preachers.

He bought a Bible, divided its pages into fifty-two equal parts and faithfully read one section a week, until he had read it from cover to cover. The creed which he adopted is embodied in the church manual of the first Trinitarian church, established in Medford in 1823, and again in that of the Mystic church in 1847, and was just as firmly his when he died in 1879.

When Mr. James settled in Medford permanently, he connected himself actively with the parish church. After the death of Dr. Osgood, the majority of the church called Rev. Andrew Bigelow, a Unitarian, to be the pastor. Deacon James led the minority who wished an evangelical minister. Mindful of that disgraceful day in the Dorchester meeting-house, Mr. James favored no public demonstration of disagreement, but in friendly words, letters were sent back and forth between the opposing parties which resulted in four men and thirteen women asking for dismission to form a new church.

The letter making the request was probably written by Mr. James. It closed as follows:—

> The necessity of such a separation we deeply lament; we will cherish the kindest affection toward you and would lift up our hearts in prayer to God that He would bless you with all spiritual blessings, and would over rule these events, so painful to you and to us for the promotion of His holy cause.
>
> With sincere christian affection we are Brethren,
>
> Yours in the gospel,
>
> Galen James } Committee.
> Jesse Crosby }

Hard feeling and sharp words were no doubt the result of this separation, for a time, but the course pursued was certainly the best; for there were no lasting breaks in friendship and the two churches were soon working in harmony in charitable and reformatory channels, whereas opposing factions, trying to live under one church government, would have brought forth countless collisions.

In 1846 a rupture occurred in the second congregational parish, and Galen James again led a colony to a new church home. The causes of disagreement were more personal and perhaps more bitter than in 1823. Conference after conference was held in private, trying to adjust matters, at some of which neighboring clergymen were present, but none of these were public or reported on the records of the churches. It has been said that the slavery question was at the root of this withdrawal, but one of the few remaining original members of the Mystic Church whose father was a strong anti-slavery man does not give that reason, and I am informed of strong abolitionists who remained in the old church and of one rabid pro-slavery man who was a prominent member of the new one. The church building was too small for the growing congregation if all the members attended service there, but many were growing dissatisfied, joining other denominations, and withdrawing their support. Deacon James, a Trinitarian through and through, desiring the growth of his denomination in Medford, and thinking that the town could support two churches of the seating capacity of the first, conceived the idea of forming a new parish. This was carried out, and a new building completed in 1849.

To this new fold came many who had been wandering in other pastures, and the unyielding but pacific deacon saw his second church-child grow and flourish.

Upon Deacon James were hurled many anathemas. He was called "Pope James," and his associates "come-outers," and friendships were strained between old neighbors and life-long friends. The animosity was fostered by those outside the churches who were enemies of Mr. James on account of his total abstinence and anti-slavery principles. But in a few years the pastors of the two churches were exchanging pulpits, the two congregations were worshiping together during the summer, first in one church and then in the other, and the founder of both lived to see them united again and the old sores healed.

The second Trinitarian church received the name of "Mystic," suggested it is said by Mrs. James. She named it for the river upon which almost all of the original male members were engaged in ship building. The name has caused many strangers to inquire what sort of transcendentalism was preached in it.

Of the fifty-two members who formed the Mystic Church, fourteen at least were kinsfolk of Deacon James and many others were his employees.

In 1849 Deacon James had retired from active business, although he was still in the prime of life. But at fifty-nine, deprived of his usual activities, he began to feel that age was not far away, and his friends noticed that he was in danger of rusting out. At this time a new line of opportunity was presented to him which renewed his youth and kept it green for many years.

The new enterprize grew out of his love for the church of his choice, which had no adequate organ in the religious press. Many saw the need of a paper in the interest of Congregationalism, but money was lacking. Whereupon, Deacon James offered what seemed a large sum in those days, which he was ready to sink if need be in the endeavor. There was little to guarantee that such would not be the fate of his capital.

Rev. E. D. Moore had owned and published a small paper called the *Boston Recorder*. He sold a half interest to Deacon Edw. Fay of the Second Congregational Church, Medford, a son of Rev. Dr. Fay of Charlestown, and the paper's name was changed to the *Congregationalist*, the office being at No. 122 Washington street, Boston.

Deacon Fay bought Mr. Moore's half interest, and on November 10th sold it to Deacon James for $1,079. The office was transferred to No. 12 School street, and the new firm and a great power for good were launched under the firm name of Galen James and Company.

Deacon James was urged to transfer the office to New York, but he was attached to his home and, beside, felt that as Massachusetts was the stronghold of Congrega-

tionalism, the new paper should be established there. He never attempted editorial work, but selected his editors and their associates with care, and no principles were published, we may be sure, that did not have his approval. Helped by his financial and personal aid, the publication grew and increased in influence, and this testimony is given in its columns after the death of Mr. James: "He came in as a pillar of strength and remained steadfast through all those years of trial until the paper was an assured success."

The first issue of the *Congregationalist* bears the motto, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever," and is dated May 24, 1849.

The editorial signed by Rev. Edward Beecher, Joseph Haven, Jr., and Increase N. Tarbox, says, "The ecclesiastical principles that we shall advocate are indicated by our name. In doctrine we shall stand on the broad background of New England theology, not committing ourselves to the interest of any party but recognizing with Christian affection and endeavoring to unite all who hold the fundamental principles of the system avowed by our Pilgrim fathers; by Edwards and his successors. As in religion so in politics, we are pledged to no party. Without giving any party pledges whatever, we shall earnestly oppose the extension of slavery in the slightest degree beyond its present limits."

For a long time previous to his death in 1856, Mr. Fay suffered from tuberculosis, which brought added work upon the shoulders of his partner. Mr. Thomas Todd, who was a boy in the printing-office then, says of him at this time, "He (Deacon James) did not attempt to do any editorial work, but he made himself very useful in the mechanical department, doing with his might all his hands could find to do. He attended to the mailing of the paper, to the proof-reading, and was in consultation with the editors and the other proprietor whenever it seemed necessary. . . . He had a fund of humor which carried him through some of the harassing details of the

business, that otherwise would have disturbed him. His partner was very ill, and was at times very irascible. But nothing ever disturbed the good deacon's serenity."

After the death of Mr. Fay, the firm was reorganized with C. A. Richardson and W. L. Greene as partners. This co-partnership, with Mr. Richardson as office editor, continued until 1867, when Mr. James at the age of seventy-seven retired. It was with great reluctance that Mr. James severed these ties of business. In July, 1866, he wrote his partners: "I had hoped that our present arrangement and ownership in the *Congregationalist* might have remained as they are during the short remainder of my life, or at least till my son found himself so circumstanced as to be able deliberately and uninfluenced to either accept or reject a partial interest in the concern. . . . Not merely as an investment but because the paper has become dear to me as the object of much anxiety, interest, expenditure and prayer."

At that time he sold to Messrs. Richardson and Greene each a twelfth part of the paper, making them equal partners with himself; and made an agreement to sell the third, which he retained, on July 1, 1868, provided his son did not wish to continue in the business.

He writes further, "I have confidence in your judgment and ability. I believe I give you credit for all that you have done for the paper. I hope the paper may continue to increase in prosperity just as much for your sakes as my own; and still more, for the good it may do."

In 1867 Rev. Horace James, having returned from the south, was able to carry out his father's dearest wish and assume his place in the business. Each of the three partners then contributed equally to merge the *Boston Recorder* — the oldest religious paper in the country — with the *Congregationalist*. Rev. Henry Martin Dexter was admitted as the fourth member of the firm and the name was changed to W. L. Greene and Company.

After his memory was breaking down, the deacon still clung to his *Congregationalist*, and would read it straight

through, marking with his pencil where he had left off when obliged to lay it down. The paper was the child of his brain and heart; the child of his old age; and as such he loved it.

As an adjunct to the *Congregationalist* from 1862 to 1872, this firm published *The Student and Schoolmate and Forester's Boy's and Girl's Companion.* Its editor was W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic), and among its contributors were Jacob Abbot, J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Sophie May. It was finally sold and merged with *Merry's Museum* which was absorbed by *Our Young Folks*, the latter in turn was the forerunner of *St. Nicholas.* With Deacon James' abounding love for children, this publication must have interested him greatly. He cordially welcomed the children in his office or home, and in his pockets were always to be found sweet attractions for them. One little girl, I know, called him "The Mr. James that loves me so."

He was never happier than when he was in the Sabbath school as superintendent or teacher. His intimate knowledge of the Bible made his services in this department very interesting.

Deacon James' interest in temperance began with his early business life. It was the custom in the shipyards for the apprentices to carry around the grog at eleven o'clock in the morning, and it was considered as part of the wages of the men. It was many years before custom and popular opinion removed the rum barrel from the yard loft, but Mr. James used his influence against it until it was finally banished. In making contracts with joiners, caulkers, etc., men were allowed so much money and so much rum. In individual cases, contractors were prevailed upon to go without the grog and receive more money. By dint of moral suasion, the ration of rum was omitted at the Sprague and James yard and wages were increased. This firm was the first to do away with liquor at a launching. The new regime was gradually adopted in all the yards of the town, but in the mean time, it

caused discord, and tradition says that there were riotous proceedings and the pioneer was threatened with bodily harm.

In 1830, Galen James was appointed overseer of the poor, and during his term of office the issuing of spirits to the occupants of the poor house was prohibited, and the order stood on the books for some years thereafter. In 1836, 7 and 8, he was elected selectman on the temperance ticket. One of his associates at this time was James O. Curtis, another shipbuilder and ardent temperance worker.

The following extract from the selectmen's records defines their position. It is from a petition to the County Commissioners who according to the law at that time had the right to issue liquor licenses over the heads of the selectmen.

"And we most earnestly pray your honors to with hold granting licenses to any persons in this Town who are not recommended by us — believing it to be the sincere and general opinion of the inhabitants by a test vote on the temperance Question last March, that the Public good does not require the sale of Ardent Spirits except for medicinal purposes & the arts: as manifested by choosing a Board of Selectmen pledged to sustain the course we have taken relative to the applications aforesaid — your concurence in our views & the wishes of a large majority of the inhabitants & legal voters of this town is most humbly and respectfully requested."

I found among Mr. James' papers a marked copy of the *Boston Blade*, a rank example of yellow journalism in the 40s. Under a cut representing Bacchus seated on a barrel on wheels, drawn by a disreputable nag, preceded by a man going through the air on a broomstick, we read as follows: "The above cut represents smutty Ben, the blacksmith (Benjamin Moore), the spy and informer, going at full speed to collect witnesses with a horse and buggy belonging to old Galen of the James, with old pugnose T. C. (Timothy Cotting) in the foreground with a baker's broom to keep the road clean." Other men prominent in temperance affairs came in for their

share of ridicule and scandalous hints. When the Mystic Church was founded, the same enemies reviled Galen James, and did their best to foster ill will between the two churches. The same reporter probably penned the following: —

"We happened up High Street last Sabbath just as the different societies were going to their houses of worship, and were somewhat surprised that one of the comeouters were placed at the corner of the town house inviting passers to come in and see the lion dance and hear Mac the Scotchman preach. Wonder if he was placed there by the royal family? O fie on such means to fill the house: — but a drowning man will catch at straws. What say, Galen, was it your doings?"

We of this generation cannot understand or conceive of the intense bitterness of the early total abstinence agitation, and, withal, the strong doctrinal lines which kept workers apart. A letter written by Mr. Calvin Temple of Reading, addressed to Mr. James as Chairman of the Committee of the Middlesex Temperance Society, says:

"Arrangements were made to obtain subscriptions, but on presenting your letter to some of the most prominent temperance men they objected and imposed on me the necessity of asking and on you of answering the following questions, viz: Is Mr. Cobb to be an agent the coming year, and if not is the agent to be an Orthodox man? I am exceedingly sorry that any sectarian feelings should exist, but they do exist so strongly in some minds that they will not give a single mite unless the agent is in accordance with their views in his religious sentiments."

This letter is endorsed "answered." I wish the deacon had kept a copy as he sometimes did, for I think this communication may have been pithy. Orthodox to the backbone, he did not assert sectarianism in his temperance work; for in Medford, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Unitarian, Rev. Hosea Ballou, Universalist, with his parishioners, Timothy Cotting and James O. Curtis, and others from every denomination in town, worked to stamp out intemperance, and to encourage legislation against illegal liquor selling.

The fight against intemperance and slavery, in which Deacon James was prominent, brought down all religious barriers and healed many old wounds made by doctrinal differences.

In conjunction with the temperance movement, an attempt was made to carry on the Medford House as a temperance hotel backed by stockholders who were prominent citizens. George W. Porter was treasurer and Luther Angier, clerk. Galen James was a shareholder owning five at a par value of one hundred dollars each, numbered 51 to 55 inclusive, and did his part to make the undertaking a success, but the effort failed.

From 1834 to 1840, inclusive, Mr. James was a member of the school committee. He was much interested in higher education, especially for girls. In 1834, he was associated with Horatio A. Smith and Milton James on the board. Mr. Smith for some years had carried on what he called "The Medford High School," and the children and niece of Mr. James had attended. These men were in hearty accord, and, against much opposition, but to the great joy of many who were financially debarred from private schools, the public Medford High School was established in 1835, for children of both sexes over twelve years old who could pass the examination. Mr. Charles Cummings says: "Though the school tax would be increased one half, yet he stemmed the tide of objection, and, with the aid of one or two others, the school was established."

I have been giving you documentary history of this man of iron with a tender heart, but his history is recorded in the hearts of those whose lives he made brighter by his smiles and ready wit, or who were rescued from ruin by his timely advice or financial aid.

He could never be downed in an argument, and was never at a loss for a repartee, his wit being often two-edged. One of his dearest friends was Capt. St. Croix Redman, his brother-in-law. Many were the discussions that they indulged in when the captain chanced to be at

home. It was long years before the captain came to the deacon's way of thinking, but Captain Redman wrote: "Pray write me at every opportunity; let your letters be written as though you were writing to Horace or lecturing me in your counting-room."

The flings of his enemies and his disappointments were offset by his habitual good nature. At one time he invested in what was called "The Eastern Land Speculation," and with a party of gentlemen went down to visit their possessions. They found the land which they had bought to be where it was indicated on the map, but the map-maker had neglected to show that it was under water. There was dismay in the camp, and a good deal of strong language was used. Whereupon, the deacon caught up a stick of wood and the poker, used the stick for a fiddle and the poker for a bow, and whistling a lively tune, went dancing around the camp till he had changed frowns into laughter. His love of a joke often relieved the strain when differences of opinion became uncomfortable. In some of his experiences a fiddle of some kind must have been a necessity to him.

Mr. Todd, who worked for him in the printing office when a boy, says, "One time when something arose which was quite unpleasant, probably my fault, the deacon looked up, and said, 'Thomas, did you ever see a mad deacon?' I replied, 'No, Deacon James, I never did,' He ejaculated, 'Better not! better not!' and I did not see a mad deacon at that time, nor ever see him angry, although in my experience in church and out, since then, I have seen a great many mad deacons."

He was always frugal in his habits. In the years of comparative poverty, walking to Boston and back to save the fifty cents stage fare for charity or religious work. But he did not live meanly, and a playful reference by his wife in one of her letters assures us he was a well-dressed man even if our memories did not testify to the fact. "I have sent your *second* best suit. I thought I would not send your bright buttoned coat, lest the good

people of Wrentham should think you were not a real good Orthodox Deacon."

His carriage, as I remember it, was somewhat antique and was called, half in fun and half in earnest, "the Gospel wagon." It was literally a carryall, and was drawn by a good but not handsome horse, which had a bad habit of hugging the reins under his tail. The deacon probably reasoned with him long to no purpose, and then, accepting the inevitable, rigged an arrangement of two rings attached to the carriage top, through which the reins were passed safely out of the way of the offending tail. Horse and driver were much happier, although there were many smiling faces on the road; but the deacon was never disturbed by smiles, and he beamed too, especially when the gospel wagon was full of children going to Sunday-school. Many an aged person or invalid was afforded the only chance to go to church by this same old carriage.

One room in his house was called the "prophet's room," and visiting ministers were always lodged there unless invited elsewhere. Divinity students often spent the summer with him, saving the money that they would have had to pay for board during vacation for college expenses. He was a tower of strength and sympathy to his own pastor. Quoting again from Mr. Todd: "I recall one time Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D., the former pastor of the Mystic Church, Medford, afterward pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, came to his office, with his usually sunny face clouded. The deacon glanced at him, and said, 'My dear pastor, something is weighing your soul down, and it must be lifted. Let us have a talk together.' They went into an inner room, and what was said is not known to the writer, but when they came out the cloud was lifted from the face of the 'dear pastor,' and he seemed his old sunny self once more."

At the council for the dismission of Mr. Manning to the Old South, Deacon James rose and said, "My text is my sermon and my sermon is my text." He then opened his Bible and read from 2 Samuel: 12:—

There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him. . . . And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man.

Without another word the deacon sat down. You remember that Mr. Manning came to Medford right from the divinity school, and died as the pastor of the Old South.

In Deacon James' pocketbook was written "Thy vows are upon me, O Lord," and whenever aid was needed for public or private charity or the extension of the gospel at home or abroad, that pocketbook could be depended upon. The poor woman with a drunken husband, widows with little children, hard pressed ministers, missionaries, poor churches, slaves, soldiers, philanthropic objects everywhere profited by its contents. He believed in being his own executor, and for years before his death gave away money from his principal. When the Mystic Church was organized, a method of raising funds was adopted which might shock a modern congregation. A list of the town taxes was presented, and each man was assessed for church purposes in proportion to his property tax. Young men, paying only a poll tax, were assessed according to their ability to get a living. Deacon James and his brother, Deacon Joseph James, headed the list with the largest subscriptions. He never asked anyone to follow where he was not ready to lead.

I am afraid that in his connection with the founding of the churches I may have emphasized too much what his enemies called bigotry, and have not made plain enough to those who never knew him the Christian character of the man. He did nothing for effect. He was

like a general who was willing to move the position of his troops, if necessary, but did it with his colors flying. He might retreat, but he would never surrender, and always obeyed the orders of his Commander-in-chief as he understood them.

"His independent thinking, his originality, his foresight, his faith and his courage," says Mr. Cummings, "fitted him better to lead than to follow men. His aims and plans were in advance of his time.

"Though one of the busiest of men, his constant purpose was vastly higher than the making of money."

A ship-builder, a publisher, a founder and pillar of two churches, a pioneer in the temperance and anti-slavery struggles, he was never too busy to listen to cries of distress, to comfort a discouraged neighbor, or to be to a little child, "the Mr. James that loves me so."

AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S RECORD.

DR. Ebenezer Marrow, a physician of Medford, served as a commissioned officer in the service of the Province. He was a Lieutenant in Col. John Winslow's regiment "For the defence of the Eastern Frontiers:" in 1754, in the expedition which established Forts Halifax and Western upon the Kennebec. — Mass. Archives, xciii, 132.

The next year he was again serving as a lieutenant under Winslow, in the campaign which resulted in the removal of the French Neutrals. He was at Beau Séjeur July 2, "under Indisposition of Body," and was granted leave to return to New England; but he returned to duty at Fort Cumberland, August 19. — Winslow. M. S. Journal in Mass. Hist. So. Library, 105, 106. In 1757 he was in the practice of his profession in Medford. — Mass. Archives, xviii, 543.

His services in the campaign of 1758 are described in the following petition.

"May 1764. Humbly sheweth. The Petition of Ebenezer Marrow of Medford. That in the year 1758 he went in the Expedition to the Westward, as a Capt^{n} in Col: Jonathan Bagley's Regiment, & was ordered to march from hence with his Company to Albany in the Month of May.—That he carried with him a Quantity of Med'cines to the Value of Twenty pounds two shillings & one penny lawful Money, and when he came to Albany some of the Soldiers fell Sick. and the Surgeons of the Regiments being without medicine (having put the Med'cine Chests on board a Vessell not then arriv'd) Col. Bagley order^{ed} him to deliver them what Med'cines they wanted, which he did — And that afterwards he (your pet^{r}) marched to Fort Edward where he found other Surgeons in want of Med'cine also, having the Sick & infirm of Seven Regiments left there. some of them ill with the Small Pox: & those Surgeons not having had the Small Pox themselves,

General Abercromby order'd your Petitioner to remain there with that Command. & ordered the Surgeons up to Ticonderoga with the Army. — That he attended all the Sick there at said Encampment while the Army was gone to the Lake. & dressed near 300 of the wounded when they came down from the Lake; & continued in Said Service from the beginning of June to the last of November: in which Time he exhausted all his med'cine (excepting a small Quantity as appears by his acco^{t}) & bought more at Albany. having Col. Bagley's Promise that he would endeavour the Province should pay him for them. & his Trouble also — That the Reason of his not petitioning y^{r} Hon^{rs} before the last Session was the Absence of Col Bagley, whose Assistance he very much wanted for informing your Honours of the whole Affair. nothing doubting but that your Honours were ever ready to do him Justice. as soon as he should shew the justice of his Cause. tho' at never so great a Distance of Time — He therefore at the last Session at Cambridge presented y^{r} Excell^{y} & Hon^{rs} with a Petition (of which the present

one contains the Contents) w^ch^ petit^n^ passed the lower House & was sent up for Concurrence: but before it was considered by the Council, it was unfortunately consum'd in the late Fire, so that your pet^nr^ is under a necessity of preferring another: and humbly prays that y^r^ Excell^y^ & Honours wou'd be pleased to grant him such Allowance for his Medicines & extraordinary Service as in your great Wisdom & Goodness you shall think proper & your petitioner as in Duty bound shall ever pray.

Eben^r^ Marrow."

Mass. Archives, lxxx, 476.

He was allowed £21, 2*s.* 1*d.*

Under date of June 23, 1744, William Ward sold to Ebenezer Merrow "The Gravel Pit," so called, with house and barn, together with a two-pole way leading down to the river. The estate was bounded westerly on Jonathan Tufts ten and one-half rods; northerly on said Tufts' marsh seven rods; easterly on the county road (Main street) ten and one-half rods; southerly on the way (South street) that leads to the landing place (the ford) nine rods, which way is laid out two rods wide. One of the conditions of the sale was that the said Merrow should maintain one-half of Mystic bridge and the causey (causeway) forever. The two-pole way was situated directly in front of the old shop formerly occupied by Page and Curtin on Main street. The first bridge across the Mystic river was only wide enough to allow of the passage of a single cart, and as the bridge was widened from time to time the widening took place on the westerly or up-stream side of the bridge, so that when the old drawbridge was removed in 1879 to make way for the construction of the present stone bridge, the "two-pole way" was so reduced in width that only about twelve feet of the way remained, and the increased width of the stone bridge over that of the old drawbridge obliterated all traces of the old way. The gravel pit lot is now occupied by the Central Engine House and part of the Symmes buildings.

Dr. Ebenezer Merrow, or Marrow, is supposed to have been the son of the Ebenezer Merrow who purchased the tract of land above described.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

Nearly fifty years ago Mr. Caleb Swan, formerly of Medford, wrote for his own satisfaction the following items of interest, as well as many others which have been preserved. They are now presented in the REGISTER as a glimpse of the Medford of the olden days. Mr. Swan expressed his regret that Medford's history was not written while Dr. Osgood and Governor Brooks were living to give information.

It must be understood that at the time of President Washington's visit, General (not then Governor) Brooks lived in the "Jonathan Watson house," adjoining the third meeting-house.

"The visit of General Washington to General Brooks in 1789, was in the forenoon. He came on horseback, escorted by several gentlemen from Boston. Their horses were taken to the barn of Mr Isaac Greenleaf nearly opposite the house of Dr. Osgood — where Capt. Ward from Salem afterwards built his house and died — and now owned and occupied by Mr Thatcher Magoun Jr.

"Mrs Samuel Swan was then at school in the Town School (kept by Mr Prentiss) now Mr Train's house, and next West of Gen^{l} Brooks' house. She remembers the children were all brought out in line in front of the School to see General Washington. Every scholar held a quill in his hand.

"Mr Greenleaf's son Isaac, now living in Medford — aged 80 — also remembers the visit, and that the horses were brought to his Father's barn.

"Benjamin L. Swan remembers hearing of this visit from General Brooks himself. While he was on a visit to Medford, he called on General Brooks, who invited him to go and see his fine bed of Mangel Wurtzels in his garden and while there, the General told him the last time he saw General Washington was on the above visit to him.

"Mrs Howe told Dr. Swan she remembers hearing Mrs Ingraham speak of seeing General Washington on this visit. Mrs Howe also remembers hearing Mrs Ingraham say she received a polite bow from General Washington as he passed her house — she was gaily dressed for the occasion Mrs Howe also recollects Governor Brooks telling her that General Washington breakfasted with him.

"Mrs Abner Bartlett says Mrs —— told her that Col. Brooks requested Mrs. Brooks to have some Indian Corn cakes at breakfast, as General Washington was fond of them."

On page 290, Brooks' "History of Medford," the author says, "We wish it were in our power to name the teachers of our public schools, who have filled their high and sacred office. . . . Usage forbids this," etc.

In a letter to Dudley Hall, Esq., Mr. Swan, in 1865 (soon after the death of his "brother doctor" Swan), wrote of enclosing the following list, which he hoped Mr. Hall would attach to page 283 of his copy of the history, as he himself had done. Mr. Swan came from his home in New York to his brother's obsequies, and on meeting Mr. Hall they talked of their school days long past. Doubtless they exchanged memories pleasant and otherwise that hark back to the days when the "oil of birch" was freely used. With little regard for "usage," he found it in *his* "power," and his memoranda are a valuable contribution to Medford annals.

SCHOOLMASTERS IN MEDFORD.

Oct., 1789. [Mr] —— Prentiss, [schoolhouse] now Mr. Train's house.
When Gen'l Washington visited Col. Brooks.

About 1790. Nathaniel Thayer.
Settled as minister of Lancaster in 1793. Father of John E. Thayer and Brother, Brokers, Boston.

After 1790. Luther Stearns of Lunenburg.
Afterward physician, then principal of Boys' and Girls' Academy in Medford. Died there in 1820, aged 50.

After 1790. Joseph Wyman of Woburn. Mr. Pierce his assistant.
Afterward principal of Boys' and Girls' Academy in Medford. Left Medford 1799, died in Woburn about 1825. Succeeded by Miss Rowson.

1796. —— Warren. Thomas Mason for six months.
A large, powerful man; a great wrestler. Settled as minister of Deerfield, 1799.

Fall 1796, 1797. Leonard Woods of Princeton, for six months. Joined the church under Dr. Osgood.
President Andover Theological Seminary. Died there Aug., 1854, aged 81.

1798, 1799. David A. White of Methuen, to Aug., 1799.
Afterward Latin tutor in Harvard College nearly four years, State senator, member of Congress, judge of Probate, Essex Co. Died Mar. 30, 1861, aged 84.

1800 to 1802. Abner Rogers of Hampstead, N. H.
Afterward proctor in Harvard College, then a highly respectable lawyer in Charlestown. Died there Feb. 23, 1814.

1802. Daniel Kimball of Bradford.
Afterward minister in Hingham, then principal of Academy in Needham.

1802. Peter Nourse, six months.
Afterward librarian of Harvard College, then minister in ——.

Aug., 1803, Aug., 1805. Daniel Swan of Medford.
Studied medicine with Gen'l Brooks, afterward physician in Brighton and in Medford since 1816. Died Dec. 5, 1864, aged 83.

1805. Jacob Coggin of Woburn, six weeks during college vacation.
Afterward minister in Tewkesbury. Died there in 1855.

1805. Amos Willard Rugg of New Hampshire.
Died in Medford, Sept., 1805, after a short sickness of brain fever.

Sept. 1805 to 1807. Samuel Weed of Amesbury.
Studied medicine with Gen'l Brooks, afterward physician in Portland. Died Nov. 24, 1857, aged 83.

1807. Noah Kendall.
Assisted by his wife and his brother.

1821. Luther Angier of Natick.
Afterward postmaster in Medford; continues to reside there [1865].

—— Baker.
Afterward (in one year) went to Charlestown by invitation on a larger salary.

ERRATUM.

On page 66, read Mr. Aaron Porter instead of Warner. There was in later years a Rev. Aaron Warner, who was the first pastor of the Second Church — who might possibly wonder a little at the present Medford.

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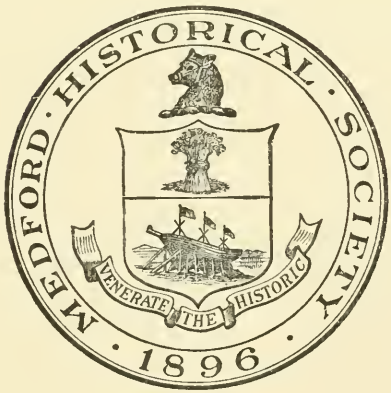

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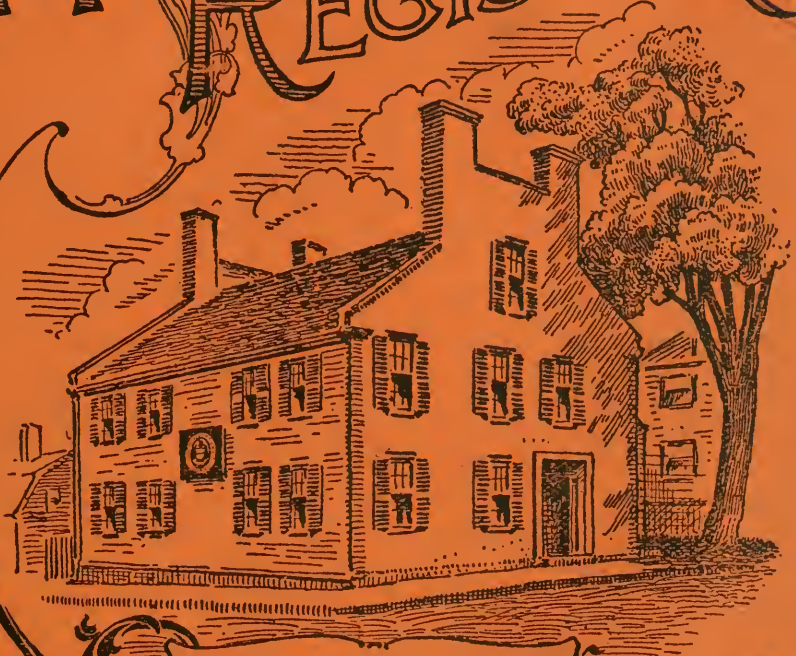

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(Signed) _____

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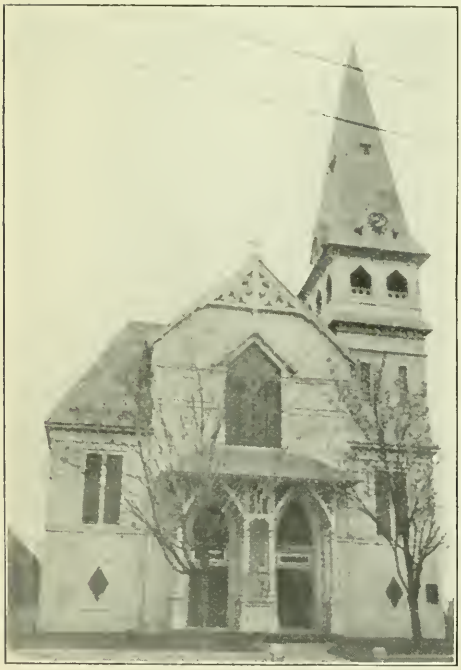
FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Dedicated March 10, 1907.



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THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF MEDFORD.

BY MRS. ABBY D. SAXE.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 20, 1907.]

METHODIST Episcopal services in Medford were commenced in July, 1822, by Rev. Josiah Brackett, a local preacher of Charlestown, at the invitation of several godly members of the church in Charlestown who resided in Medford. His first sermon was delivered in the building known as "The College," which stood on Ship street, his text being the first two verses of the first Psalm. So well was he received that on the occasion of his second sermon about one hundred people gathered in the hall of one of the hotels. His text was John 15 : 14 — "Ye are my friends," etc. As a result of Brother Brackett's preaching, a Methodist class was formed which met every Sabbath afternoon, and weekly prayer-meetings were held. These meetings continued until 1823, when the first revival ever known in Medford occurred, and a Methodist Society of forty members was organized. A building adjoining Cradock bridge called Mead's Hall was leased and fitted up, and a Sunday-school of about twenty members was formed. For seven years Brother Brackett continued to hold services in Medford, assisted by Revs. J. N. Maffitt and C. K. True. In 1828 a second revival occurred, in which many of the Sunday-school scholars were converted and joined the class. The same year the society was incorporated as "The First Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford," with Josiah Brackett, Isaac McElroy, Jonathan Gross, George Williams, William James, James D. Yates, Alvah Smith and Louis Janson

as trustees, and a house of worship, 25 x 40 feet, was built on Cross street. This building now stands on Salem street, two doors east of the site of the third church edifice, burned in 1905. The society was connected with the First Methodist Church in Charlestown until 1831, when it became a station, and Rev. Apollas Hale was appointed pastor. From 1833 to 1839, the pulpit was again supplied by local preachers, until most of the members moved away and the society grew so small that preaching services were suspended for a time.

In February, 1842, Ira T. Barker of Medford was converted and joined the High street (now Trinity) Methodist Episcopal Church in Charlestown. In May of the same year he opened his home for public worship. A class was formed at his house and weekly prayer-meetings established. During the year a schoolhouse on Cross street was secured, fitted up as a chapel and dedicated by Rev. Moses L. Scudder, the Charlestown pastor. Prayer and class meetings were moved to the chapel, and preaching services were held occasionally by Brother Scudder until the fall of 1843, when Rev. Joseph Whitman of Malden and Rev. George Landon, pastor at North Russell street, Boston, held regular services in the chapel. During the winter a revival occurred, when ninety people were converted. The Sabbath-school was reorganized the same winter.

The society soon found the chapel too small and moved to the Town Hall. At the New England Conference in 1844, Medford was made a regular station, and Rev. George Pickering was appointed pastor. The next year Rev. George Frost was sent to Medford, and Brother Pickering was appointed a "special missionary agent to raise funds for the erection of a church edifice in Medford." He was successful, and a lot of land at the corner of Salem and Oakland streets was bought for $600.

The church, in 1845, had forty-two members. In August, 1845, Messrs. Job Clapp, Ira Barker, William B. Stone and Noah Hathaway were chosen building com-

Rev. E. S. Best.
1855–1857.

Rev. J. A. Ames.
1861–1863

"PICKERING" METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Dedicated December 19, 1845.

Rev. N. T. Whitaker.
1869–1872.

Rev. F. J. Wagner.
1872–1875

mittee. On December 19, 1845, the church, erected by William B. Stone, was dedicated to the service of God. In the records of the society there is preserved a program of the dedicatory services of the "Pickering" Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford. This name clung to the church for many years; in fact, until the third edifice was built, in 1872, there were many who still spoke of the Methodist Church as the "Pickering" Church. Bishop Janes preached the dedication sermon, and prayer was offered by Rev. E. T. Taylor, the "Father" Taylor of the Seamen's Bethel in Boston. Upon the program mentioned above also appear two hymns, one of six stanzas and one of four, which were written especially for the occasion, although the name of the author is unknown. The church was built in accordance with the rules of church architecture existing at that time — the pews were square and had doors which "buttoned" the occupants in. The choir was at the rear of the audience and facing the pulpit, and the singers were led by the "big fiddle and the little fiddle," or the bass viol and violin. When the hymns were given out the congregation rose and faced the choir during the singing.

At the time of its erection the entrance doors were near its corners, and a broad platform with steps descending toward Salem street extended entirely across its front. These were, in 1854, removed, as also the slightly elevated alcove within, between the "entries," that contained the "singing seats." More seating capacity was thus gained, and an enlargement was made in front for a vestibule, with a gallery above for the choir and the excellent organ then procured.

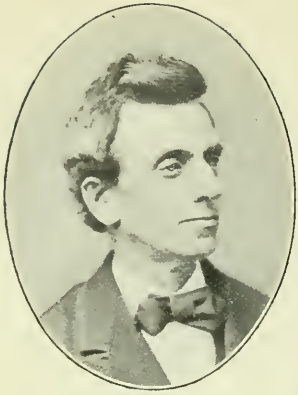
Externally the building then presented the appearance shown in Brooks' "History of Medford," and a few other changes were made within, notably the removal of the pew doors.

In the year 1847 a society known as the Ladies' Parsonage Furnishing and Stewards' Relief Society was formed. This was the beginning of the organization

now known as the "Ladies' Aid Society," which has had an uninterrupted existence, though under various names, ever since. At first the Ladies' Society took the form of a sewing circle. The ladies "took in" sewing, working on it at their weekly meetings, and the money received for the work done there went into the treasury. Any member bringing her own sewing to the meeting was fined six cents.

From 1846 to 1854 the following able and consecrated pastors served the Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford: Revs. J. A. Adams, James Shepard, Thomas W. Tucker, Willard Smith, A. D. Merrill, John W. Perkins and Charles Noble. Revs. E. S. Best and William A. Braman followed. During Mr. Braman's ministry the vestry was repaired and improved, and a gracious revival of religion was experienced. Rev. A. F. Herrick followed, and was succeeded by Rev. Jarvis A. Ames. Mr. Ames was appointed to Medford in April, 1861, and on the day he arrived news came of the attack on Fort Sumter. The next Wednesday the Lawrence Light Guard left Medford for three months' service at the front, and Mr. Ames offered the farewell prayer as the company gathered around him in Medford square. He proved himself a loyal citizen and ardent patriot in the two years he remained at Medford. One of his chief characteristics was his fearless outspokenness for what he believed to be right and the uncompromising attitude he took in the matter of slavery and State rights. During his pastorate he wrote a history of the church from its earliest beginnings in Medford, and the book containing his history, in his own handwriting, is still preserved in our archives.

Among those who fought for the Union from the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford were: William H. S. Barker; Edward Gustine (killed at the battle of Malvern Hill); Daniel S. Cheney (killed at the battle before Richmond); George F. Kittredge; William B. Parker; Charles O. Alley; Henry G. Currell (died a prisoner at Andersonville); Edward F. Crockett; Henry Hathaway;



Rev. T. B. Smith, 1875–1878. Rev. T. C. Watkins, 1878–1881.

Rev. E. C. Bridgham, 1905–

Rev. L. D. Bragg, 1885–1888. Rev. G. S. Chadbourne, D.D., 1897–1902.

Benjamin Ellis (who starved in a Southern prison, was exchanged among other prisoners, and reached Medford only to die); Antipas Newton, Jr.; Austin F. Clark; Charles Ellis; George A. Newcomb; Rodney Hathaway and Nelson Hathaway.

Mr. Ames was followed by Revs. Henry M. Loud, David Sherman, D.D., and Daniel Wait. During Mr. Wait's ministry a revival occurred which spread through the town, embracing all the evangelical churches. During this pastorate, also, the church lost by death three of its most valued members — Joseph L. Goldthwait, Albert Butters and Ira T. Barker. In 1869 Rev. N. T. Whitaker followed Mr. Wait. That year the society purchased a house on the corner of Salem and Park streets for a parsonage, but retained it only two years when the new church enterprise demanded all available funds. In 1869 a new board of trustees was incorporated according to the General Statutes of the Commonwealth.

On July 1, 1871, land for a new church was bought on Salem street near Cross street, and the work of building was entered upon at once. The building committee were William C. Child, Thomas C. Newcomb and Obed K. Doane, who did faithful service until the beautiful church was completed at a cost of $50,000. It was dedicated April 30, 1873, by Bishop Gilbert Haven, assisted by Revs. Ira G. Bidwell, D.D. (who preached the sermon), R. R. Meredith, and the pastor, Rev. Francis J. Wagner.

Inasmuch as this church building was for many years a landmark in Medford, and now nothing remains of it, even its ashes having been removed, it may be well to give a short description of its distinguishing characteristics. It was of open timber construction, its interior finish was of chestnut, and the organ pipes and frescoing in blue and gold. The auditorium was the largest in the town, seating more than one thousand, and the organ was the finest for many miles around, costing $3,500. It was what was styled a "two-story church," *i.e.*, its basement, containing the Sunday-school and social rooms,

was entirely above ground, and was light and roomy. Its spire was 140 feet in height and contained one of the Medford town clocks and a 1,800-pound bell of the key of F. If this edifice lacked the present-day requirements of church housekeeping, it was at least up to date at its erection, and was built with the idea of accommodating a growing church in a growing community.

The winter of 1874 was blessed with a glorious revival, in which many were converted and brought into the church. Mr. Wagner was followed by Rev. T. Berton Smith, and he by Rev. T. Corwin Watkins. In October, 1878, the semi-centennial of the church was held, it being fifty years from the date of incorporation. The celebration lasted one week, and many former pastors were present. When Mr. Watkins left us he took with him as his wife one of our members, Miss E. D. Hadley. Mr. Watkins was followed by Rev. Gilbert C. Osgood. Mr. Osgood employed no evangelist during his three years' pastorate, but union meetings with the Baptist and Congregational churches were held in January of each year, continuing from one to three weeks, which were carried on by the pastors, and held alternately in the several houses of worship. A general spiritual interest continued through his whole term. A number of deaths occurred during Mr. Osgood's pastorate, among them several of the older members of the church, of whom Andrew Pike was one, and one member of the Board of Stewards, Jacob W. Saxe. Mr. Osgood succeeded in raising the sum of $4,000 toward the church debt.

He was succeeded by Revs. James W. Fenn, and Lyman D. Bragg. Mr. Bragg's three years' pastorate proved to be a very eventful one. The church was repaired and painted at a cost of about $1,000. Two revivals occurred, in which some notable conversions took place, and the young people were organized into a society called the Oxford League, which later developed into the Epworth League. At the beginning of the second year of Mr. Bragg's ministry, April, 1886, he asked

to be allowed to raise the whole debt of the church, $13,000. After much earnest and prayerful deliberation the Official Board accepted the offer, and this tireless man went to work. He published a four-page monthly called *The Enterprise*, which proved very helpful in many ways. The Ladies' Social Circle held fairs, suppers and entertainments, the various societies of the church put their shoulders under the load and with a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," the big mortgage was lifted and the church was free from debt. On March 27, 1888, Mr. Bragg announced that enough money had been secured to cancel the mortgage and pay all accrued interest, nearly $14,000. The pastorate closed with a grand jubilee, with resolutions of love for the pastor and his family, and with thanksgiving to God for his blessing to us.

Rev. E. T. Curnick followed Mr. Bragg. He found the church free from debt, even the current expenses of previous years being paid in full, a novel experience. During this pastorate, women were first elected as stewards in the church, Mrs. J. W. Saxe and Mrs. Celia M. Vining being appointed at the First Quarterly Conference, held May 8, 1890. A Junior Epworth League was formed and conducted by the pastor, the children were well instructed, and later furnished many members of the church.

Mr. Curnick was followed by Rev. Fayette Nichols, and he by Rev. O. W. Hutchinson. During Mr. Hutchinson's ministry the Sunday-school was reorganized into a thoroughly graded school, and the Ladies' Social Circle was reorganized with a new constitution as the Ladies' Aid Society.

Mr. Hutchinson was followed by Rev. Alexander Dight, who remained one year. He was succeeded in April, 1897, by Rev. George S. Chadbourne, D.D. During his first year the church was thoroughly repaired and remodelled, a parlor and kitchen added and furnished, new entrances to church and grounds made, painting, frescoing,

cushions and carpets, making the church-home beautiful and attractive. The church was reopened in October, 1897, with a reunion and banquet. In June, 1898, Dr. Chadbourne, following the example of Dr. Watkins, took as his wife one of our members, Mrs. Martha Ransom. Dr. Chadbourne's Bible Class, held in the audience room during the Sunday-school hour, was largely attended and greatly enjoyed, as was also the Teachers' Bible Class held at the parsonage on Saturday evenings. During Dr. Chadbourne's five years' pastorate the church lost by death several of the oldest members, among them Bros. Orvid M. Fowler and William T. Hannah.

Rev. F. T. Pomeroy succeeded Dr. Chadbourne, and remained three years. During his pastorate several deaths occurred among the church membership, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Newcomb and Mrs. O. M. Fowler.

Mr. Pomeroy was followed in April, 1905, by Rev. Edgar Cary Bridgham, who is still our pastor. Early during his pastorate, on Saturday night, August 19, 1905, the church was totally destroyed by a fire of incendiary origin. Many were the tears shed in Methodist homes all over the city that night, and many prayers for sustaining grace went up to the All-wise and Mighty Father who had permitted this great calamity to fall upon us. But there was work to be done, and with tears in our eyes and a lump in every throat, we passed the smoking ruins the next day to the services in the Baptist Church. The churches of the city did all in their power to help and comfort in our hour of need. Letters of sympathy and offers of shelter were received on every side, and were greatly appreciated. A meeting of the Official Board was held in the vestry of the Baptist Church on Sunday evening, and a committee was appointed to secure a temporary place of worship. On Monday evening, August 21, a special Quarterly Conference was held, and it was voted to rebuild at once. A committee on location was appointed, and it was finally decided to build in a different

locality. Accordingly, on October 10, 1905, land on Otis street, near Central avenue, was bought for the site of a new church, and a house and land on Central avenue were purchased for a parsonage. From September 1, 1905, to December 23, 1906, the church services were held in the Washington School Hall, kindly placed at our disposal by Mayor Dwyer.

On July 7, 1906, the corner-stone of the present edifice was laid. The building committee consisted of Rev. E. C. Bridgham, A. L. Ordway, William F. Wiltshire, L. Frank Cole and Edgar A. Thomas. They labored faithfully; the architect, Lewis A. Dow of Melrose, did all that scientific skill and tireless effort could do, and on March 10, 1907, the present edifice was dedicated to the service of Almighty God by Bishop Daniel Ayres Goodsell, D.D., every cent of the cost having been pledged.

Since 1905, the church has lost by death several of her oldest members, among them being Mrs. L. W. Adams, Mrs. C. N. Jones, Mrs. Mary E. Child and Miss Frances Taylor. The present membership is two hundred and twenty-one.

The other organizations of the church, subject to its control, are, The Sunday-school, Ladies' Aid Society, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Epworth League and Wesley Brotherhood.

The Sabbath-school was organized first in 1823, with about twenty members. The school steadily increased in interest and numbers for several years, but in 1838, when the public church services were discontinued, the Sabbath-school was also discontinued for a time. In 1843 it was reorganized, with Ira T. Barker as superintendent, and from that time until the present has had a continuous existence. The superintendents have been as follows: —

Ira T. Barker, Noah Hathaway, Thomas Emerson, Joseph L. Goldthwait, Charles F. Newcomb, Thomas C. Newcomb, S. B. Harrington, Charles N. Jones, Bailey T. Mills, Augustus L. Ordway, S. N. Mayo, W. T.

Moreton, Edgar A. Thomas, E. C. Lewis, L. F. Cole, A. W. Merrill.

The number of members in the Sunday-school today, including the Home Department and the Cradle Roll, is three hundred and seventy-three.

The Ladies' Aid Society was organized in 1847 as the "Parsonage Furnishing and Stewards' Relief Society," Mrs. James Shepard, the pastor's wife, being the first president.

The Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized in 1877; Mrs. W. C. Child was the first president.

The Epworth League, originally the Oxford League, was organized in 1887 with Rev. L. D. Bragg as the president, but in November, 1889, the constitution and name of the Epworth League were adopted.

The Wesley Brotherhood was organized in December, 1905, with Arthur W. Merrill as the first president.

The history of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, however, does not include the entire history of Methodism in Medford. On April 1, 1872, a second Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, and its chapel was dedicated November 5, 1873. Until January, 1874, Revs. N. T. Whitaker and Francis J. Wagner, pastors at First Church, were in charge of the West Medford Society, now known as Trinity. To that church some valuable members of First Church removed, among them Bro. Moses W. Mann and family, and Bro. William McLean.

In the records of the Official Board, under date of September 12, 1887, appears a resolution of love and good wishes for Bro. J. F. Emerson, who had taken his letter and those of his family to help organize a church at Wellington. The chapel of that society (Bethany) was dedicated in 1888.

The youngest branch of Methodism in Medford was organized August 17, 1896, at Medford Hillside. Meetings were held in private houses until the dedication of their church in May, 1900.

Such are the bare facts of the history of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Medford. Since 1828, the date of her incorporation, she has built and dedicated four houses of worship. In 1828 Methodist pastors were permitted to stay only one year in a station. The time limit has been changed since then, to two, three, five years, until now the time limit has been removed and a minister may be appointed annually to the same charge an indefinite number of times.

The doctrine and government of the First Methodist Episcopal Church are those of the Methodist Episcopal Church everywhere. This branch of the Church Universal "has always believed that the only infallible proof of the legitimacy of any branch of the Christian Church is in its ability to seek and to save the lost." Chief stress has ever been laid, not upon forms, but upon the essentials of religion. It holds that true Churches of Christ may differ widely in ceremonies, ministerial orders and government, but that the sole object should be to "fulfill to the end of time the original divine vocation as a leader in evangelizations, in all true reforms and in the promotion of fraternal relations among all branches of the one Church of Jesus Christ, with whom it is a co-worker in the spiritual conquest of the world for the Son of God."

Of the prayers, the sacrifices, the loving service, the mourning and rejoicing, no record has been kept on earth. All is written upon the Lamb's Book of Life. As we close this sketch, names and faces of those gone before throng the memory — Bro. Joseph L. Goldthwait, broad-minded, public spirited; Norton Newcomb;* Thomas C. Newcomb, sunny tempered, charitable in all his judgments; Franklin Rand, optimistic, loyal, and deeply pious; William H. Miller, class leader for many years, and always

* In 1851, Norton Newcomb, of the old Hanover Street Church in Boston, moved to Malden, living in a house high up from Salem street, near Medford line. After a careful outlook, he felt that he could be of more service in the Medford church, and there he placed his membership and influence, and later built a substantial home in our town. For over twenty years Father and Mother Newcomb were pillars of strength, and were worthily succeeded by their sons, Thomas, Charles and John.

an enthusiastic occupant of the "Amen" corner; Edwin Stevens (father and son), alike in name and in their love for the church of their choice, the father for many years a well-loved class leader, and the son, licensed to preach by our Quarterly Conference, and going out from us to a useful and honorable career as a preacher of the gospel; Mrs. C. N. Jones, gifted, sympathetic, her well-balanced judgment and wise counsel were the support and help of all her friends; Mrs. Mary E. Child, tireless worker and always full of zeal for missions, and many, many more. Truly the Medford Methodists may raise their rock "Ebenezer," and say with Samuel and Joshua of old, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and "The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey."

CHURCH OFFICIALS.

Pastor. — Rev. Edgar Cary Bridgham.

Board of Trustees. — Augustus L. Ordway, Levi W. Adams, William F. Wiltshire, William H. Magoun, Edgar A. Thomas, William Walters.

Board of Stewards. — Charles N. Jones, Mrs. Abby D. Saxe, L. Frank Cole, Mrs. Ida M. Smith, Joseph A. Paine. Bliss P. Boultenhouse, William Hindle, George G. Colby, Arthur W. Merrill, William G. Chanter.

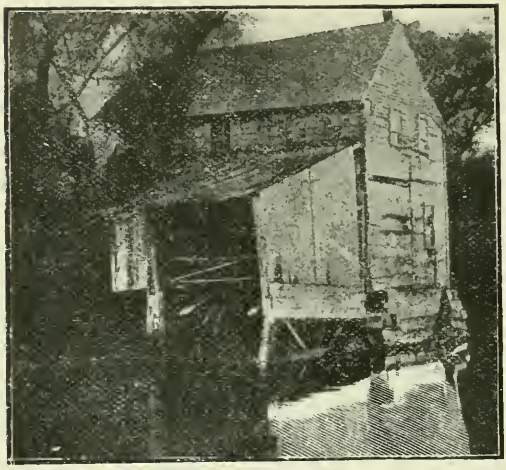
Superintendent Sunday-school. — Arthur W. Merrill; Secretary, Katharine D. Saxe.

President Ladies' Aid Society. — Mrs. Ida M. Smith; Secretary, Ella L. Alden.

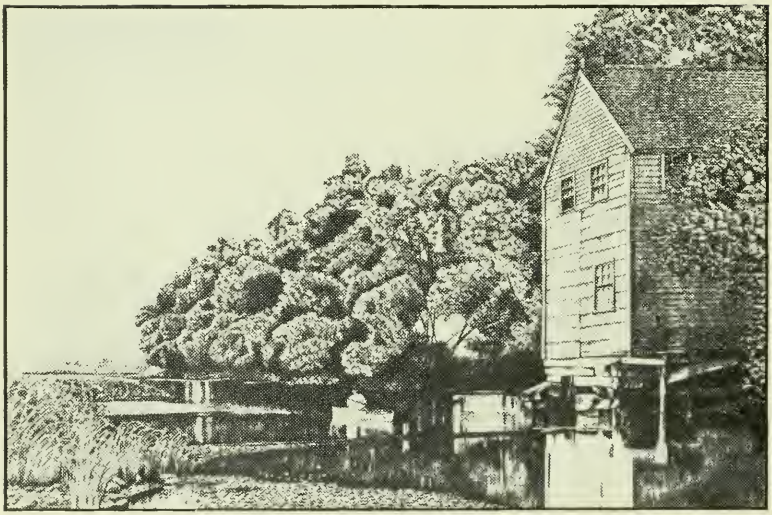
President Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. — Mrs. Walter S. Rust; Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Paine.

President Epworth League. — Charles W. Moreton; Secretary, Gertrude Roberts.

President Wesley Brotherhood. — Everett C. Lewis; Secretary, Julius Muller.



WOOD'S MILL, 1860.



WOOD'S MILL, ABOUT 1870.

WOOD'S DAM AND THE MILL BEYOND THE MYSTIC.

By Moses W. Mann.

In the summer of 1870, the writer, then a new-comer to Medford, first heard mention of the destruction of Wood's dam, which was situated below the island, a few rods down-stream from Wear bridge.

His informant was a reputable citizen, evidently in little sympathy with the doings, as he remarked that "some young fellows, who hadn't anything to do but row pleasure boats," were the destroyers, and added, "there was some poetry (?) in the papers about it."

As the incident created considerable excitement at the time, and as public opinion was somewhat divided in relation to it, the present account is written.

There had been at that locality a small mill, operated by the receding tide, from a time almost immemorial.

Rev. Charles Brooks, in writing the history of Medford, published in 1855, said, "There was a mill a short distance below Wear Bridge, but who built it, or how long it stood, we have not been able to discover." Evidently the historian considered that the mill and its necessary dam were not then of any recent construction. From his writing, inference might be had, that the whole was of a time long past, like those he had before mentioned, but for the succeeding sentence, "The place is now occupied," though omitting to say how, or by whom.

Mr. Brooks was then sixty years of age, a native of Medford (his birthplace within a mile of Wear bridge), and his history shows that he had a close acquaintance with all parts of the town. Again, he did not mistake this spot for the site of the Broughton mill, half a mile down-stream, as he mentioned that also.

A well-known citizen informs us that at his coming to West Cambridge (now Arlington), in 1856, the Wood mill was in operation.

Mr. George Y. Wellington, who in his boyhood attended Mr. John Angier's school in Medford, walking

the entire distance from his home in West Cambridge (save an occasional ride with Mr. Peter C. Brooks, or on the Middlesex canal boat), says that there may have been a mill there previously, but that his first remembrance of the building was in 1840. Mr. Wellington is now over eighty years of age, and actively engaged daily in business.

It appears that no serious objection had been made to the maintenance of this dam till in the late fifties; a reputable citizen of present Arlington and native in West Cambridge saying that "the Fish Committee or Commission ordered its removal." And now appears a highly respectable citizen of Medford, who remembers that his brother, who went to the war with the Lawrence Light Guard, (reënlisting after a home-coming of two weeks) and was killed in battle, was present at the first destruction of the dam, which must thus have been as early as 1860.

From the foregoing it is evident that the proprietor certainly thought he had some right in the premises, and with what follows it will be seen that the upper Mystic was a scene of strife for a period of ten years.

The mill was a small two-story building, situated on the western bank of the river, and therefore in West Cambridge. The river-bank was there quite steep, and entrance was had into the second story from the land adjoining by a connecting bridge. The building projected somewhat over the river, was supported by stones and timber, and the water-wheel was enclosed by the first story. It was of the undershot variety, its paddles dipping into the current, which, as the tide ebbed, ran very swiftly, and was accelerated by the fall of less than two feet caused by the dam. Two pictures of the mill are preserved, the earlier showing the wheel in a shed-like addition, the later without the shed. Possibly the addition may have been wrecked in the earliest attack, the later picture having been made at about 1868. On either side the mill were willows, which leaned far out over the stream, making a picturesque setting for the old mill,

whose shingled walls and roof were time-worn and weather-beaten. The proprietor was Mr. B. F. Wood, who lived in a large white house on the level plain near by, who did wood-turning, jig-sawing and like work, also making baby carriages and curtain fixtures in his mill.

As a matter of course, the mill was nothing without the water power, which was obtained at the ebbing of the tide that had flowed up-stream into the lower lake, and was secured by the low dam built across the river to the Medford side.

As a natural water-way, the river at its beginning just above Wear bridge did not present a favorable aspect, and in many places below was very shallow. The "Proprietors of Middlesex Canal" very soon abandoned their original idea of utilizing the Mystic, and, authorized by additional legislation, built their artificial water-way six miles farther to the Charles, in 1802.

There is credible evidence that prior to the canal's discontinuance early in 1852, boatmen shunned the last mile up the river by lifting their boats from the river near the canal "Landing No. 4" (which was just north of the canal aqueduct over the Mystic), placing them in the canal, then rowing or towing them up the canal and removing them into the lake, or Medford pond, as it was then called.

But there were those who thought that Mr. Wood had no right to maintain his dam, and claimed that the river was navigable for its entire length. Both sides held to their opinions, and the conflict arose. After the first destruction of the dam (which demolition does not appear to have been complete), it was soon repaired, and later the selectmen of Medford were appealed to in the matter, though one-half of the offending and obstructing dam was in the adjoining town. No mention of it is, however, to be found upon the records of that town. The records of the Medford selectmen show that on November 9, 1864, they "voted, that B. F. Wood of West Cambridge be notified to remove the dam main-

tained by him across Mystic River." He evidently did not do so, as on April 9, 1866, it was "voted, that Messrs. Foster & Gilmore be a committee to investigate the matter of Wood's dam and report on the same." A week later the record notes the receipt and filing of a letter from Charles R. Train, attorney, in relation to Wood's dam. As this letter is not in evidence, it is uncertain whose attorney he was, or what the contents were. Over a year later, on June 27, 1867, the selectmen "voted, that Mr. Foster be a committee to notify the Harbor Commissioners, that Mr. Wood had again put his dam across the river."

By the above, it would appear that somebody had removed the dam, and that Mr. Wood, who appears to have had good staying qualities, had rebuilt it.

A little later the selectmen "voted, that the clerk notify the Harbor Commissioners, that Mr. Wood had constructed a dam across Mystic River." Another month passed away and the record shows a curious state of affairs at the town house, as it was then "voted, that Mr. Hastings be a committee to write a letter to the Harbor Commissioners in relation to Wood's Dam and that the former committee on Wood's Dam present the same."

Not having consulted the records of the commissioners, the writer is unable to say whether this trebly voted action ever reached them, though we may presume that the committee attended to its duty. There is no reference to the matter again for three years, when it appears that "Mr." . . . "appeared in relation to Wood's Dam." A brief record, and it would be interesting to know what was said at that meeting. The selectmen took no action of record.

All may have been "quiet on the Potomac" in war time, but all was not quiet on the Mystic a little later on.

A "Battle Cry" of forty lines (recently republished) was circulated, in which the "Boatmen" were summoned to "Rouse from slumber," and to "Let the little navy

ride, On the upward flowing tide," and "When the works of Wood are seen," there was a mighty shout to be made, that would "Make the echoes leap and roar." It was also directed that if the "vandal" resisted, they should "Duck him in the limpid stream" and "Rub him with a muddy paste."

These latter operations, savoring strongly of the "tar and feather" discipline of the recent war time, were not performed, though no doubt the limpid stream became muddy enough in the destructive work that followed. No lives were lost in the struggle, though bloodshed was imminent, as the "vandal" did "defy" them, the attacking party suffering from a bombardment of stones from the irate proprietor.

They succeeded, however, in wrecking the dam, and it is said one of the number contracted a severe rheumatism by his efforts in the water.

Ere long Mr. Wood had the dam rebuilt, though in a less substantial manner, by driving stakes into the river and placing planks against them, this developing some power by turning the river's current against the millwheel.

On November 14 following, the Medford selectmen "voted, that Mr. Richardson make inquiry in regard to 'Wood's Dam' and report at meeting on Monday evening next."

On November 21 they "voted, that counsel be engaged to take charge of the matter of Wood's Dam now pending before the Supreme Court, the same to be referred to Mr. Richardson."

Winter was setting in, and the boating season over. No more appears of record till July 17, 1871, when "Messrs."—— and —— "appeared on account of Wood's dam," and it was "voted, that Mr. Richardson be a committee to take legal advice," and so the summer passed away.

It is probable that Mr. Wood continued to use the water-power, but on February 5, 1872, the complainant who first appeared came again with the "old, old story,"

and still another season passed, and on October 21 he "appeared" again. By this time a decision had been rendered by the court, adversely to Mr. Wood, and it was then "voted, that a committee appear before the Harbor Commissioners and request them to carry out the decision of the court."

On November 11 that committee reported that written application had been made for the dam's removal. Just when it was finally removed is a matter of uncertainty.

Doubtless, Mr. Wood felt himself aggrieved in the matter, and it would seem as if some amicable arrangement might have been made, whereby the boats of the pleasure-seekers might have passed by the obstruction which had at least had the precedent of years of use — years so many that Mr. Brooks, in 1855, was unable to ascertain.

The decision of the court was that no structure could be built in tidal water outside of high-water mark.

A few years ago the late Dr. Hedenberg furnished the writer a photographic copy (by Wilkinson) of the "dam" poetry alluded to, which he had carefully preserved as a memento of the great naval exploit of which we have written, and it is here partially presented: —

You've built a wooden dam, old W—d,
Across the tidal stream,
Why have you built the dam, old W—d,
Please tell us what you mean.

. . . . . .

On each end of your dam, old W—d,
You say you own the shore,
The Almighty owns the water, W—d,
Forever, evermore.

. . . . . .

We won't allow your dam, old W—d,
To keep small craft from floating,
And we'll tear down your dam, old W—d,
While there is boats and boating.

. . . . . .

Fiat justitia rust [?] *coelum!*

In one of the later years the well-known author, Mr. John T. Trowbridge, was strolling that way and, noticing the quaint picture the shady nooks about the mill presented, entered and conversed a while with Mr. Wood, who told him something of the troubles he had experienced with the boating fraternity.

As, years afterward, Mr. Trowbridge told the present writer, he "saw there was material in it for a story." "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" was the result of his observation, first in *Our Young Folks*, and later in book form. A copy was in our Public Library, but has been worn out by the boys and girls of Medford, and is no longer in circulation.

While the author said "the book was almost wholly fiction," yet the physical features he described were correct in every detail. Medford was disguised as "Dempford," and Arlington as "Tamoset," but he anticipated journalism in both towns.

On November 10, 1879 (seven years later), Mr. Wood came before the Medford selectmen and asked their consent for his building a dam across the river, agreeing to follow their direction in the matter, but they "voted, that it is inexpedient to consider the matter asked for by Mr. Wood."

On the 4th of July, 1891, at 1.20 A.M., the old mill was destroyed by an incendiary fire, and the chief engineer's report gives the loss as "about $1,100, no insurance."

At the present writing, the gaunt remains of the willows reach pitifully out toward the river, while the island has been removed and the tides surge to and fro no more.

The new Mystic Valley Parkway has been built through the approach to the mill, and the river's channel deepened.

There are men in Medford today who will recall the excitement that occurred about Wood's dam; some, possibly (though unknown to the writer), who participated in the fray; others who can recall with pleasure their trips to the lake in their boyhood, the labor of rowing against the tide and the portage about the dam. On one of these

excursions, in 1868, the photographer took his cumbrous camera along and took a picture looking eastward from that vicinity. It has a wide foreground of open fields, a few houses about the West Medford railway station, a half-dozen or so on Brooks and Allston streets — a notable contrast to the present view. During these forty years a marked change has taken place, and a city has arisen.

All this is of the past, and worthy of record, but another summer will show the completion of the Cradock dam, then motor-boats and canoes will be plenty on the new Mystic, and pass peacefully over the site of the old Wood's dam.

ONE OF MEDFORD'S HISTORIC HOUSES.

Of the house of Jonathan Watson, Mr. Swan wrote quite fully as follows: —

"About 1750, he built the house next west of the First Parish Church, now (1857) occupied by the family of Capt. Samuel Swan.

"It had only two rooms and two chambers Mr Watson gave the east half of the house to his son Jonathan and the west half to his widowed daughter Abigail — Mrs Samuel Angier (m. 29. Apr. 1762) Mrs Angier kept a children's school in the West room Mr James Floyd, Sexton and Mason was one of her scholars. They sold the house to Timothy Fitch from Nantucket about 1790. Mrs Angier then removed to the upper part of the town and afterward moved into the country.

"Mr Fitch never lived in the house. He enlarged it to its present dimension and gave the east half to his youngest son Charles (a bachelor) and the West half to his oldest daughter Abigail, Mrs Tarbett (whose husband Hugh Tarbett a Scotchman went off with the Tories in 1776, and she lived and died a quasi widow).

"Charles rented the east half to General Brooks who lived there in October, 1789 and entertained General Washington there at breakfast when he visited Boston and Salem that year About 1790, Charles sold his half of the house and the land in front down to the Salt marsh, to Mr Andrew Blanchard, who about 1809 sold the land in front to Tim. Bigelow Esq^{r} for $1000, and often scolded himself that he did not ask more, as he was sure Mr Bigelow would have given it. In the spring of 1813 Mr Blanchard sold his half of the

house to Capt. Samuel Swan, who bought the west half of Mrs Tarbett at the same time.

"Capt Swan's family has continued to live there till the present time.

"They moved into the house 17th. Feb 1810"

SOME OLD MEDFORD FISH STORIES.

[From the unpublished manuscripts of Caleb Swan.]

"Old Mr. Isaac Greenleaf of Medford whose house was where Mr Magoun now lives [1856] is said to have taken a peck of Tom-Cod about 1800 — that were frozen stiff and hard, and put them in an upper loft, to eat them as they were wanted.

"After a week or two a general thaw came, and on going to get some of the fish for dinner, they were flapping and moving on the floor at a great rate.

"This account was common tradition in Medford and generally believed."

Just after the history was published, Mr. Swan inserted in his copy the following item he had made note of fourteen years before: —

"New York, May 12, 1842.

"Mr Joseph Swan of Medford (now here) says that Mr. Russell of Medford took this month, from the Creek between the upper shipyard and Wears Bridge 107,000 alewives at one haul of the net.

"C. Swan."

As the upper ship-yard of that time was located near the site of the present Winthrop bridge, and as Mr. Swan always termed a tributary stream as far as the tide raised it a creek, the one he referred to was, doubtless, the Menotomy river. This is the largest tributary of the Mystic, has but a slight descent, and is very serpentine in course. It has for a half century been commonly known as Alewife brook. It is highly probable that its present prosaic and diminutive name superceded the former more historic and sonorous one because of the big haul of alewives made by this Medford fisherman.

It would seem that with the improvements now being made there, it would be well to restore to it its ancient and rightful name.

MEDFORD ADVERTISING IN 1776.

Two men, natives of Medford, were engaged in the editing and publication of a weekly paper at Salem, called the *Essex Gazette.* Soon after the battle of Lexington, they moved to Cambridge, establishing themselves in Stoughton Hall, remaining there till the evacuation of Boston by the British.

The name *New England Chronicle* was prefixed to its former one; these men therein styled themselves simply "Printers" and the paper was issued on Thursdays. Examination of a file of the above paper for the first three months of that eventful year, reveals several advertisements and items of interest to Medford readers, some of which we notice.

On January 15, the "Colony of New Hampshire," by its "Paymaster" Samuel Hobart, offered one hundred dollars reward "for the discovery of some evil minded person or persons who did steal and carry away between two and three hundred pounds lawful money, emitted" by said colony. It was "taken from out the house of Benjamin Hall, Esq., in Medford," on the 30th of December preceding. The New Hampshire troops were on duty in the siege of Boston, and the loss of this money doubtless added to their hardship.

Some one in journeying on horse-back from Cambridge to Medford lost "a small pair of saddle bags." Possibly some squire or officer in the army, who could not appear in correct style at some social function, because of the loss of his "ruffled shirt and stock and pair of light blue Royal Rib Breeches," for which, if left with the Printer, the finder was to receive three dollars reward.

As Medford had no post office till twenty-one years later, there were advertised at Cambridge, letters for Capt. James Smithwick and Henry Parkinson, with two for Simon Tufts. No doubt but Dr. Tufts would have appreciated our present tri-daily mail delivery.

"Benjamin Willard now of Medford watchmaker," advertised a farm of 70 acres in Grafton. After describing the property at length, the advertiser proceeds to say that "said WILLARD has for sale, gold and silver WATCHES, crystals and mainsprings, some musical and spring clocks with neat Mahogany cases."

He was a noted clockmaker whose work has long outlived him, and had recently come to Medford, but who can tell where his shop was located?

On Jan. 11, a horse, strayed or stolen from "Camp on Winter Hill Dec. 31," was advertised by Capt. James Norris, at Mr. Samuel Brooks's in Medford.

On Mar. 14, the following, which we present verbatim,

To be SOLD
At the SHOP next to the HATTER'S
in MEDFORD,

A few dozen caulking irons, ſtock locks, braſs knob locks, block tin tea-pots, braſs chaiſe nails, ſix penny brads, augers plaining irons, hunting whips, large pewter baſons, braſs cocks, crockery ware viz, plates, butter-boats, tea-pots, ſugar-bowls and a large tureen diſh —— A variety of beaverit and felt hats, ſteel ſpring ſnuffers, fluted candleſticks, large and handſome braſs ſcales, twenty double groſs yellow metal buttons, a few rich brocaded and ſatin ſhoes, paper hangings with many articles of Engliſh piece goods —— Alſo one piece of black hair ſeating for chair bottoms, — &c &c &c

It will be noticed that no trader's name is given, and we may never know who opened a department store next "the hatter" or what Medford belle purchased the brocaded shoes. The hatter was a manufacturer and probably looked with disfavor on his neighbor's stock. It is a far cry from the snuffers and candlesticks to the modern electrolier, but *planing*, though done by power, is spelled in the "same old way" on a Medford sign today not far from the site of "the shop next to the hatter's."

No Medford marriages are mentioned, but in the issue of Feb. 29 is, DIED, Last week at Medford in an advanced age, Mr. Zachariah Pool of that place.

But ere this, on Jan. 15, was the following,

Last Sabbath fo'night died at Wenham Mrs. MARY HALL aged 21, Wife of Ebenezer Hall, one of the Printers of this Paper, and Daughter of Capt. Josiah Orne of Salem. Her remains were interred at Salem the Thursday following.

And again on Feb. 22,

On Wedneſday evening, laſt week, departed this life after a ſhort illneſs, Mr. EBENEZER HALL, in the 27th year of his age, for many years one of the Printers of this Paper — having ſurvived his Wife only ſix weeks. His remains were reſpectfully interred at Medford the Saturday following.

SAMUEL HALL, original and ſurviving Publiſher of this Paper, intends to continue the Publication of it as uſual. His being ſeized with a violent ſickneſs just after his brothers illneſs commenced, will, it is hoped induce his kind cuſtomers to excuſe the diſappointment of a paper laſt week and the printing of but half a ſheet this.

In April, the paper was issued from new quarters in Boston "on School street, next below Mr. Brackets tavern," and later in the year sold to Powars & Willis, who changed its name to *The Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser.*

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HISTORICAL REGISTER

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FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of_____Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed)_____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

Courtesy of F. C. Wait.

THE MEDFORD TOWN PUMP.

By F. H. C. Woolley.

The Medford Historical Register.

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THE PUMP IN THE MARKET PLACE; AND OTHER WATER SUPPLIES OF MEDFORD, OLD AND MODERN.

BY ELIZA M. GILL.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, January 2, 1909.]

THE meeting-house and the village pump have been conspicuous objects in the New England towns of the past, and each of these widely different institutions has been necessary to the community, and around them the waves of life have rolled and surged.

At the meeting-house the spiritual needs of our ancestors were filled; there they obtained soul refreshment that carried them through

"The strain of toil, the fret of care,"

of each succeeding week. There too was mental stimulus obtained, not only from the long and weighty sermons often timed by a more than once turned hour-glass, but also from the debates in the town meetings, when church and state being one, the New England freemen met in the sacred edifice to plan civil benefits and set in motion the machinery of public affairs.

The pump ministered to the physical needs of the people in a two-fold way, for the great treasure it dispensed refreshed and cleansed the outer and the inner man.

In a hill town the meeting-house was placed upon an eminence, to teach the worshipers within its walls by way of suggestion, perhaps, that the heavenly walk was one of struggle and climbing. With its honest, enduring white paint and its simple, dignified architectural lines, the building was a landmark for miles around.

The pump was generally placed where the highways crossed each other, or in the so-called square, where the roads converged.

A wooden pump is a very ordinary looking object, having no beauty or grace of its own, and only attractive as it is the medium of giving to us one of Nature's most valuable gifts.

Hawthorne, with so prosaic a theme for a subject, by the magic grace of his pen has given us a fanciful and also truthful description of the value and uses of this necessary and homely article. Personifying the town pump of his native place, he leads it into a soliloquy in which it indulges in a few "historical reminiscences" and relates its own incalculable benefits to the public in a charming sketch which the author has happily called "A Rill from the Town Pump."

What that pump was to Salem people the one in Medford square must have been to the people here. Similar events and scenes described by one must have been realized in the existence of the other.

Ours had an added dignity bestowed upon it when it was designated as the point from which the roads running east, west and south should be severally called Salem, High and Main streets.

The town pump, which many of us remember from having seen it day after day without its service appealing to us, and which many of an earlier generation recall vividly as they had a more intimate acquaintance with it, stood in the square, as it is now called, or the market place of the early days, on the southerly side of Salem street, a few feet to the north and west of the entrance to the store now occupied by William F. Bartlett.

The history of the supply of water from the settlement of the town would be an interesting story, but we are to concern ourselves with some comparisons of the nineteenth and twentieth century water ways and supplies, and a brief account of the pump in the market place.

The town owned another well not far from the market

place south of the river, which we shall notice later on, one at the junction of Main street and Mystic avenue, one at the almshouse and some at the schoolhouses, as they were built at different times. Medford was slow in coming into her privileges in this last direction. She had had three buildings for the housing of one school, the third, a brick one, dating from 1795, and it is not till March 2, 1807, that we find any record of an attempt being made to furnish water for teacher and pupils. At that time the town passed the following votes: "To have a Well dug in Suitable place for the use of the School." "That the Committee to enlarge the School house be a committee to dig a Well and Fix a pump in the same with a Bason chained on."

5 August, 1811, the selectmen approved the bill for a pump for the well at the school-house, and the bills of several people for digging, stoning and bricking a well at the school-house. Shall we infer from this that it took four years to accomplish what the town had voted to do?

It is evident that there had never been a well at the three meeting-houses, for had there been one near the third building, which was erected in 1770, it would not have been necessary to have provided a well for the old brick school which was in the rear of the former and close to it, as both were town property.

The only reference to the meeting-house in this connection is found under date of May 7, 1827, when it was "Voted To pass Darius Wait's acct. for repairs of Town pump near the meet g house & making 3 new ladders & repair boxes."

No water was provided for the school on Back street, the Union street of today, nor for those on Cross street, Ship street and the early Park street school, which later became the Swan school. In the yard of the first High school on High street was a pump that stood very near the street, at the head of the present easterly flight of stone steps.

At the Everett school the pump was in the cellar.

In the early days not every household was provided with a well, and it was the custom for the people to depend upon the public well or some neighbor for water for household purposes. The nearness of the house lots in Medford to a tidal river was a good reason why many were without wells, as the water was unfit to drink.

The town pump furnished the only good water on Main street as far as the river. Two houses in this vicinity were supplied in a very ingenious and convenient way. August 2, 1802, the following vote was passed by the selectmen: "To allow Mesfr^{m} Eben^{r} Hall & Sam'l Beul to lay a Suction from the Town Pump Well to each of their houses, on condition that if the water fails or proves insufficient for the Towns use, then their pumps shall be rendered uselefs & regulated by the selectmen — And also the street shall not in any way be injured by laying said Suction."

Ebenezer Hall's house was on the site of the Boston & Maine Railroad station, and Samuel Buell's lot is the site of our City Hall.

Was this the precursor of the present system of piping premises and houses, and is there then *nothing* new under the sun?

On the south side of the river on Main street, as far as South and Swan streets, were five wells, and here were several dwelling houses, stores, offices, three blacksmiths' shops, a lumber yard, a stone cutters' yard, and at one time a hotel.

These wells supplied all the families in this locality with water for housework, excepting laundry. The Salem pump said: "I shall say nothing of my all important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families."

Rainwater for this purpose was stored in hogsheads and cisterns, or brought from the Middlesex canal. Gilbert Parker, who carried on a jobbing business, was a familiar sight in the '40s as he went back and forth with

his white horse and hay rigging to and from the canal with water for the different families. Sometimes a few were favored by getting water from the distillery on Ship street, which could be obtained there warm. It is said the excellence of Medford rum was due, among other things, to the purity of the water used in the making which came from a spring on Pasture Hill, off that part which today we call Governors avenue, beyond the estate of Harry Dutton.

The first of these wells south of the river was on the west side of Main street, about forty feet from the highway, in the track of the boulevard now being built. This was owned by James Gregg. The water was not fit to drink. A second was south of where Hartshorn's harness shop stands today, on the right of the passageway and about forty feet from the street. In a house on the site of the one standing north of the Engine House lived George W. Symmes, where his father Daniel had lived, and probably also his grandfather, Timothy.

The third well was on the premises of the Misses Hannah and Emily Tufts, who lived in a fine old house on the corner of Main and South streets, where our Central Engine House now stands. After their house was burned in the great fire of 1850, the Misses Tufts lived on Salem street, corner of Fulton.

On the east side of the highway there was a well on the premises of the Parker family, who lived in the Admiral Vernon Tavern, and later in a house built on its site. The public was free to use the water of all these private wells except that of the Misses Tufts.

The fifth well was a town one with pump and trough put in at the curb. It was called the Hyde well from being in front of the estate of James Hyde, the grocer, and was commonly supposed to have been a private well. It was located near the building now numbered 56, about where a telephone pole is standing.

1 July, 1811, the selectmen voted "To have a new pump placed in the Town's well on the South side of

the river near the house of Tim° Symmes and a good trough fixed to the same."

5 August, 1811, they voted "To pass Samuel Townsend's acct. for a pump in the well opposite the Hotel."

Without doubt these two orders refer to the same well, it probably being situated as near Blanchard's Tavern as it was to Timothy Symmes' house.

Beyond South street on Main street there was a well on the premises of Nathan Wait, where now stands the Police Station; one on the estate of Capt. John Sparrell, whose house is still standing, numbered 101, and another across the street in the yard of the Medford House.

Sixty years ago this was a region of homes of industrious, well-to-do citizens with pretty gardens and good orchards. Beyond Swan street the house lots extended from Main to Back street, and on the latter the lots on the east side extended back to the Branch canal. Over this region we may write as we do today over the once aristocratic North End of Boston, — Ichabod. "The glory has departed."

The younger people of today, accustomed to a lavish and even prodigal use of water at home and in the gymnasium, can scarcely appreciate the limited supply of their earlier ancestors; neither can they appreciate the value of the simple wooden pump, nor realize the laborious way of getting water from a well by means of a bucket and rope, or by working a wheezy pump handle, when today by a simple touch of the fingers and a turn of the wrist a stream of water is at their service in copious measure.

A dear writer of fairy tales has said "Life is the most beautiful fairy tale," and does not the telling of the wonderful things science and invention have placed at our disposal today, brought into our modern life for use at home, at our places of business, in sickness and health, for pleasure and work, for use on the land, in the water and in the air, seem like a fairy tale in very deed, and

has not the trite saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction," been proven over and over again?

If the people of this town a century or seventy-five years ago had then been told what their descendants would be enjoying and using today in way of water supply would it not have seemed an incredible tale even though they knew of the aqueducts and luxurious baths of old Rome? Would they not have marveled at the immense reservoirs, at the great mains that thread our streets, the smaller pipes that run through streets and lofty houses; at the ponderous hydraulic machinery that is the great moving power of the Metropolitan Water System?

This elaborate service of the State supplies nineteen cities and towns with water, the main source being located in Clinton, Mass., in the middle of the Commonwealth, nearly fifty miles away. Several cities and towns within the prescribed circle, the radius of which is ten miles from the State House, are furnishing their own water, but at any time, any within this circle are privileged to become a part of the Metropolitan service. Swampscott, outside of this district,is supplied by a special arrangement.

The Metropolitan Water District comprises three water sheds, the Nashua, Sudbury and Cochituate, drawing from an area of 212.30 square miles. The number of people supplied is close to the million mark, the latest estimate given at the office of the board being 980,900. Through open channels, and by aqueducts, water is conveyed from one reservoir to another, so the water you draw today from your faucet is a composite, a mingling of many distant springs and sources. The area of the district supplied is 171.7 square miles.

The system has five great pumping stations besides smaller ones, ten distributing reservoirs and ten storage reservoirs.

Medford, within the district, with a population of nearly 21,000, supplies every house with drinking water, furnishes each family enough for household needs, every

public building, each manufacturing plant, provides for the extinguishing of fires, has fountains in parks and by the roadside, and going even farther, lays the dust in our streets and allows water for gardens and lawns.

We have in our streets 56.54 miles of city water mains, and 12.3 of Metropolitan; 513 hydrants for use of the fire department. The daily consumption per capita is one hundred gallons. The amount used by the railroad helps to bring it up to this high mark.

One of the best *bon mots* of recent years is that of the brilliant author who said, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessities." With the present generation water is a *luxury* and a *necessity*.

If the spirit of the Salem pump could only give us another soliloquy!

Another difference between the centuries is that the water from the town pumps was absolutely free, while today we pay our price for what we use so freely and we are glad to do so. For who of us, much as we admire many customs and things of the past, and as much as we like to imitate colonial styles, would go back to those good old days when we wish to indulge in the luxury of a bath, or when our house-cleaning season comes on, or the laundry work is heaped up in hot weather when immaculate white is the fashion from top to toe?

We expect and shall find as great a difference in the expense of the old and modern systems as we do in ways and means. The printed reports of the City of Medford for 1907 are in a book of 424 pages; the report of the Water and Sewer Commissioners comprise 26 of these pages. There was spent for Water Construction $20,271.81, for Water Maintenance $16,130.42; add to this the Metropolitan Water Tax of $35,126.98, and we have a total of $71,529.21. There was received from Water Construction $2,128.75; from Water Maintenance $71,657.44, a total of $73,786.19, leaving a balance of $2,256.98; and though we are paying interest on a water debt, the local system is self-supporting.

The earliest printed report of the Town of Medford on file at the City Clerk's office bears date of 1838, and consists of 24 pages. Previous to that time the expenses and receipts were printed on detached sheets of paper. From the *printed* reports of succeeding years and the *manuscript* records of the Selectmen of previous years, we can find, not accurately but nearly so, the cost of supplying the town with water annually. I say not accurately, for some times the bills approved included other items besides repairs to the pump, digging wells, etc. Charges for setting glass, warning town meetings, repairing windows in the meeting-house and procuring wood for the school appear occasionally.

In some instances the price of labor per day is given. Under the same date it is expressed in the two forms of $1.25 and 7s. 6d.; in another place as 10s. 6d. This was for digging wells. A fair estimate for the first half of the last century will not bring the yearly expense up to $13.50, and alas! there were no cash receipts to the credit of the old system.

These records of approved bills furnish us with the names of the craftsmen of former generations, the skillful workmen in iron and wood, the blacksmiths, carpenters and masons, who kept the bridge and pumps in repair. The following names are those of men whose lives were a part of Medford's history, and some were known personally by many living today: William Bradbury, Timothy Dexter, Nathan Wait, Daniel Symmes, Darius Wait, John T. Cram, William A. Egery, Thomas Pratt, Oakman Joyce, Nathan W. Wait, Benjamin Moore and R. G. Pinkham. Timothy Dexter's name occurs most frequently as having had bills approved for repairing the pumps.

The Waits and Symmeses were blacksmiths; Thomas Pratt, Oakman Joyce, R. G. Pinkham were carpenters. The last named did a good deal of work on pumps also, and died a few years ago, the last of those here mentioned. John T. Cram was a pump maker and lived on

the southerly side of Ship street, opposite Pleasant street, in the little house still standing. He furnished a pine pump in 1843 for Malden's town well, at a cost of $16.67.

"Dec. 7, 1801 Voted To have guide Boards put up in Market place in Medford, in most suitable place."

"25 May 1812 Voted To allow Field Vining's account for clearing Water course in market place last winter."

"July 26, 1814 Voted To pass Timothy Dexter's acct. for making 16¾ rods of drain in the market place at $7.63 per rod $127.80."

"5 Mar. 1825 Voted To allow Wm. C. Pratt's acct. for Stones to spread in market Place."

The term Market Place recalls a phase of life very different from that today in our square: when mercantile affairs were more active, when the citizens relied upon home stores for the necessities of life, and people from great distances came here to barter or sell; when feminine shoppers were not lured to Boston by seductive advertisements in large daily papers; when they walked to Boston to do their shopping instead of being able to go by rapid transit two or three times a day if they choose.

For the first fifty years of the past century what picturesque, what busy scenes were enacted here! How attractive to the imagination those days, in comparison with the prosaic aspect of the square today. One of the most interesting chapters in Usher's History of Medford is that which describes the trade and manufactures and opens up to us that picture of life when trade, manufacturing, river traffic and ship building were increasing decade by decade, and giving our town a more than local reputation.

From this chapter I quote a few lines: "The increase of business, and the gathering of traders in the market-place, became so great at the beginning of the century, that it was deemed advisable to appoint a clerk of the market." It became necessary to make rules and regulations regarding the conduct of affairs, and for the town

by-laws on this subject see MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER, Vol. X, No. 2, page 53.

Three clerks were appointed at a town meeting March 3, 1800, viz.: Nathan Wait, Sr., Joseph P. Hall and Ebenezer Williams, Sr. The next year two were appointed, and May 1, 1843, we find the selectmen attending to the matter, when Samuel Blanchard was the appointee. His successors in office were John T. White, Nathan W. Wait, Thomas D. Rice, Timothy Rich, Stephen H. Bradlee, Isaac Sprague, Edward P. Alexander, Silas F. Wild, William A. Egery.

The clerk also acted as police officer and was elected annually, later for a period of three months at a time, with instructions "to enforce the By Laws and to preserve the peace of the town, and to make return, to the Selectmen of the time spent by him in said service and his charges for the same, at the expiration of said term."

A greater number of trees than we have today in the center of our city lent beauty and shade to the place fifty years ago and more. There was a gigantic willow on the sidewalk at the end of Jonathan Porter's building, great buttonwoods in front of the Turell Tufts house, corner of High and Forest streets, and fine trees and a garden in front of the Secomb house.

During the time of Medford's great activity in trade the duties of the pump in dispensing its cooling liquid to high and low, rich and poor, man and beast, must have been unremitting as the thirsty and dusty drivers and teamsters stopped at its trough. It must have lived a strenuous life and have been much worked.

In the 40s the pump in the market place was of peculiar construction. There were two wooden pump logs. Water was raised by an iron rocking shaft placed at right angles to and above the pumps. Attached to the rear end of the shaft was a straight, tapering, heavy iron handle which hung plumb, and being moved sideways like the pendulum of a clock brought a continuous flow of water. This handle, placed in line with the spout,

was somewhat unwieldy to work, taxed the muscle of the urchins, and it took two small boys to get one good drink. This double pump was incased in wood 34 inches by 16, the back and front having the greater width, and this tower-like structure was about 9 feet high. It is not known when a pump of this description was first put in, but perhaps the following order may shed some light on the subject: —

"7 Sept. 1812 Voted To put another pump in the well in the square and repair the old one and set posts and a rail about the well &c."

The Salem pump said "I am at the head of the fire department," so it was fitting for Medford to put her pumps and reservoirs under the charge of the fire department, and the history of them is best told as we quote quite fully from the reports of the chief engineers.

Under the expense of the fire department of 1844 is an item of $25 for damage done to Rebecca Cutter's well at a fire in October, 1843.

In 1845 for the first time reports by the various departments of town government were included in the yearly published pamphlets of expenditures and receipts. That year it was recommended that a "Reservoir be made in Washington street, so called, between the dwelling house of Joseph W. Mitchell and Rev. H. Ballou, 2d." Pyam Cushing was then chief engineer. We see from this that the town was growing and her increasing needs were being made manifest.

From the report of 1846: "Your Board of Engineers have examined the Town Pumps and find them in a very decayed state, and would recommend not to have any more expense laid out on them, but when they cease to give us a supply of water, to take them out and put in their place one good pump with a side handle, and have a scuttle in the platform, for the purpose of putting a Suction into the well, that water may be had easily in case of fire." In the school expenses of this year is an item of $2.85 for cleaning well at New School House.

1847. "Reservoir at the head of Ship Street, is in good order, having been made so the past year, with a good supply of water."

"Reservoir at the corner of Cross and Washington Streets is thought by your Board will not give a very bountiful supply of water, till something more is done, which had better be left with the Engineers."

"The pump in the square has performed its duty the past year, better than for ten years previous, not getting out of repair but once. Your Board have caused a new pump to be made expecting as *usual* the old one would be out of repair, and when so your Board wish to replace it with a new one, which they hold in readiness."

1848. "Reservoir at the head of Ship Street is in good order. do. at junction of Cross, Salem, and Washington streets, it is thought, has been slightly improved the last year by perforating the curb, and putting on strainers."

"The pump in the square, remains in the same condition as it did one year ago, without any expense to the Town."

1849. "The Reservoir at the head of Ship Street, is in good order. The Reservoir at the junction of Cross and Salem streets, is in the same condition as last year—not to be depended upon for a great supply of water—although it may be of great service in the first stage of a fire in its vicinity."

"The two old pumps in the square have been removed and one new one set in their place."

These three reports were signed by Benjamin H. Sampson, chief engineer.

It has been the custom in road building when a stream crossed the road to have the grade such that cattle could be watered there and teams driven through. These natural watering places are frequently seen in the country, and Medford had a number in her territory. When we remember that the amount of travel through here for many years was very great, and that large droves of cattle

passed through to and from the cattle yards at Brighton, Watertown and Willow Bridge, we can realize the benefit these water-ways were to the drovers, especially when there were crowds around the two troughs in the center of the town.

One of these ways I knew well, and it was a pleasure to pass through it when driving. It was the last to disappear and gave way to the march of time, perhaps fifteen years ago, when the boulevard through Valley street was laid out and changes made as it came into Forest street. It was on the westerly side of Forest street, north of Kidder's hill, its water coming from Pine hill, the little stream called Gravelly creek.

Some of these driveways were quite shallow, being used more for carriages to pass through than for watering cattle. They were located on Main street, foot of Winter hill; High street, foot of Marm Simonds' hill; another on High street near Canal street; one also at Weir bridge; a second over Gravelly creek on Salem street, near our present common; and one on Winthrop street near the estate of the late Peter C. Hall, commonly called Chardon Hall, whose dwelling-house is now the farm-house on Gen. S. C. Lawrence's estate.

The streams thus utilized were Winter, Meeting-House, Whitmore brooks, in addition to Gravelly creek, before mentioned.

When the increased demands of modern living made it evident that a better supply of pure water was needed in Medford than that furnished by wells and cisterns, it was natural that the attention of our citizens should turn to that fine body of water partly within the limits of the town. The Spot Pond Water Company had been incorporated in 1867 by a committee from the towns of Medford, Malden and Melrose, with a view to the future needs of these places, and two years later the franchise was purchased by them. In 1870, by way of Salem street, and the year following by way of Forest street, Medford was piped and supplied by water from this pond, and this

service continued until the needs of Greater Boston for a supply of water became a great and burning question.

The Metropolitan Water Board was established in 1895. Medford became a part of the Metropolitan Water District, and in conjunction with Malden and Melrose she surrendered Spot pond to the State. The litigation and expense attending this transfer you all know.

In 1901 the consolidation of the Metropolitan Water Board and the Board of Metropolitan Sewerage Commissioners took place, and we are now having the service of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board, which seems able to provide for Boston and the towns round about for several years.

As we are now a part of Greater Boston, and on account of the relation of Spot pond to the subject, it is not inappropriate to speak briefly here of Boston's former water supply.

A portion of it had been supplied from Jamaica pond in West Roxbury, through four main pipes of pitch-pine logs, by the Boston Aqueduct Corporation, chartered in 1795.

In 1825, three years after Boston became a city, on recommendation of the city council, a commission was appointed "to ascertain the practicability of supplying the city with good water for the domestic use of the inhabitants, as well as for the extinguishing of fires and all the general purposes of comfort and cleanliness." The report was made that a good supply of pure water could be obtained from the Charles river, above Watertown, and from Spot pond in Stoneham. The subject was discussed, but this important project was laid aside until taken up again by the city council in 1834. In October of that year an engineer stated that there were 2,767 wells in the city; 2,085 were drinkable, 682 were bad, and only 7 of the whole number were occasionally used for washing.

Eighteen years had passed since Spot pond had been recommended for Boston's use, and that there were men

shrewd enough to see what valuable property it would sometime be, is shown by the following article on the warrant for the Medford Town Meeting, February 13, 1843:

"4th. To hear and act on the order of notice By the General Court on the petition of James C. Odiorne & others to be incorporated for the purpose of laying an aqueduct from Spot Pond in Stoneham to the City of Boston."

The action of the town is thus recorded:—

"Voted, That the matter contained in the article be referred to the Selectmen, and the Representative to the General Court, with instructions to see that the interests of the town are protected in case a Co is incorporated to lay an aqueduct from Spot Pond to Boston."

As the act of incorporation did not take place, the history of it closes here.

The subject of a proper water supply for Boston was still further discussed, and it was the favorite theme of the different city councils through the administrations of many mayors. At last the necessary legislative power was obtained, the great work begun, and amid great demonstrations of joy, with elaborate ceremonies, Cochituate water was let on for the use of Boston, October 25, 1848.

After the introduction of Spot pond water into Medford the pump in the square reached the Oslerism stage of inanimate things, and on March 24, 1873, the decree went forth that sealed its fate, for on that date the selectmen voted that it should be removed by the highway surveyors and the well fixed as a reservoir, and May 18, 1874, Mr. Foster was appointed a committee "to sell the Town Pump."

June 2, 1873, the highway surveyors were ordered to remove the pump at the head of Mystic avenue, and April 30, 1877, the board ordered the removal of the pump in front of the Hyde estate on Main street, and the filling up of the well. The action of the town in filling up these three wells shows they were town prop-

erty, but the date of the digging of them is shrouded not perhaps in mystery, but in obscurity. From the well-known position he takes in regard to the location of the Cradock house, it is natural that John H. Hooper should suggest that the well in the market place was dug and used by Matthew Cradock's agents.

For the convenience they were to the public the town may have kept some private pumps and wells in repair, for July 13, 1868, "the committee on Pump near Washburn's Store reported the same could be repaired at small expense." Washburn's store was on the northwest corner of Salem and Park streets. It was voted the repairs be made and a "cup and chain be procured also, a Bill of sale of same for Town," and it was also voted the care of the pump be in charge of Mr. Washburn.

Thus has the old given place to the new order of things, and the memories of the simple past mingle pleasantly with the use of our up-to-date luxuries and conveniences.

From plans and descriptions furnished by Francis A. Wait, Fred H. C. Woolley has drawn a picture of the double pump of sixty years ago, which the former has presented to the Medford Historical Society, and so another part of the history of the past is preserved for future generations.

SPOT POND.

O, beautiful lake of Middlesex Fells,
Fair as thy sister in the north*,
Lesser "Smile of the Great Spirit" art thou
Spread o'er the face of Mother Earth.

The red man's canoe o'er thy waters blue
Was paddled for many a year,
Dusky Indian maids and stalwart braves,
Alone to thy borders drew near.

Then the scene was changed and the white men came,
Winter held thee in fetters fast;
Winthrop gazed and called thee a fair Spot Pond.
Fair may we keep thee to the last.

* Lake Winnepesaukee.

A MEDFORD INCIDENT.

On page 190 of his *History of Medford*, Mr. Usher gave a graphic account of the farewell given the Lawrence Light Guard on April 19, 1861, on the occasion of their departure for the South.

Miss Wild alluded to it in her paper relating to the company, and Mrs. Saxe in hers upon the Methodist Church, both published in the REGISTER.

The Rev. Mr. Ames who offered the prayer, alluded to by these writers, had been stationed at Lynn for two years, and was by his bishop appointed to Medford on April 12, the day memorable for the Southern attack upon Fort Sumter.

Coming at once to his charge, he reached Medford the same day as did the news of the overt act of rebellion that was to cause the mighty uprising.

He was then a young man, and Medford was one of his earliest appointments. Nature had not been generous to him. He was slight in stature and frail in body, but strong in spirit; doubtless radical in utterance, possessing the courage of his convictions, yet loving and self-sacrificing to the last degree.

His work finished, he entered into rest, but his widow has survived him these twenty-five years. In a personal letter to the editor, acknowledging the receipt of the last number of the REGISTER, and writing from Brooklyn, N.Y., Mrs. Ames tells of an incident we take the liberty of quoting: —

"Did you ever hear of the Sabbath after that prayer in the Square? Mr. Ames went into the pulpit *boiling*, and I into that front pew, trembling. During his prayer they began to go out and slam the pew doors behind. Soon as he stood on his feet, he looked up at 'Bro. Thomas' [Newcomb] with 'Bro. Newcomb please have the choir sing Star Spangled Banner, and if there are any more traitors in this camp, let them pass out during the singing.' Bro. Newcomb was a peace loving man and didn't like to antagonize ever. So Papie raising both hands said 'in God's name I implore you if there's one drop of loyal blood, it's time to show its color.' Then he took a clean handkerchief which I always kept in his pocket for

emergencies and waved it while he mopped his tears with the other. Soon there was sobbing all over the house and none others went out. Oh! those were troublous days."

Troublous days, indeed, they were. Only those that lived then can understand the tense feeling that existed, and the ways in which, sometimes, they found expression,

Mr. Ames served his church two years (the time limit then), but he served the community and his fellowmen also. His interest in the soldiers was unbounded, and he was known as the "war minister."

The handkerchief episode shows the good wife's thoughtfulness for him in "emergencies." We sincerely trust the REGISTER has proved as welcome to its clientage as that last number did to the aged lady who was the worthy helpmeet of the good man who was interested in Medford's boys in blue nearly a half century ago.

EMMA FRANCES GILL.

It is peculiarly fitting that the Medford Historical Society should express its sense of the great loss it has suffered in the death on September 20, 1908, of Emma Frances Gill.

Born in Melrose on January 15, 1853, she came with her parents to Medford in June of 1854. Here she grew to womanhood. She attended Medford's schools. She became a member of one of its churches. She joined its societies. She taught in its schools. She has left the impress of her character and the inspiration of her thought and example upon its history.

She graduated from the Medford High School with the class of 1871, which contributed many teachers to our schools; and followed up its course by studying for her life-work of teaching at the Boston Normal School. She began her work as a teacher at Waltham in February, 1875, in the school of District Two, the Pond End School, where she remained until in the fall of 1878 she

was transferred to the South Grammar School. She left Waltham in the fall of 1879 at the summons of Medford to return and teach here, as the assistant of Mr. Benjamin F. Morrison, at the Swan School. In 1887, on the resignation of Mr. Rufus Sawyer, the grammar grades of the Everett and Swan Schools were consolidated, and Miss Gill went with Mr. Morrison to the Everett School as his assistant there; and when the Washington School was opened in 1890 went thither with the grammar grades.

Each of these transfers meant additional work and added responsibility, but her great opportunity did not come until the ninth grade pupils were transferred to the new High School building in 1897 and she was selected to go with them.

Here her preëminent ability as a teacher of history was first adequately recognized and turned to account. She remained at the High School until her death, devoting herself chiefly to instruction in history.

Descended from John Alden and Richard Warren of the Mayflower; from Capt. John Vinton of Braintree, who served in the Revolution; from Henry Adams, ancestor of presidents and statesmen; from John Sewall, brother of that judge who condemned witches and later had the courage publicly to condemn himself therefor; with I know not how many quarterings of colonial, provincial and Revolutionary ancestry; acquainted from her girlhood with thought and work for Medford's patriots, it was not unnatural she should be interested in the study of history. But she was more. She was enthusiastic over it. She had the ability to arouse the interest of her pupils in it, so that pupils who at first were indifferent became earnest students and grew to love history for its own sake.

In 1875 she joined the Mystic Church when the First Trinitarian Congregational and the Mystic Churches became one. She was a charter member of Bunker Hill Chapter, D. A. R., and when Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter was organized in Medford transferred her mem-

bership to it, though she later withdrew. At one time she was a member of the Medford Women's Club. She was a member of the Medford Teachers Club, of the American History Teachers Club, of the Teachers Annuity Guild and a charter member of our Medford Historical Society.

A lover of music, she at one time sang in the choir of the First Trinitarian Congregational Society.

These things indicate something of her interests, her activities and her influence. In her home; among her friends; in the church; in societies devoted to the advancement of her profession, of her sex and of her city, commonwealth and nation; in her schools, she was a power for good.

She carried with her into all she touched that finest of qualities, a strong and noble character.

As we look back upon her life, recall the beauty of her person, the strength of her mind, the tenderness of her heart, the nobility of her nature, we rejoice in the conviction that while she is no longer with us in the flesh, her spirit and influence remain a lasting power for good in any community. —W. C. W.

MRS. ABBY (DREW) SAXE.

On February 10, 1909, there passed on a woman, well known and greatly beloved in Medford, in whose memory we pause to pay our respect.

Abby Drew was a native of our old town, born January 2, 1844, and in our Medford schools she received her education, and here she spent her life.

For several years she was teacher in the Osgood School, resigning her trust in October, 1874. The school committee of that time witnessed to her "energy, tact and conscientious devotion to duty" that won high place in their regard.

Soon after her resignation as teacher she became the

wife of Jacob W. Saxe, and for nine years filled the difficult task of mother to another's children, as well as to those her own. Mr. Saxe was a commercial traveller, necessarily much absent, but almost daily by correspondence was the home bond kept.

The burden of the care and education of their little ones fell heavily upon the mother when, with a shock, came the sudden death of the fond husband and father, but the same energy, tact and conscientious devotion, with a firm trust in the God of the widow and fatherless, carried her through.

Hers were twenty-six years of widowhood, and those years were replete with earnest labor for others.

Mrs. Saxe was a woman of many activities. Taken to the Sabbath School by her parents, even before her recollection, her name has been on its roll for sixty-three years. Early taught, and interested in the truths of religion, she of own choice and conviction of duty united with the First Methodist Episcopal Church in 1867.

In its Sabbath School she led others in the way she herself had early learned.

She was a leader among women, and the responsible and difficult position of president of the "Ladies' Society" she successfully filled for many years.

Secretary and also president of the Methodist "Ladies' Union" of Greater Boston, she served as each one year with signal success.

When the Methodist Episcopal Church, by its action in General Conference, admitted women to its councils and officiary, the Medford Church, in 1890, honored her (and itself as well) by choosing her one of its stewards.

In 1890 she was chosen recording steward, ably fulfilling the many duties, which were in no degree lessened when the church building was burned and a new one built. She was the incumbent when called to the church above.

Though burdened with work, she willingly undertook the preparation of the excellent historical article upon her church which she read before this Society.

Of its excellence nothing need be said, but when she placed the same in the hands of the editor of the REGISTER she expressed a hope that she might see the same in print. Its final revision was almost her latest work. Her wish was gratified. After the REGISTER's publication in January, a copy was placed in her hands, to her satisfaction, before her going from us.

Her activities were not limited to her home and church. The temperance reform enlisted her sympathies; for many years she labored in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and for twenty years was its president. In this, as in the other, her influence was felt in the broader work of the County Union.

The Visiting Nurse Association appealed not in vain to her; for six years she was its president.

The ministry of suffering was hers, and sorrows came to her also, but her Christian fortitude and hope never failed.

The great company that gathered for the last rites of respect witnessed to the esteem in which she was held, and will long remember hers as a useful, a helpful life.

"She hath *done* what she could."

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

—M. W. M.

MYSTIC RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

As we go to press, work is resumed on the Mystic river dam. We record some facts relative thereto, wishing that in 1638 Cradock's men had recorded likewise, also Thomas Broughton, in 1656, when he built his dam up stream.

The present is a far cry from the time when Winthrop was the first white man to sail "up the Mistick six miles," or Mrs. Dalkin forded the river by a firm grip on her dog's tail.

Three years ago some workmen, from a boat, made a series of borings in the river's bed, while some bystanders

said it was "to let the water run through." These were to ascertain the nature of the ground on which the dam was to be built. The next year contractors began work upon the dam, which with automatic gates is to hold back the incoming tide; the weirs that hold the fresh water of the river at a nearly uniform level; also the boat lock and another span of the bridge.

Possibly the test borings did not reveal all there was to know, as the contractors later found to their cost. There were living in Medford, men who remembered the building of the stone bridge and the grain elevator, who shook their heads ominously. They even ventured to remark that all might not work smoothly.

Receiving the reply that "modern engineering would be all-sufficient for this little stream," one said, "Well, well, perhaps old Larry can tell ye something ye don't know."

Just what he foretold came to pass in the construction of the coffer-dam, and their effort was fruitless. Work was suspended till, in the summer of 1908, another firm took up the work, and at last succeeded in building the coffer-dam around the first section. Work rapidly progressed on the concrete structures, and on November 3 the last plank was driven, closing the other section and turning the water's course through the lock. On November 10 a temporary gate was closed therein, and for the first time in the history of Mystic river the tides of ocean ceased to ebb and flow above Cradock bridge. Daily the fresh water accumulated above the weirs, and at tide's ebb was allowed to flow out.

For a month the level of the upper river was lower than ever known before. On the night of December 12 the gate could not be closed, and the tide-water flowed in somewhat. Ere long the work will be complete, and Medford will have one of the finest water parks, and the adjoining Menotomy valley be much improved.

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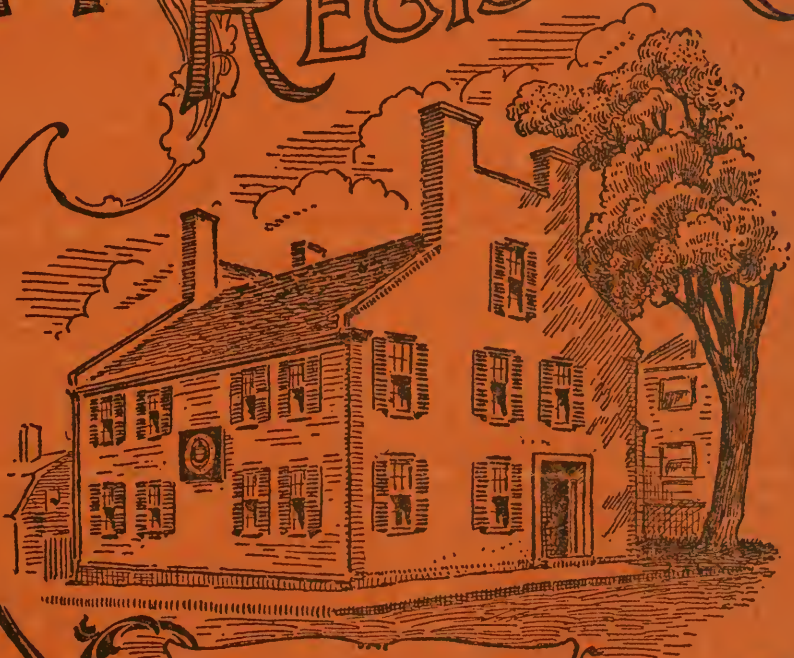
HISTORICAL REGISTER



JULY, 1909

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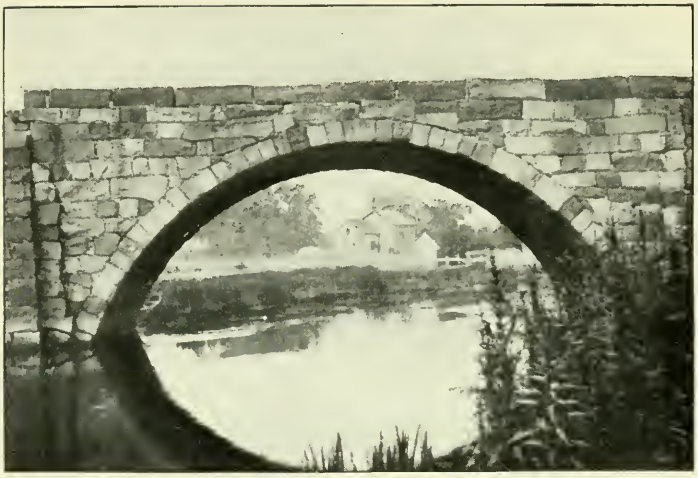
FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

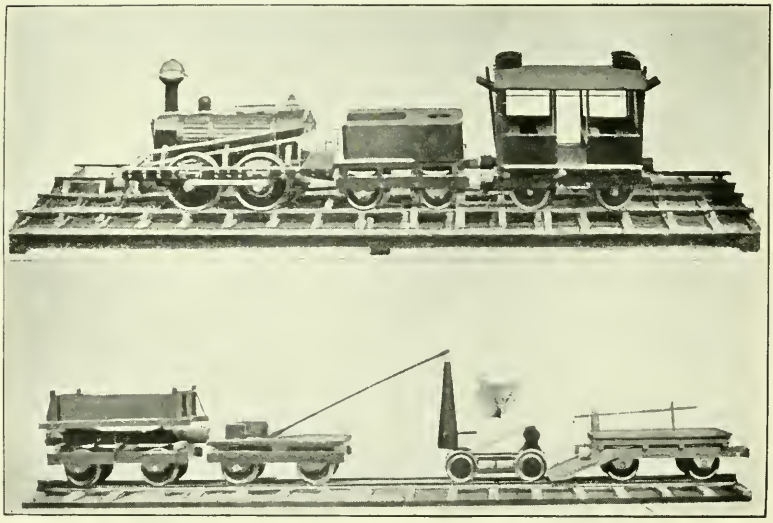
(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



Courtesy of the City Engineer.

OLD ARCH OVER MYSTIC RIVER.



Courtesy of Bostonian Society.

FIRST ENGINE AND CARS.

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A PIONEER RAILROAD AND HOW IT WAS BUILT.

BY MOSES WHITCHER MANN.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 20, 1908.]

NEAR the close of the Eighteenth Century a certain English physician (Dr. Darwin), in a burst of fancy, or was it prophecy, wrote: —

> "Soon shall thy arm unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide waving wing expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air, —
> Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
> Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
> Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
> And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

Several years ago it was my pleasure to read before this society a paper upon an "Eighteenth Century Enterprise," and to call therein especial attention to the attempt made to utilize the power of steam in dragging the slow barges along the placid waters of the Middlesex Canal in 1818–19.

Before the first steamboat had made its trips in Boston Harbor, a steam canal boat had been propelled through our ancient town of Medford.

The following season, while the steamboat *Eagle* was making her daily trips from Boston to Hingham, the same steam canal-boat, *Merrimack*, made trips from Boston to Chelmsford, and thence up the Merrimack river to Concord, N. H.

While this particular attempt was not continued as a permanent arrangement, as was then hoped it would be, it proved that the thing could be done. Under more

favorable circumstances, steam does "drag the slow barge," and the great ocean greyhounds seem not to have reached their utmost limit, either in size or fleetness.

But how about the driving of the rapid car? Did I hear some one whisper, "Automobiles now?" Well *they* belong to the Twentieth Century, though I do remember seeing a steam buggy moving along the street in 1868. A few years ago "horseless carriages" were spoken of, but now the new word is written short, *Auto.* The "rapid car" alluded to above is a Nineteeth Century product, antedating what we once knew as "horse-cars," though the first cars that became rapid were drawn by horses. Those cars were *carts.* The T was taken from the cars and eventually applied to the rails of the track the cars (or carts) moved upon, and because of its shape we speak of a T rail. As wagons or carts are drawn along on the roads, so *cars* are more rapidly moved on roads fitted with continuous lines of parallel rails, and such a road is called a rail-road. Prior to 1827 there was no railroad in Massachusetts, the first being then built from Quincy to tide water for the purpose of conveying the granite blocks of which Bunker Hill Monument is built.

Nearly seventy-three years have elapsed since the snort and neigh of the iron horse was first heard across the quiet valley of the Mystic, and a new mode of travel came into use.

The people who today hail the modern trolley car at the street corner, almost at their very doors, join in the grand scramble and push at Sullivan Square, and then good naturedly hang by a strap while squeezed into the Elevated cars for the rest of the journey to the Hub, have little idea of the Medford to Boston railroad or journey in the early '30s.

And they who ride by the Southern Division or Medford Branch trains and alight in the great dingy train-house of the North Station, with its clouds of smoke and steam and puffing locomotives of colossal size, would

note a marked contrast could they see the first steam train which rolled into the little station on Lowell street on June 24, 1835.

During the June session of 1827 (for the Legislature then met semi-annually) Gov. Levi Lincoln in his message urged that special attention be given to the subject of railroads.

This resulted in an appropriation of $250 for the survey of a route from Boston to Lowell, which latter town had then a population of 6,000.

There were then but 44 miles of completed railroad in the entire country, but 442 miles were in process of building, while 697 more were projected. Truly the fever was spreading.

The public facility for passenger transportation between Boston and Lowell in 1829 was a stage coach, going one day and returning the next. It was a three hours' ride and required an outlay of one dollar and twenty-five cents, but in the winter the charge was one dollar a passage.

The packet boats, *Gen^l Washington* and *Gov. Sullivan*, upon the Middlesex Canal for about eight months in the year carried passengers for seventy-five cents, but besides this there was a stage fare of twelve and one-half cents for less than a mile from the terminus in Charlestown and across the bridge to Boston, while at the northern end "a fourpence ha'penny" was charged for two miles when the fare was not "thrown in."

The canal's northern end was in Chelmsford, now known as Middlesex Village and part of the city of Lowell.

The canal's first cost was a half-million, and this had been supplemented by continual heavy expense for repairs, but dividends were being paid.

The Middlesex Canal had been in operation for thirty years when the railroad was chartered. The canal connected the tidewaters of Boston Harbor at Charlestown with the slow moving current of Concord river at North

Billerica by an ascent of one hundred and four feet, then descending twenty-six feet, it connected with the Merrimack, and was twenty-seven miles in length.

As three and one-half miles per hour was the fastest time made by the passenger boats, and twenty locks had to be passed through, it was an all day journey from Lowell to Boston. Besides Lowell was nearly two miles distant from the terminal at Chelmsford, and was non-existent, and not even dreamed of, when the canal was opened in 1803.

Just before this a canal had been opened for the passage of boats and rafts around the Pawtucket Falls of the Merrimack, but the opening of the Middlesex Canal as an inland and more direct route to Boston had proved somewhat disastrous to the interests of the "Proprietors of Locks and Canals," as the Pawtucket Canal Company was styled.

Its disappointments, however, were destined to come to an end. Some mill owners on the Charles river at Waltham were seeking along the banks of the Shawsheen for additional power and new facilities, when one, Ezra Worthen, remarked, "If they want water power, why don't they buy the Pawtucket Canal and get the whole force of Merrimack river?"

Strange it was that such a scheme had not dawned on people's thought sooner, and that the Merrimack had flowed on unharnessed, while the Pawtucket Canal had only served for a passage around the Falls for twenty-five years. A word to the wise was sufficient, and quietly the land along the river was acquired, then factories built and the town of Lowell came into existence, with its many and varied industries.

Much had been expected from the experiments with steam power on the canal and river, and a factory was established in Medford for the building of steamboat engines, but success was not to be in dragging "the slow barge" for two-thirds of the year by daylight. The destiny lay along the way of the "rapid car," with every

hour of every day available, in other words, along the line of the *railway*.

The growing town of Lowell, with its manufacturing industries, demanded a more rapid transit than an all-day ride and still slower transportation of goods from Boston.

As railways had been in use for some years in England, and had been built in the Middle States, a railroad was here looked upon as the solution of the problems.

The canal had been a great enterprise in its time, in fact it was the first great engineering effort to be attempted in this section, and was followed by others in various places. One was even projected through Hoosac mountain to connect with the Hudson river.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad was chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts. The petitioners were opposed by the Canal Company, who foresaw that the new enterprise would be a damaging rival and who felt that it ought not to be permitted without some redress. The testimony given and ideas advanced at that time seem singular reading today. As there was a provision in the charter allowing the erection of toll-gates at intervals, it is evident that use of horses was at first intended, and that people might travel in their own cars on its rails as they had over the old turnpike roads.

Having succeeded in obtaining a charter despite the remonstrance of the canal proprietors, the railway company secured a provision that no other railroad should be built from Boston into Lowell within a period of forty years.

As a matter of topographical necessity the railroad followed much the same route as did the canal, save that it took the latter's eastern or original survey through the valley of the Aberjona, instead of climbing the steeper grade through Woburn, though it attained a slightly higher level at North Billerica than did the canal. It is doubtful, however, if at that time it was thought possible to overcome a grade of sixty feet in one mile, as was

done a few years later when the branch to Woburn was built.

By reference to the county map, this peculiarity will be observed. The new line was true to its name, *Boston & Lowell.* The Middlesex Canal nearly traversed and was entirely within the county, hence its name. The railroad passed through the central village of no town in its entire length of twenty-five miles. Its course lay between Charlestown and Cambridge, Medford and West Cambridge, Stoneham and Woburn, Wilmington and Burlington, Tewksbury and Billerica. The traveller that journeys over it today will find the compact city of Somerville, the residential western section of Medford (that once was almost a town itself), and the beautiful suburban town of Winchester grown up on both sides of its course. Possibly his train may take him two miles over the steep grade of the Woburn branch, now extended as the Woburn loop through that city. At intervals the loop follows closely beside the still water-filled channel over which Capt. John L. Sullivan steered the steamboat *Merrimack*, ere the railroad was thought of. As a matter of fact, the grade and embankments of the long disused waterway made possible the extension of the branch railway to the village of North Woburn, as it did an electric road in Wilmington in later years.

When the old waterway was built in the closing years of the eighteenth century, the labor was performed by men mostly native hereabout, and sections of two rods each were let out to a single laborer to dig and embank. A few of these, however, were from England, and the place of their former residence was carefully entered in the superintendent's account book. Almost without exception there appears a charge to each man of a quantity of *rum*, varying from a quart down to a glass, and in some cases a little sugar. There is also the account of expense of "sett of measures" necessary for the accurate dispensing of the said rum, and while it did not take as much rum to build the canal as water to fill it, the entries

in the book are rather formidable. It may be interesting to notice that the average amount consumed was about two shillings' worth per rod.

The railroad was built more largely by foreign labor, and the amount of the "crathur" then consumed cannot be well ascertained, as the work was done under a different system. The canal passed through but few hills, but rather, around them, as seen in the "Oxbow" at Wilmington; but the railroad, though not the straightest in its course, had deep cuts in Charlestown between Prospect and Winter Hills, Walnut Tree Hill in Medford, again through the Brooks estate along the shore of Medford pond, and still again in Woburn, near what was called the Watering Station.

The material excavated in these cuts formed the embankments across marshes and places of uneven grade, and its transportation was done by oxen and horses, as there was then no rolling stock. The science of railroad building was then in its infancy, and the ideas of construction have since undergone much change.

The men of that time deemed that the construction should be of the most solid character and built accordingly. They doubtless thought to profit by the experience of the canal people, who built most of its locks and all its aqueducts at first with wood, and later replaced with stone, as the wood decayed. The railway track in order to be substantial and require little repair, was laid on ties of split granite. These were brought down from Tyngsborough on the Merrimack and through the canal on the canal boats, and delivered at convenient points along the line. Professor Dame in his article upon the canal alluded to this, styling it a case of a "corporation assisting in the preparation of its own obsequies." It did so and more, as will be seen later. There are still many persons who remember these "stone sleepers" which have been entirely removed for thirty-five years. There are very few people, however, that are aware of the construction beneath, which still lies buried there. Beneath each rail of

the outward track (which was the first one built) was laid a wall of boulder (or slate) stone, about four feet in height for the entire length of the road, making fifty miles in all. Across the tops of these walls were laid the granite ties, solid and substantial, that should never wear out or decay. *They* did not but *other things* did. Upon the ties (in which were drilled two holes near either end and these plugged with wood), were placed the iron rails of the "fish belly" type. The rails were (in section) like a letter T, the top about 2¼ inches wide and the upright section which gave support to the top varying in width, being the narrowest at the supporting points where this section rested in an iron casting called a "chair." Through two holes in each of these chairs were driven wrought iron spikes into the wooden plugs of the stone ties. Railroads had been built ere this with strap iron spiked on timber rails, the effect of the rolling wheels on the top side of the iron was to curve the same and loosen it also; and an unpleasant feature of primitive railway travel was the "snake's head," or end of a loosened rail punching through the floor of the car, to the passengers' discomfort not to say danger of impalement.

The stone ties were about eight feet long and a foot wide; generally nine or ten inches in thickness, and were roughly split and slightly dressed, to receive the base of the iron chairs. One of these may be seen in Woodbrook Cemetery in Woburn, with a section of one of the original rails and chair bolted upon it. It marks the grave of Waterman Brown, who was employed in the construction of the railway, was later an employee of the company and lost an arm in its service, and ever afterward was continued in its employ. Being a man of natural gifts and a close observer of mechanical matters, he constructed a set of models of the first engines, cars (both passenger and freight), a pile driver with its tread mill for hoisting the hammer, and other railroad appliances, which is a most instructive exhibit of the early days of railroad enterprise in Massachusetts.

A pile bridge carried the rails across Charles river. Miller's river in East Cambridge, and Mystic river between Charlestown and Medford; while granite abutments that still remain buried in the embankment, carried the track at an elevation of nine feet above the water in the canal in the western corner of Medford, adjoining the crooked corner of then Charlestown.* Similar bridges were built where other streams were crossed, and this pioneer railroad was ready for the rolling stock and its opening for public use.

In planning the enterprise it was expected that the road when graded and laid with a single track would cost $168,000, or if with double tracks $320,000. It was very soon found that the cost of construction had been underestimated and one thousand shares of stock at $500 per share were placed on the market. But three hundred and fifty of these were disposed of when the sale stopped, and a little later the corporation came under the control of men who were the "Proprietors of Locks and Canals" at Lowell. By them the road was slowly but surely carried to completion, and it was then found to have cost $1,800,000, or almost eleven times the original estimate. When completed the Pawtucket Canal Company was at the fore. Its day of triumph over its long time rival, the Middlesex Canal, was at hand. The eventful day came at last, thirty-three years later than the canal opening, a new generation of people to serve and be served, and the first steam train of passenger cars set out and passed over the railroad from Lowell to Boston on Wednesday, June 24, 1835. This direction may seem singular but the writer has the statement from an eye-witness.

The engine was built in England and was there purchased. The writer is informed by credible evidence that it was shipped from Boston, — via the canal to Lowell.

* As a matter of record and because of the changes being made at the present time by the Metropolitan Park Commission be it noted that the canal's location was northerly thirty paces from the five mile post. By their recent change in the course of the river the boundary line between Medford and present Somerville (hitherto apparent) may only be found by survey.

By a casual but fortunate meeting with a grandson of one of the men who there assembled the various parts and got that engine in working order, the writer is also in possession of an interesting pamphlet in relation to the same that gives an authentic account of the difficulties experienced. No plans or working drawings came with the engine, and nothing to indicate their proper location, except some figures in red paint. None of the workmen had ever seen anything of the kind in operation, or otherwise; and learning that somewhere on a short completed *section* of the Worcester railroad there was one in working order, they went to see the novelty. Arriving there, they found it jealously guarded and any nearer approach thereto forbidden. Nothing daunted however they returned to Lowell and set about their task anew. Frequently they found that parts which fitted together apparently, required to be taken apart that some other might be properly adjusted; but they at last succeeded, and the engine was ready for duty.

It was the writer's opportunity to ride over the Elevated structure in Boston on the day of its opening, to be one of the crowd that taxed its capacity to full extent and to preserve one of the Boston dailies containing an account of the same. What would those Lowell railroaders say to the modern opening? This is what, and all, the *Boston Advertiser and Patriot* of June 24, 1835, said of that one.

"It will be perceived by the advertisement of the company, that the cars are to commence their regular trips on this route for the accommodation of passengers to day" —

The advertisement dated June 27, was not printed till June 29, and was as follows.

"Boston and Lowell Rail Road.

The cars will continue to run till further notice, as at present, viz.

Leave Lowell at 6 A.M. and at 2½ P.M.
Leave Boston at 9 A.M. and at 5½ P.M.

No Baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each 40 lbs.

As soon as burthen cars can be provided, notice will be given for the transportation of merchandise.

Tickets may be had at the depot corner of Leverett and Brighton Streets. Price $1. each.

GEO. M. DEXTER. Agent.

BOSTON, June 27, 1835."

On June 23 appeared an item in the same paper that is of interest.

"Lowell Railroad. The mail was brought from Lowell today for the first time on the railroad—time, one hour and a quarter. To-morrow the cars commence running for the public accommodation, making two trips a day from each terminus."

By the above extract it will be seen that freight cars were not then ready, and the stories that used to be told were to the effect that but a limited number were expected to be necessary for quite a term of years.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we find recorded in the evening *Transcript* of June 25th, the next day after the railway's opening, the following.

"ACCIDENT. A young man, by the name of David Danforth, about 22 years of age, was killed on the railroad this afternoon, about 4 miles from this town. The locomotive, *Patrick*, manufactured [assembled] in this town and just put on the road, with a train of cars, was returning from Boston, Mr. Danforth standing on one of them, his head struck against a bridge over the road with such force as to kill him almost instantly.

Lowell Courier."

Soon after the opening of the road for business a second track was begun. The method of construction for a few miles probably at the Boston end was the same as before. Then the building of the stone walls was discontinued as it was found that they were too rigid and unyielding, and later still the use of granite ties or sleepers was discarded, as these proved unsatisfactory, wearing the rails from beneath much as did the passage of the wheels above. Thus it proved that the less durable material, wood, with which the granite was gradually replaced, proved the better. This latter, however, was a process of years.

A second engine was imported from England, and set up as was the first, but with much less difficulty, and was placed in charge of the workman who prepared it for use. This was little to the liking of the English engineer who was in charge of the first "locomotive," and who was anxious to bring over from England one "who was competent." He foresaw only trouble and disaster should it continue in such inexperienced hands. And sure enough the grim prophecies were realized in due time. With many "I told you so"s the imported engineer repaired the difficulty, adroitly concealing the real trouble and process of repair by various useless maneuvers. The difficulties becoming chronic, the suspicions of the Yankee engineer were aroused. Concealing himself in the engine house over night, he saw enough to warrant all his suspicion. As usual his associate repaired the difficulty, and commented on the folly of entrusting such an intricate machine to unskilled hands. A little later *two* men witnessed the night tampering, and the next day and thereafter there was a different man in charge of the *first* locomotive and the former engineer was in search of a situation. In a few years good locomotives were built in the Lowell machine shops, a vast improvement over those imported, whose cylinders lacked three-eighths of an inch of being circular in form.

Those first imported locomotives would contrast queerly with the great steel monsters that thunder along the tracks today and whose boilers are entirely above the driving wheels. Equally great would be the contrast the cars would present both in size and design, while style of finish and convenience is hardly to be compared. The first engines had no cabs to shelter the engineer or fireman. After a time a sash or framework with glass was placed before them, which was some protection from the draught formed by the rapid movement of the engine.

The fuel burned was wood (mostly pine), and the tender or watertank attached, though piled high at the start had to be replenished on the way with both wood and water.

Consequently the station at Woburn (now known as Walnut Hill) was for years called "Woburn Watering Station." Great sheds 40 x 100 ft. were then located on either side the tracks and filled with cord wood sawed "twice in two" by horse power machines; while in the hill above was a great cistern from which the water was supplied to the engine tank.

The original engine is said to have been given (in England) the name of the noted English engineer Stephenson. It somehow acquired the nickname (from people along the route) of *John Bull*. The second was named *Patrick* in honor of the president of the road, Patrick T. Jackson. The proposition to call it *Jackson* did not meet with favor from the Whig proprietors, as "Old Hickory" had a more than local reputation, so *Patrick* it was, as a compromise.

It was the custom of those days and is still in some sections to name an engine, as now are the Pullman cars, warships, and merchant vessels. In this nomenclature all sources were drawn upon. The officers and prominent men of the corporation were remembered, and *Patrick*, *Whistler*, *McNeill*, *Jesse Bowers*, *Wm. Sturgis*, *Daniel Abbott*, *Higginson* and *Storrow*, shared honors with the Indian chiefs *Paugus* and *Pennichuck*. Sentiment found expression in a *Factory Girl*, *Sailor Boy*, and *Leader*. The counties of *Suffolk*, *Essex* and *Middlesex*, all the towns along the line as well as the terminal cities were each represented. The Bible furnished the names of *Goliath* and *Samson* and heathen mythology was laid under tribute, furnishing *Hector*, *Ajax*, *Vulcan*, *Mercury*, *Mars*, *Vesta*, *Hercules*. Count *Rumford* had a namesake, also the Peruvian hero *Rolla*. The bird of freedom was n't forgotten for there was an *Eagle* as also a *Lion*, *Tiger* and *Leopard*. A whole menagerie.

Of course it will be understood that these enumerated were added as the years passed and business increased. Some were of a type now disused, called inside connection; *i. e.*, the cylinders were close together under the

front end of the boiler, and these required a cranked axle for the forward pair of driving wheels. Nearly all were resplendent with a wealth of brass work which made the fireman's position one of strenuous work to keep up the shine.

Till the use of coal for fuel began, all had immense conical smoke-stacks, some four feet in diameter at the top, and most all had an iron rail extending from the cab around the entire machine, so that in passing around, the engine-men might not fall overboard.

By 1850 the engines were all provided with cabs for their occupants' shelter from storm. The method of water supply was by a force-pump that derived its power from the motion of the engine, and this method was in use as late as 1865.

Not till about 1857 was coal used for fuel; it did not come into exclusive use on this road till ten years later, and with its adoption the smoke-stacks were changed in form and decreased in size.

The cars were of first and second class, and were entered through doors at their sides. After a time the second class cars had a compartment for baggage and express parcels. In this class the seats were fixed back to back, half facing each way, and there were no cushions. Those of the first class were entered as now at the end from a platform, and had a slightly curved roof and were high enough for a man to stand upright in if he was n't too tall or did not wear a stove-pipe hat. They were very well lighted, as the sides were mostly windows of small panes of glass that rattled merrily. The seats were arranged in the present manner and were upholstered in black haircloth. Sheet-iron stoves of the kind known as air-tight, placed at the middle of one side, *heated* the portion nearest them, warmed more remote parts, while the ends of the cars partook of the outdoor temperature. Ill-smelling lamps, that burned sperm or whale oil, made the darkness visible when night came on apace. This description applies to cars in use from '52 to '65 approximately.

The writer has seen a few of the earlier cars, probably of the second type, in use. When discarded they were sold or parcelled out among employees of the road to be used by them for various purposes: woodsheds, hen-houses, children's playhouses, and the like (minus wheels, however). They resembled very much the old style street cars and omnibuses, except that the doors were at the sides. Old pictures show the "first steam train in America" on the Mohawk Valley Railroad with stage coach bodies mounted on a frame and wheels, adapted to the rails.

The first type of car in use on the Boston & Lowell was a box-like structure with a seat on, or rather in, the roof, with a projecting platform or foot-board just below, and these at either end. To these the brakemen and conductor climbed in all kinds of weather and operated the brake in stopping, by means of a long lever. The sills of the car projected somewhat at each corner and were padded with leather, and a short chain of three links coupled the cars of the train together. As these made trips only by daylight there were probably no lamps, and they were probably discarded for the second type before 1850, and perhaps earlier.

By the time the third type came in use it was the correct style to have the words "Lowell" or "Woburn Branch" in metallic letters about a foot high on each side the car above the windows.

The Boston terminal was at the foot of Lowell street and there continued till late in the '50s. The writer's first knowledge of it was in '53, and just before the departure of a train an employee would shout "Ca-a-a-rs ready for" and enumerate the various stops to be made. Later there was a bell rung instead.

At Woburn Center (the branch was opened with one train each way daily on December 30, '44), that being a terminal, there was a bell in a little cupola on the roof. This was rung for three minutes, beginning fifteen minutes before the time of the train's departure. This was attended to by the station agent or brakeman.

At the time of starting the conductor would be at the bell rope with watch in hand and solemnly toll with measured strokes for two minutes. When the second hand "got on the dot" he would give the rope a special pull that the bell had a special way of responding to, and shout "All aboard" and the train would pull out.

It was somewhat amusing to the writer to see the latest comers rush into the station at the last instant and scurry aboard the cars often when well under way. It was n't so funny however for himself to run with one of those two story dinner pails as he sometimes did for forty rods, hoping the bell would continue to toll; and perchance be left behind to wait an hour for the next train.

Medford residents of those days will recall the ringing of the bell on the Medford Branch depot by the ticket seller, who dealt out tickets and made change to the late comers; and there were late ones in Medford as well as Woburn. The writer remembers watching from the car window in Winchester some of these dilatory ones, one of whom was generally buttoning on his dickey and one morning was in his stockings with his boots hanging over his arm,—but he got there.

The tickets sold by the station agents on the Lowell road were a curiosity. Of stout card board of different colors; on one side the name of station, on the other a series of hieroglyphics resembling Chinese characters. This last was the brilliant idea of one of the railroad officers to prevent their being counterfeited. The conductor was supposed to know everybody and discriminate at once between transients and season ticket holders. The latter were allowed one passage each way daily, but the rule was not rigidly enforced.

The stations in our city were known as "Medford Steps" and "Medford Gates." There are as many steps at the former now as then, perhaps more, but for over twenty years it has been known as Medford Hillside. The "Gates" has been West Medford for more than fifty years. The name was appropriate however.

At all grade crossings were placed huge posts with a broad sign board spanning the street, bearing the legend, "Railroad crossing, look out for the engine while the bell rings." As everything was of substantial character the letters were of iron, and once painted black. Sometimes a screw had loosened and an iron letter was missing, or hung dangling aloft, a menace to the passers beneath.

The gates were on both sides the track and when opened after passage of a train barred entrance to the tracks. After a time they were removed and a flagman stationed at some crossings while others were left unprotected. The present form of gate now so universally used was installed in 1878, and everybody knows "faithful Mike" at the High street crossing.

Though the first bridges across streams were of wood, they ere long were replaced by stone, and the old arch over the Mystic was a notable one. During the past year it has wholly disappeared from view, but it still remains intact, — there is nothing lost when we know where it is— but X rays will not reveal it. It is completely buried, — enveloped, entombed as it were — in the new, wider and smaller arched structure of modern reinforced concrete over which the heavy traffic of today rolls along; and is there to stay. A similar treatment of concrete has been applied to the "six arch bridge" across Concord river.

Soon after the railroad was built, some one evidently impressed with the importance of the locality and the engineering feats there accomplished, painted a picture and labelled it as well (and it was well that it was labelled) "Junction of Canal, Railroad & River in Medford."

Some allowance must be made for the artist's flights of fancy, while we respect the motive that prompted the effort, and we may well be thankful that the modern camera preserves beyond question the appearance of modern structures. At this same point the railroad has just been raised some four feet higher, and a fine concrete arch is now completed, under which will be built the Mystic Boulevard.

In Medford, (then) at the crossing of the Aberjona, was an arch of stone which in '52 was destroyed by the ice-jam of a spring freshet which formed against the massive granite aqueduct of the canal. The rising flood lifted the arch, loosening the keystones, and allowing the whole to fall just after a train had passed safely over.

Two arches of dressed granite carried Central street in Somerville and Salem street in Woburn over the railroad. The latter is just north from the Walnut Hill (or watering) station, and is of the style known as the return arch. The former was a segmental arch springing from perpendicular abutments, and was some twenty years ago removed, and replaced by a modern steel structure.

In the early days these and all over-head bridges were sources of great danger to the employees (as witness the fatality of June 25, '35). Modern ingenuity forty years ago devised a simple and effective safeguard in the shape of a rod pointing over the track, which hits the endangered one a warning tap ere the bridge is reached.

With increasing traffic have come larger and stronger engines, larger and more convenient cars, with heavier and longer rails of steel; then the appliances of safety — of automatic brakes and block signals.

I have endeavored to write something of our first railroad and how it was built. To some of us it doubtless seems as if the road was always here, but there are still some in our city who remember its earliest days, for it is but seventy-three years old. There are possibly more that can remember riding in the "rapid car" while (not steam but) horses dragged "the slow barge" along the canal by its side in various places. For seventeen years this was kept up, for the canal company put up a plucky fight, but steam finally won. But for the monopoly secured to the railroad by the forty-year clause in its charter, it would have been possible for the canal proprietors to have laid rails on their embankments and proved whether there was truth in the saying, that competition is the life of trade—or no. After the expiration

of those years, the Boston & Maine laid a track from their line into Lowell; and not to be outdone the Boston & Lowell built also a branch from their Wilmington station into the city of Lawrence. These branches though a convenience to the public, detract but little from the direct stream of travel and business along the original lines. I can myself recall seeing the last of the canal boats, earlier than my memory of the railway cars. Even as late as 1879, I can remember seeing the slowly decaying wood work of the Shawsheen and Maple Meadow aqueducts during my rides to and from Lowell.

This paper has been written at the canal's "landing number four," and during its preparation, cars have thundered by on the high embankment behind my dwelling in a way which that English engineer little dreamed of. In front, where once the canal boats were floated in the aqueduct twenty feet above the river, the largest cars of the Boston Elevated rush along by the electric current, each one carrying as many as a whole train drawn by the *Patrick* in 1835.

The site of the "landing" is covered thickly with dwellings to the north, while southward is the shining Mystic. But in the march of improvement even the natural features change. Before the snows of another winter shall have covered the brown marshes, the pulsating tides will have overflown them their last, and by another spring time Capt. Sullivan's dream in 1819 of river navigation, after ninety years will have come to pass. Steam you ask? Possibly, but more likely gasoline or electricity. Dr. Darwin wrote of "flying chariots in fields of air" and the artist of 1835 alluded to, had in that picture a balloon. The realization of those I willingly leave to the people of the future. Terra firma is good enough for me. There are possibilities in air-ships and submarine boats, however. Perhaps the Historical Society fifty years (or less) hence may consider them.

WATER WORKS, ANCIENT BUT NOT PUBLIC.

IN the April issue of the REGISTER allusion was made to the water from a spring on Pasture Hill being brought underground to the distillery on old Ship street. A few days since, in digging for the laying of gas pipes, several sections of that ancient aqueduct were removed. Though long disused they are in an excellent state of preservation. They are of spruce wood, ten inches in diameter, a dozen feet long, the two and one-half inch hole in the center through which the water flowed having been bored by hand labor with the old-time "pump auger." This last would seem a strange tool to present day mechanics and was one requiring skill as well as strength to operate. The method of joining was simple. One end of the pump log (so called) was smoothly tapered, much as a pencil is sharpened, and the bore in the end of the next slightly enlarged, while to prevent cleavage when driven together, a stout iron band was first driven on the outer surface. A section cut from one of these reveals the growth of forty years, beside that of the bore, probably fifteen more. Doubtless the trees had taken root, perhaps in Medford soil, in "colony days when we were under the king."

The finding of these and preservation of a specimen through the thoughtfulness and interest of Miss Eliza M. Gill (who made the allusion referred to) is a way mark in Medford history worthy of note.

A sizable specimen is added to the Society's collection as well as to those of people interested in old, historic Medford.

AN OLD MEDFORD ADVERTISEMENT.

AMONG the curios and relics in the Society's rooms is one that bears on the business activity of the old town. It is a little printed circular, now nearly seventy years old, and its border of geometrical design also clearly indicates a date of long ago. Besides, the

advertiser was a woman, and one who only asked a just recognition in business. It is a curiosity, not only from a typographical point of view, but from the method of its announcement and enumeration.

MRS. A. B. MASON

Takes this method to inform her friends and the public that she has taken a Store at Medford, and offers for sale a good assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, comprising [almost*] every article usually called for in that line; and solicits a share of patronage, proportionate to her endeavors to please.

Among her assortment she would enumerate the following

Hyson, Young Hyson, Souchong and Pouchong Teas,
Flour, Raisins, Almonds, Figs and Goshen Cheese;
Molasses, Coffee, Cocoa, ground and unground Rice,
Ginger, Cloves, Nutmegs, Cassia and Jamaica Spice.
Sugars of all kinds, and better you will seldom see,
Made by black and white, by labor bond and free—
Entry Mats large and small, the produce of Manilla
Soap of [all*] kinds made from tallow and barilla—
Choice Butter just from the land of steady habits,
By tub or single pound just as you please to have it—
Lemons fresh from Sicily, and as you and I know,
Far better than those from the Island of Palermo—
Oranges too, and whether you want few or many,
Be sure and take those from the Isle Messina—
Brushes, Straps and Razors to smooth the prickly chin,
Oil to slick the hair, and Lavender to polish down the skin;
Brushes 'to shine de boot, to slick de coat and friz de hair,'
And French Cologne to make the face and neck look fair;
Sponge, Paste, and Day & Martin's Blacking,
To improve the shoe and keep the vamp from cracking.

The smallest favor received with grateful thanks,
And bills received in payment on all the solvent banks;
If you please to purchase, or favor with a call,
Stop at the NEW STORE, between the CHURCH and VILLAGE HALL.

April 18, 1840.

*Blunderhead.

We notice that the "peculiar institution" of slavery then existed; also that the national banking system was

not then established. While not a little of geography is in evidence, the writer of this old time notice little dreamed that "produce of Manilla" would ever grow beneath our national flag, or that Florida oranges would be preferred to those of "Isle Messina."

Tonsorial artists and shoe-shine parlors are not mentioned by this Medford grocerywoman, yet she carried the stock in trade of both; and though not a bachelor lady, knew all about tea, giving a good assortment first place and mention. Her modesty of claim to full stock is also shown. Inserted by pen and ink is the word "almost," before the words "every article." Was it the printer that omitted "all" in the line on soap? That was also written in, and both have an asterisk referring to a foot-note, also written, thus, * Blunderhead.

We may ask, Who blundered? Was it a frank admission on the part of the writer, or a caustic criticism on the printer?

The location of the "new store" was the site of the present Odd Fellows Building; but again we query, was the building itself new, or only the business adventure of Mrs. Mason the new store? As to this we get no reply from our oldest residents, but there are some who remember the store in some later years, when as school children they bought their books, slates and pencils there. They also recall that Mr. Mason "tended store" and was a man of some peculiarities, contrasting somewhat with "her endeavors to please."

We also notice CHURCH, instead of meeting-house, and that the town-house built the previous year was Village Hall, a name that didn't stick even in the old town days; but now the glory of fresh paint and new golden letters proclaim to all passers, CITY HALL.

This was the surest way of advertising twenty-seven years prior to the first attempt at a local paper in Medford, but not all advertisers ventured in rhyme as did Mrs. Mason.

THE OLD SHIPYARD.

In the days when the sea was old
And the builders lithe and young,
From timber that gleamed like gold
This carpet of chips was flung.
Here rested the noble ships —
Keel, frame, and towering spar,
And where the horizon dips
They sailed and vanished afar.

The ships are ghosts of gray,
Or shattered on reef or shore;
The rent wharf wastes away,
And the axes ring no more.
But the old men gather still
And talk in the shipyard tongue
Of the past — forever real;
And the sea — forever young.

— In *Youths Companion*, Jan. 30, '08.

The above is inserted in the REGISTER as a memorial to the Medford industry that was at its best in the '40s and vanished entirely in '73.

Only here and there "the old men gather still" to tell of the old days. The remains of the old wharves are gone by the improvement of the river. Even the sea in its perennial youth is crowded back; in part the river has taken on a new form.

With this has come a new industry — the building of motor boats. For a few years boat builders have occupied the old tide mill, and a modern structure of brick near by will soon be used by another firm. Here and there along the river individuals are building their own craft for use on the lakes and the new Mystic now nearing completion.

MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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Vol. XII.] [No. 4.

HISTORICAL REGISTER

OCTOBER, 1909

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MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Medford Historical Society, in the city of Medford, Mass., the sum of _____ Dollars for the general use and purposes of said Society.

(Signed) _____

J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.

Rev. Caleb Stetson.
Rev. Theodore Tebbetts.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH (UNITARIAN).

Rev. Andrew Bigelow.
Rev. Henry C. DeLong.

The Medford Historical Register.

Vol. XII. OCTOBER, 1909. No. 4.

THE FIRST PARISH IN MEDFORD.

By Rev. Henry C. DeLong.

[Address read to the Medford Historical Society, February 17, 1909.]

THE First Parish in Medford, the first religious society in the town, was the direct and legal successor of the town church. Rev. David Osgood, D.D., died in 1822, after a ministry of forty-eight years. In March, 1823, Rev. Andrew Bigelow was engaged to preach as a candidate, and on May 5 the town invited him to become its minister at a salary of $800 per annum. The vote by which he was chosen was 95 in favor to 70 against him. It is interesting to note that in the vote of the church there was more unanimity, 20 voting for him to three against him. On June 14, Mr. Bigelow accepted the call, approving of the clause the town had inserted in it, and never before existing, that the connection could be dissolved by either party by giving six months' notice, a rule which has since continued whenever a minister was chosen. July 9, the ecclesiastical council, invited by the church and town, met to install Mr. Bigelow as pastor. Some names of clergymen composing the council are worthy of remembrance as indicating the weight of influence on the liberal side of the old Congregational order, as it was then known and spoken of. They are President Kirkland of Harvard College, Dr. Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Charles Lowell, of Boston, father of James Russell Lowell, and himself a man of note in his day as pastor of the West Church, Rev. Francis Parkman, Rev. James Walker of Charlestown, afterward President of Harvard College, and Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown, brother of Lydia Maria Child, subsequently

a professor in the Divinity School of Harvard College. His first Sunday as a legal minister of the town was July 13, 1823. But the narrow majority of 25 was a clear indication of much dissatisfaction at his choice, like the rote of the sea which foretells a storm. Mr. Bigelow was known to belong to the school of thought in Congregationalism which was called Liberal, and by this time, owing to Channing's outspoken word at Baltimore, and to the drift of events in many an ancient parish, the word was known to be a mild way of saying he was a Unitarian. It was because this was understood that there was so strong a minority against him in the vote that elected him as pastor. Of this he was fully informed, which leads him to say in his acceptance of the call in a letter to the town, "After a painful view of the subject, and a strong internal conflict my conclusion is to accept the invitation." In the time that elapsed between his call in May and his installation in July, there was sufficient opportunity in a small community, which Medford then was, for a pretty full expression of opinion, for which small communities have a special aptitude. Mr. Bigelow was cognizant of this; the diminished attendance at church after his call clearly indicating that something would happen. How well he knew it is evidenced by a quaint letter written Monday, July 14, 1823, after his first Sunday as pastor. A copy of this letter is preserved by the church, but to whom written is not known, the name which was first written in having been erased on second thought of the copyist. An extract from the letter will be of interest:—

"You may have heard of the good ship *Medford* which has accomplished many adventurous and successful voyages, and which is now abroad on some gainful traffic. Yesterday a statelier vessel freighted with far richer cargo, and bound on an eventful but dubious voyage, set sail under the command of your humble servant bound for Jerusalem, but not to the city which sits solitary and in sackcloth amid the desolations of a land once fair as the garden of the Lord, but to 'Jerusalem which is above and free, the mother of us all.' The ship which I sail was constructed by no modern architect. She was built by hands that long ago moldered into dust: and she has

since outrode the tides of four successive generations. Woodbridge and Porter, and Turell and Osgood have each at intervals commanded her,— the last a navigator of preeminent experience. Since his recall, this gallant bark was suffered to lie for a season amid conflicting currents, the sport of winds and waves, and the injuries she sustained, there is reason to fear will never be effectually repaired. After a partial refitting she was commissioned anew and entrusted to my charge. Wednesday, the 9th inst. was appointed for the issuing of instructions. Two or three veteran pilots attended by as many more younger assistants came on board to aid her in passing the channel. The vessel under their conduct moved majestically from her moorings and floated to the offing, where she continued to ride without accident for the three following days. Precisely at half past two of yesterday, the signal was given, the anchor weighed, and with a fair breeze she stood out into the blue main. It is difficult to say whether she will prove a fast sailor. I wish I could be assured of the soundness of her bottom, the more, doubtless, when I reflect on the preciousness of her lading,— souls, inestimable souls, from which a revenue is destined for the King of Kings. I am to navigate rough and uncertain seas. Rocks there are — sunken and treacherous; here a shoal may threaten: anon some dangerous strait must be passed, and it will be well if I escape extreme disaster from the fury of many winds, popularly called 'doctrinal,' which have of late prevailed. Aside too from dangers that menace from without, there are others that must be looked to, within. Symptoms of disaffection to my authority have already been detected. What measures will be adopted I am unable to say; if they will stop short of open mutiny, it will be more than I can anticipate. They talk, indeed, of constructing a launch and putting off for themselves,— a measure which I would gladly aid them in executing, for a company of 1500 is too numerous to sail with advantage in any single hull; and I greatly fear that this it is which gives crankiness to mine and disables her trim."

The letter concludes with an account of the instructions he gave to his crew upon the rights of the commander, and their duties, ending by saying that he hopes to reach the Cape of Good Hope, whence he will sail over a smooth and pacific sea.

With a quaintness peculiar to him, Mr. Bigelow forecasts what soon happened, for the next month after his settlement a letter was sent to the First Church asking a dismission, for the purpose of forming a second church, by seventeen members, and several more subsequently

joined them. The reason is frankly given, "that differing as we do in our views of the essential doctrines of the gospel from what we believe to be the views and preaching of Rev. Mr. Bigelow, it becomes our painful duty to separate ourselves from the fellowship and communion of the church with which we now stand connected, for the purpose of forming ourselves in a regular manner into a new and separate church." To this letter a reply was made whose spirit was above reproach. It was a serious step about to be taken, which involved the rupture of the ancient parish, and the church would have been less than human if it had not dwelt upon the consequences that must follow, and endeavored to persuade the disaffected brethren from the course proposed. But there was no recrimination, and they were finally dismissed with the friendly words, "Permit us to assure you, whether in union with, or separated from us, that we shall ever cherish an affectionate solicitude for your spiritual and immortal welfare. We wish you grace, mercy, and peace from our common Lord. It is our heart's desire that whatever new relations you may form, you may be edified therein, and may be built up in the most holy faith; and we implore of the Lord that both we and you, and all His people may glorify Him in that holiness which becomes His house forever."

In May, 1824, the First Parish was formed, independent of town support. From July, 1823, to May, 1824, Mr. Bigelow was paid by the town, after that date Unitarianism ceased to be the State religion in Medford; thus relinquishing a right which, though modified, legally continued till 1833, when all churches in the Commonwealth became dependent on their members for support. After the First Parish was legally constituted, and it was possessed of the property belonging to it by decisions of the highest court in like cases, viz: the meeting house, the land belonging to it, church plate, and records, there was an issue made between the selectmen of the town and the First Parish, which, since it was argued before the

Supreme Court, was probably a test case for which there was no precedent.

Until 1826 the town, as formerly, had used the meeting-house for town meetings, but in this year the committee of the parish addressed a letter to the selectmen, stating that since the division of the town into parishes the meeting-house could not be used for town meetings without an arrangement for that purpose with the First Parish. The selectmen maintained their right to the use of the meeting-house, and informed the committee of the parish that on the 17th of May a town meeting would be held in the meeting-house, pursuant to a warrant for that purpose, to choose representatives to the General Court. The meeting-house was closed by the order of the parish committee, and one Thomas Pratt opened and entered it for the transaction of the business of the meeting. The parish committee then brought suit against him for trespass, and on trial the chief-justice maintained the right in law of the parish to the undivided control of its property.

The division of the parish at the opening of Mr. Bigelow's ministry was wholly independent of him. It may have had much to do with his brief ministry of less than four years. Mr. Bigelow was well known, having spent his later youth here. His father, Hon. Timothy Bigelow, a lawyer of eminence, came to Medford in 1808, and as his son Andrew afterward became the minister of the town, it was an instance of a prophet having honor in his own country. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1814, studied theology there, and subsequently in Edinburgh. Two previous ministries were in Eastport, Maine, and in Gloucester, Mass. He was a man of scholarly tastes and pursuits, rather fond of classical quotations in his sermons. His library, inherited in part from his father, contained books in many languages, showing especially his fondness for classical learning. His reputation as a preacher could not have been great, as after a brief ministry in Washington and Taunton, he became associated with the Boston Benevolent Fraternity of

Churches, living in Boston afterward on the comfortable property inherited from his father. He was a wide traveller and published two volumes of his travels in the East.

Mr. Caleb Stetson, a graduate of Harvard College, was unanimously chosen as the successor of Mr. Bigelow, in January, 1827, and was ordained to the ministry over this church and parish in February. His service covered a period of twenty-one years, ending in 1848. Personally he was a delightful man, easy in conversation, friendly in spirit, and of ready humor which flashed on all appropriate occasions. His brethren in the ministry were wont to say he was the life of every social hour, but events were happening during his ministry that were very disturbing. The agitation against slavery was growing to whiter heat; the temperance reform was stirring community against the indifference, apathy, and the prevailing social customs as to the use of intoxicating drink, and into these causes Mr. Stetson threw himself with full heart. On both of them public sentiment here was much divided, probably the majority of his parish would have preferred that they should be let alone. But Mr. Stetson could not let them alone. He preached upon them, he prayed about them, and as a result there were many people in his church who did not find his ministrations altogether edifying. As a preacher Mr. Stetson was probably at his best in discourses that touched upon the great sentiments of religion, the love of God being preeminent. Such sermons of his as I have seen are strongest in this quality. His personality, too, was impressive, he was a favorite preacher at Harvard College. His influence was long felt in this community; years after his ministry here ceased many who had known and loved him confessed their regard and affection.

It was a little strange that since the prophet-character of Mr. Stetson had been the cause of his resigning from the parish, that such a hero as John Pierpont, scarred by his war with Hollis Street Church in Boston, should have been the one on whom his mantle fell. It fell on him how-

ever by a very narrow chance, for at the meeting of the parish called to choose a minister in 1849, there were 25 votes in his favor and 24 against him. A committee was appointed to communicate with Mr. Pierpont, but before doing so a paper was presented to the legal voters in the parish who were not present at the meeting when the call was extended to him, with the result that 71 were in his favor to 21 opposed, and at a parish meeting, held June 25, 1849, the call was renewed by a large vote. Mr. Pierpont accepted the call, but before he had taken up his residence here the minority in the parish had gathered their forces, and at a subsequent meeting, July 9, 1849, passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that in view of the history of this parish, its present condition and its future prospects, it is regarded as inexpedient and hazardous to our best interests as a Christian church, for our pastor to preach any political abolition sermons or discourses in the pulpit on the Sabbath." There were then two distinct organizations of church and parish, and as the church could be sooner called together, on July 15 a meeting was held, when Abner Bartlett, one of the most respected members of the church and parish, presented this counter resolution, "Resolved, as the sense of this church, that its truest welfare will be best secured by leaving the pulpit under the control of the pastor for the time being, without the interference of the parish in any way, other than as may be stipulated in the terms of his settlement." This resolution was deferred a week, when the church again met for its consideration. There is still preserved a letter written by Misses Mary and Lucy Osgood, daughters of Rev. David Osgood, in protest against the act of the parish at its meeting July 9th, in which they say that they wish to express the astonishment and concern with which that resolution has inspired them. After defending the memory of their father "who was distinguished through his long ministry for the freedom and fearlessness with which upon the Sabbath, as well as at other times, he discussed in the pulpit every political subject at all

connected with the cause of morality and religion," they conclude, "Contrary to the assertion in the resolution, the history of this ancient church and society abundantly proves that opposition and resistance to all tyranny and oppression were formerly deemed duties most worthy to be enforced from the pulpit, and it is fervently hoped that an earnest protest from each of the present members of the church will refute the declaration now made, that such a course is to be regarded as inexpedient and hazardous to our best interests as a Christian church." This meeting of the church unanimously passed Mr. Bartlett's counter resolution, and on the 23d of July, at a parish meeting called for that purpose, the original resolution restricting the freedom of the pulpit was unanimously rescinded. Mr. Pierpont's ministry began August 1, 1849, and continued till 1856, much broken into by his frequent absences on lecturing tours, and the parish did not improve under his care. He is too well known to make fitting any description of him. He holds some rank in our literature as a poet, but will be long remembered for his character as a prophet. But the prophet never has a comfortable time. Neither individuals nor nations altogether enjoy having their sins pointed out. It was a long war he had with the Hollis Street Church, in which he won the victory. As a preacher he was a man of commanding presence, with gifts of oratory that made him widely known. His voice was rich, and finely modulated, and there are those still living who in their youth remember his reading of hymns and scripture as something that uplifted them.

He was followed in 1857 by Rev. Theodore Tebbetts, under whose care the church and parish seemed entering upon brighter prospects. But ill-health, which had forced him to resign his work at Lowell, returned after about two years of his ministry here, though he continued as minister till July, 1860. His was a name I often heard when I first came to the parish. He was deeply and tenderly beloved. The parish was very kind and generous to him, supply-

ing the pulpit at its own charge during his long illness. Indeed there is nothing in the history I have been reviewing which has impressed me more profoundly than that of the friendly relations between Mr. Tebbetts and this parish. He became its minister with a considerable minority against him, but in the brief period of his active pastorate he so won their respect and affection that they were to him the kindest of friends.

In April of the following year, 1861, Mr. Edward C. Towne was installed. Educated at Yale College, he brought to his ministry a competent education and gifts of mind of an exceptional order. To these were added fervor and force, combined with a power of presenting truth that should have made him one of the leading minds of the church he had elected to serve. But controversies vitally affecting the Unitarian Church were then foremost, and deeply interested him. He was not sufficiently reverent of others' reverences, inclined to make differences of view, personal differences, and it was not long before the favor which his ministry created in the beginning changed, and after a serious division of the parish, threatening its welfare, his ministry came to an end in 1867.

In March, 1869, mine began, covering now nearly half of the history of the parish since its organization in 1824.

I have been telling the history of this parish for more than seventy-five years as it is recorded in the life of its ministers, because this way of tracing the history is more convenient. But the minister is little without the people who are behind him, who work together with him for the purpose for which a church exists, the establishment of righteousness in the earth. I could recite names connected with this church during this period which have not only honored it but honored human nature, — men and women eager for the truth, as eager to turn it into life, who being dead yet speak, and urge us to the best which they reverently followed.

During the period of this history the most important outward events have been the building of the meeting-

house in 1839, at a cost of about $14,000, the re-modeling of the interior in 1882 at an expense of $4,000, the destruction of it by fire on January 15, 1893, and the building of a new church, dedicated in June, 1894, at a cost of about $40,000.

The church is known as Unitarian, but the name nowhere appears in its legal organization. It is simply the First Parish in Medford. Not that it is in the least indifferent to the name Unitarian, rather it honors it, but the fact of its absence marks the unsectarian character which our fathers gave it. Sectarian propagandism it has never been afflicted with. Humanity is dearer to it than sect, and in its long history it is humanity which it has most sought to serve. Its interest in temperance and anti-slavery were evidences of this enthusiasm, and in the war of the Rebellion it did much through its Ladies' Benevolent Society to relieve the necessities of our soldiers, in two years making over three thousand garments which were sent to the Sanitary Commission, as well as supplying delicacies to the same benevolent agency for use in the army hospitals.

It is a church without a formal creed, having this simple bond of union, "In the love of truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite with this parish and church for the worship of God and the service of man."

On Sunday, March 5, 1909, the First Parish fittingly observed the fortieth anniversary of Pastor DeLong's settlement. He preached, and with characteristic modesty, gave his people generous credit for his success attained.

On Monday evening the church vestry was crowded with friends who gave him a royal reception. Orchestral music, flowers in profusion and artistic in arrangement, the presentation of a substantial token of regard, the formal speeches and poem, together with the hearty congratulations of numerous friends as well as parishioners, marked an occasion rare in the history of Medford. Ed.

THE BIGELOW FAMILY.

Eliza M. Gill.

Medford has a special interest in the honor bestowed on Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, by his election to the Presidency of Harvard University, for among the many illustrious families from which he is descended, one goes back to a period of Medford's history when its members for many years occupied important positions in the civic and social life of the town.

In 1806, Hon. Timothy Bigelow, son of the distinguished Revolutionary patriot Col. Timothy Bigelow, made Medford his residence when he removed from Groton to Boston to open a law office, and here he remained till his death, May 18, 1821, aged 54. His widow Lucy, daughter of Oliver Prescott, M.D., of Groton, survived him thirty-one years, dying December 15, 1852, aged 81 years, 9 months.

Mr. Bigelow was an able lawyer, the first in our town, which he served as its Representative in the General Court for many years, and was a highly esteemed citizen. He also served in the broader capacity of Speaker of the House for eleven years, eight of them being consecutive, — the longest term served by any one man. The life of one so estimable and useful to his fellowmen ought to be better known by our people of today.

His fine mansion and extensive grounds were on High street, the site of the present Grace Church and the residence of the late James W. Tufts. His greenhouses were the first probably built on any private estate in this town, and the foundations were used for the greenhouses erected by James W. Tufts.

The estate was filled with trees and shrubbery, which gave it an air of seclusion, and the passer-by caught just glimpse enough to make him long to enter and explore the attractions he knew must lie beyond.

Marshall P. Wilder, who contributed the chapter on "The Horticulture of Boston and Vicinity" for the *Memorial History of Boston*, describing the fine estates in the towns nearby, says, "There were many fine estates in Medford in our own day. Such were those of Timothy Bigelow, Peter C. Brooks, Thatcher Magoun and others, who were interested in horticultural pursuits and had good gardens and greenhouses."

Martin Burridge, whose descendants are living here, was the gardener, and his certificate of membership in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, issued a few years after its formation, has recently been presented to that society, and as it had none of this early issue, this relic of its former history has been very gratefully accepted and will be carefully preserved.

Several children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow while living here, and of those who came here young several rose to eminence in public or social life.

Katherine married Abbott Lawrence, the distinguished merchant and philanthropist, who was also the founder of great factories, benefactor of the Public Library of Boston, and of the Scientific School at Harvard, which was named for him. He was Ambassador to England, and one of the merchant princes of Boston, whose history cannot be told without mention of his name. An elegant residence on Park street, Boston, became the home of this Medford bride, and the site of it is now occupied by the Union Club, of Boston. She was married June 28, 1819, and her daughter Katherine Bigelow Lawrence married Augustus Lowell, whose son Abbott Lawrence Lowell has the honor to succeed Charles William Eliot as head of Harvard.

Andrew, a brother of Katherine, after graduating from Harvard, entered the ministry and settled in Medford, succeeding Rev. David Osgood as pastor of the church in the town. Soon after his settlement, differences of opinion in religious belief caused the withdrawal of seventeen members who formed the Second Congregational Church.

Rev. Andrew Bigelow was pastor of the Bulfinch Street Chapel (Unitarian) in Boston, 1845-1846.

John Prescott, a brother of the above, was Secretary of State of Massachusetts and was elected Mayor of Boston, December 1848, and served three terms. During his term of office, the completion of the lines of railroads connecting Boston with Canada and the Great Lakes was celebrated with great elaborateness, and he is said to have done "the honors of the city very handsomely." The first gift of money to the Boston Public Library was from John P. Bigelow. Was he the John P. Bigelow who was Commander of the Medford Light Infantry, 1821-1823?

Elizabeth Prescott, the youngest daughter, was married June 4, 1839. Andrew was married soon after his settlement over the church here, and these marriages with Katherine's also, are found on our Medford records, where also to be found are the deaths of the following: Edward, July 1, 1838, aged 38; Helen, unmarried, April 14, 1865, aged 61 years, 8 months; Francis R., unmarried, June 28 1886, aged 80 years, 6 months.

Helen and her brother Francis each led the life of a recluse, using only a portion of the great house, and naturally they fell into ways under such conditions that made them somewhat peculiar. About the time of the death of Helen, or soon after, Francis left his old home and went to live with Charles Russell, a lawyer, on Forest street, where he spent the remainder of his days. Under the watchful care of the friends in this home circle he regained his manliness, and he is remembered by two generations of our citizens. He had a tall, erect figure, abundant iron-gray hair, and was a familiar sight as he took his daily walk to the square, always wearing a cape and carrying a cane. He was a good Latin scholar and enjoyed talking about the history of Medford. He had been a merchant and the title of Colonel, by which he was always addressed, may have been one of courtesy.

MARM BETTY.

A Beloved Teacher in Ancient Medford.

The recent dedication of Medford's newest school building, named in honor of Lorin Low Dame, suggests a contrast between the Dame School of today and the dames' schools of a time long past.

It seems fitting to make mention and do tardy justice to the memory of one of those "vestal dames, whom it would not be profanation to call sacred, who never seemed young to their pupils and who with fidelity administered kisses, alphabet and birch."

Motherly care, useful knowledge, salutary discipline, and all for nine pence paid each Monday morning, was thus dispensed to the Medford youngsters under the age of seven years, till as late as 1813.

In mention of these, historian Brooks said: "Our town rejoiced in a 'Marm Betty'"; but of her, nothing more, which seems to have been a singular omission.

The story of Marm Betty harks back to the ancient mansion across the Mystic, now known as the Royall House, then in Charlestown; and to colonial days.

Marm Betty's name was Elizabeth Francis. She was the eldest daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth (Usher) Francis. Joseph was a younger brother of Nathaniel Francis, the great grandfather of the talented authoress Lydia Maria Child. It is, however, on the maternal side, that the interest in Marm Betty's memory attaches. Her mother, Elizabeth Usher, was the youngest daughter of John Usher, Lieutenant Governor of New Hampshire, who took up his residence here about 1697, and died in 1726. She was then about twenty years of age. She had been reared in luxury, and her appearance as she walked the highway from the paternal home and over the "great bridge" to the market place in Medford, was one of "pride and lofty carriage." Two black servants attended her; one to hold over her head an umbrella to protect her fair face from the sun, the other to carry her train.

The death of Governor Usher wrought great changes in the family fortunes. In 1732–3, the estate passed into the possession of the elder Colonel Royall. Probably a little later Elizabeth Usher was married to Joseph Francis. Little is now known of him, save that he died on February 1, 1749, leaving his widow in reduced circumstances, with their children, Elizabeth thirteen, Lydia twelve, and John eight years of age, dependent upon her for support and a mother's care.

At about 1757, (it is impossible to fix a more exact date), she opened a school in a building on the northerly side of the country road leading from the market place toward Woburn; the present High street. This was probably her humble dwelling and was located just below the present savings bank. She installed as her assistant, the eldest daughter Elizabeth, who in time came to be her successor and to be known as Marm Betty. The first child to be placed in their care was John Bishop, and their school might properly be styled a kindergarten, for the children were sent when very young.

The reverse in Elizabeth Usher's fortunes was a source of mortification to her and preyed upon her health, and that soon gave way. Long and severe illness followed, and in 1764 she was laid entirely aside from life's activities and for twenty-two years was an invalid, shut-in and helpless.

Mrs. Samuel Swan, one of Marm Betty's scholars, who was placed in her charge when less than two years old, and was but eight when the elder Elizabeth died, retained a vivid recollection of both. Over fifty years ago, on the first day of her seventy-ninth year, Mrs. Swan wrote: —

"I have often heard my grandmother tell of the pride and lofty carriage of this Miss Usher. They lived in regal splendor. The proud lady married Mr. Francis. I never learned his employment, but from the circumstances of the family they were poor."

This letter was written to her brother-in-law, who added numerous notes of comment and wrote somewhat critically of Mr. Brooks' slight mention of Marm Betty. He

was over a dozen years younger than his sister-in-law and took pains to ascertain from her, facts so fixed in her memory and to write and preserve them.

That Marm Betty was a dutiful daughter, keeping the fifth commandment and receiving its reward, is evident.

After fifty-two years the REGISTER publishes for the first time (so far as is known) the words written by Mr. Swan soon after the receipt of the letter alluded to.

"The daughter would take up her aged, infirm mother, as one would an infant, place her in a comfortable arm chair, wash her face and hands, set her breakfast on a little table before her, make and warm her bed, and then take her in her arms, and carefully laying her down would kneel by her low bed and smooth everything nicely about her.

"The old lady who was a devoted Christian, would extend her shrivelled hands and placing them on her daughter's head would bless her in these words; 'The Lord bless you, Betty — the God of Jacob bless you; our God will take care of you, Betty, you will never want bread for your kindness to your poor old mother.' The daughter kept religiously the fifth commandment, and *her days were long in the land*, and she never wanted bread. Kind neighbors supplied all her wants, and she had every comfort. She died in 1824, aged 98, [probably 88].

"A respectable number of neighbors followed her to the grave, among whom were her *first* and *last* scholars, viz. Mr. John Bishop and Miss Lucretia Bartlett. 'She left no relative, she was the last of her race.' Her sister Lydia married Mr. Benjamin Tufts, of Medford, who was born 1721. Miss Francis continued to keep school until within a few years of her death. Kind friends and neighbors united with true Christian kindness and furnished her daily food as follows: —

On Sunday, Mrs. Nathaniel Hall, d. December, 1841, ae. 69.
Monday, Mrs. Jonathan Porter, d. October, 1852, ae. 87.
Tuesday, Governor Brooks, d. March, 1825, ae. 73.
Wednesday, Mrs. Joseph Manning, d. August, 1835.
Thursday, Mrs. Duncan Ingraham, d. August, 1830, ae. 87.
Friday, Mr. John Bishop, d. February, 1833, ae. 77.
Saturday, Mrs. Abner Bartlett, d. April, 1867, ae. 89.

Governor Brooks always treated Miss Francis with great kindness and polite attention.

"Mrs. Samuel Swan supplied her with coffee for roasting for several years before 1823."

Marm Betty must have filled a worthy place in Med-

ford's history, none the less important because limited to the little home and her little charges. Her long life overlapped the first half-century of the new nation, but it was a day of small things with Medford's school system even, when she passed to her reward. A tribute of affection was it, and one perhaps without a parallel, that her *first* and *last* scholars should come to do her honor.

The invalid mother may have heard the clattering hoof beats and the shout of Revere on that eventful morning when he aroused Captain Hall. It is more than probable that Marm Betty, his near neighbor, was also aroused and saw the minute men set out for Lexington. Probably some of those sturdy youngsters Marm Betty taught, became "young rebels" and fought against King George.

> "Then weave no bridal wreath for me,
> But brew instead a cup of tea"

was in her case appropriate. This ancient spinster* was "a great tea-drinker, and at one time was deeply mortified because Governor Brooks found her drinking from the spout of her teapot." A case of "Ephraim joined to his idols"; and the Governor could have been more ceremonious in calling. We may query if her "flowered bed curtains of fine needlework the wonder of all beholders" may not have been relics of the "regal splendor" of the old mansion ere it became the Royall House. Who knows but that Marm Betty may have had a soldier lover, that never returned from the colonial wars, one to whom, as her mother's assistant, she taught the "alphabet" and manners in that ancient "dame's school?" We may only guess at these, but must remember that the Medford of those days was but a little hamlet, into which this reminiscence of Marm Betty gives us of the twentieth century a glimpse.

* See Register, Volume 3, Page 96.

THE FIRST MEDFORD JOURNAL.

On Thursday, January 8, 1857, there appeared in our old town its first local newspaper, bearing this title in ornamental capitals "*The Medford Journal.*" It styled itself, "A paper devoted to News, Literature, Science and Art." This was followed by a quotation from Burns, "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, an faith he'll print them."

It was published by C. C. P. Moody and edited by George G. W. Morgan. Its subscription price was $1.50 per annum, in advance. It was of eight pages, 10 x 12 inches in size. A brief allusion has been made to it in recent years in "Medford Past and Present," as a small four page venture of four columns each, placing it at about 1850. Possibly there may have been at that time such a one, but as that writer placed Mr. Usher's *Medford Journal* next in order, he doubtless referred to the subject of this sketch.

The first article was under the caption, "Original Poetry," and consisted of four eight-line verses, entitled "The Poet's Aspirations," "by the editor," who began,

> "I ask not wealth nor honor,
> Nor proud or broad domain."

Next came "Our Introductory," which occupied three columns, stating the purpose, scope and intentions of the new venture. Then a little over a column (reprinted from the *Boston Journal*) told the story of the murder of Warden Tenney of the Massachusetts State Prison, at Charlestown, by one of the prisoners. Just two weeks had elapsed since Deputy Warden Walker had been there murdered, and this created wide spread excitement. Two columns followed about the filibustering General Walker in Nicaragua; and then three eight-line verses, "The Old Year." The editor was next indebted to the *Lowell Courier* for an account of a train "Off the Track," on the B. & M. R. R., in Wilmington. A great shake-up, but one person injured, and he only slightly.

On the preceding Thursday, the Universalist Church

at Malden was dedicated. The account tells of the dedication hymn by Mrs. M. A. Livermore, and prayer by Rev. C. H. Leonard. Then there was a bunch of choice bits gathered up; here is one.

> I'd rather black my visage o'er,
> And put the gloss on boots and shoes,
> Than stand within a liquor store
> And wash the glasses drunkards use.
>
> JOHN PIERPONT.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont was at that time the Unitarian minister in Medford, and he was accustomed to expressing his sentiments forcibly.

Medford had a course of "Lyceum Lectures" in those days and two and a half columns were devoted to an account of Rev. Dr. Adams' "Ideal of a Merchant." These were usually in the Town Hall, but on this occasion American Hall was used. A comment was, "The hall was well lighted, warmed and very convenient."

The "Ladies' Fair and Levee," on December 30, 1856, (same evening as the lecture) in the Town Hall, drew together, "a highly respectable company." The Methodist ladies were raising money to buy an organ for their church, (beside Gravelly brook then). The Universalist minister (Maxham), and the "Orthodox" (Marvin), were present and spoke encouraging words. And be it noticed, the levee was opened by singing of hymns and prayer. Their minister was Rev. E. S. Best. Hon. J. M. Usher was there (of course he was) and in his remarks, for he was always ready with a speech, he alluded to the "Best Methodists." Mr. Usher's wit seems to have been lost on the *Journal* man, as he alludes to Mr. *Bess* several times, and reports Mr. Usher as saying, "they have a *good* organ at one end and soon will have another at the other." Mr. Usher probably put the *Best* organ in the pulpit end. Samuel Blanchard officiated as auctioneer at the close of the "levee."

Next came an account, one and a quarter columns, of a meeting in relation to the proposed Medford Horse

Railroad. This was on January 2, 1857. One of the three routes proposed was down Ship street. J. O. Curtis was Chairman, J. M. Usher, Secretary. At this meeting Mr. Usher took opportunity to introduce the editor and to bespeak popular favor toward the coming paper. Perhaps he did so because it was "a highly respectable meeting of the citizens," at least the *Journal* said so. The words were used by other writers of the time. The historian of a near city alluded to "the present highly respectable Baptist Church."

A brief review of the Lyceum Lectures, given weekly in the previous December, then followed. Then came a caution to householders as to care of fires, danger of suffocation, etc., enforced by a local incident, entitled "A Warm Bedfellow."

It appears that a servant girl at Colonel Usher's (Henry Usher, at West Medford) had placed a heated brick in her bed, scorching the bed-clothes and setting fire to the carpet afterward. Mrs. Usher discovered the fire, which was extinguished none too soon by the Colonel.

Nearly two columns were devoted to "Foreign Affairs," among them an account of the return of the Arctic ship *Resolute* by our government to England.

In "Domestic Intelligence" was a communication, "Is hanging a remedy for crime?" containing allusions to the recent murders at the State Prison.

The "World as it is" contained seventeen paragraphs. One alluded to the closing of President Pierce's administration.

Then there were three "Answers to Correspondents," and three selections of poetry under the head of "Culled Flowers." "Chips from a Dry Stick" made half a column of interesting and amusing sayings and jokes. The *Honolulu Advertiser* furnished "A Hawaiian Funeral."

On the last page was the announcement of the Medford Lyceum for January 8. H. M. Ticknor was to read selections from popular authors, among them, Saxe, Fields and Whittier.

The ordination of William C. Brooks as pastor of the Universalist Church at Malden was reported; Rev. C. H. Leonard making the address to the church and society.

The names and tonnage of eight vessels built during the year in Medford, also names of builders were given. The *Bunker Hill*, 1000 tons (Curtis), was on "the stocks for launching in the spring."

Four advertisements of real estate, and one of T. W. Savage, 1 and 2 American Block, next followed. Mr. Savage sold dry goods, millinery, clothing, boots and shoes. Davis & Wright (over B. & M. station in Boston) advertised carpets. C. C. P. Moody, 52 Washington street, Boston, advertised printing of all kinds. It was probably there the *Journal* was printed; and creditable work it was.

One marriage notice there was; "On Christmas eve, by Rev. Theodore Parker, Wm. Mumford to Caroline Griffin, of East Medford."

One death; "Lizzie Rich (14 years), of Malden." This was followed by three verses of sympathy, "sent by a friend."

The last item was the quarterly list of letters remaining in the Medford Post Office, and advertised by Postmaster James C. Winnek. There were 131 of them.

Such was the first venture in Medford journalism, and certainly Editor Morgan and Publisher Moody made a creditable showing, and deserved success.

Possibly the readers of the REGISTER may inquire: Did the Medford people of a half century ago appreciate the effort and rally to its support? We regret to say that evidently they did not, as in the third issue, on January 22, there was in its columns "A Last Appeal," in which the editor and publisher, while not expecting large things, confessed disappointment. They, however, continued its publication for three months, during which time, several correspondents made use of its columns in letters of encouragement, on public improvements and appeal for action at town meeting on various matters.

The various lectures of the Medford Lyceum were reported, and this seems to have been well attended. Then there was the Literary Institute, a young men's society. Mr. N. H. Bishop's lecture before the latter is fully given. Mr. Bishop and Mr. T. P. Smith seem to have been very friendly to the paper. In the "Introductory" it was said, "We have been seriously contemplating whether to allow advertisements of any kind," wishing the paper to "stand on its merits." A few availed of its columns to advertise, but in meager number, as the publisher announced a discrimination.

The last number, the 13th, appeared on April 2, the opening article being "Our Valedictory." In this, Editor Morgan told something of the efforts made toward its establishment, but felt that they were in the main unappreciated, as not over forty subscriptions had been received, while the weekly sales had not exceeded sixty. The weekly income had been about five dollars and while the advertisements had added but little, the expenses had been over twenty, — and we may wonder how it could have been done for that. Some friends wished to assist by contribution, but the editor's "self respect would not permit" such action, and so ended the publication of Medford's first local paper.

The editor was evidently a man of genius, education and ability, and during that winter gave a lecture, in the Lyceum course, on "Poets and Poetry," closing with an "Epic on Napoleon," an original composition. Like another editor we know, he sometimes found it needful to find subject matter and copy. Number 11 contains his poem, "Old Oscar and His Sons." He remarked in his lecture: —

> "I've always found the same old hen
> Who'd peck for one, could peck for ten,"

But peck and scratch as well as editor may, subscribers need to be multiplied by ten (and this applies to the REGISTER as well) to make any publication successful.

Mr. Moody, the publisher, also was the author of "Moody's Proverbs," which the writer remembers seeing in the Boston papers long ago, as well as a review of current political events in the "Chronicles of Moody."

In that final number he issued notice of the publication of the Malden *Messenger*, and stated that it would be sent to the *Journal* subscribers, and any dissatisfied ones could be reimbursed for the unexpired portion, by calling at his office.

In that number was a letter wherein "Eureka" proposed a shorter route to Boston by the erection of a "suspension bridge, from Ship street near the Craddock Fort to the highland in Somerville," stating that "the ideals of to-day become the actual of succeeding age." The "horse railroad" resultant on that "highly respectable" meeting had its day. Twenty years later the Mystic was bridged at Wellington; but it has taken fifty-one years to get a rapid transit from the "highland in Somerville."

Possibly ere this, both editor and publisher have passed on, but in the Medford Public Library is preserved a file of their paper (the only one we know of), which someone was thoughtful enough to save.

The writer has made this review of its earliest issue to perpetuate in our columns a record of the effort made, thus adding a little to Medford history.

THE SOCIETY'S MAGAZINE.

With the current number, the twelfth volume of the REGISTER is completed. The aim of the Publication Committee has been to present a magazine distinctively local; to gather from authentic sources items of Medford history that might otherwise be lost; and to preserve them in a worthy and attractive form. That a good degree of success has been attained is evident. The first four volumes bear the imprint of Rockwell & Churchill,

Boston; the others show the excellent and careful work of our townsman, J. C. Miller, Jr.

The preparation of the illustrations has been mainly the work of Mr. Eddy; though thanks for the use of cuts are due in a few cases to others.

During ten years, Messrs. C. H. Loomis, Walter H. Cushing, Will C. Eddy and Miss Helen T. Wild were successively editors. By their able work, a reputable position among kindred publications has been reached. Mr. David H. Brown succeeded Miss Wild, and the issue of January, 1908, was edited by him. After his death Mr. Moses W. Mann was chosen as his successor.

With the work of nearly two years before our patrons, the present incumbent bespeaks co-operation in the line of increased circulation and contribution of short articles relative to Medford in recent years, now rapidly growing remote. We desire that the *thirteenth* volume may in no wise be *unlucky*, but prove of worth for reference and a welcome visitor to home and library.

PAPERS AND ADDRESSES.

The Medford Historical Society has been privileged during its thirteenth year, 1908–1909, with the following: —

October 19. — "Fisher Ames." Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq. November 16.— "Around the Caribbean." Rosewell B. Lawrence, Esq. December 21.— "The Cost of Municipal Government in Massachusetts." Charles F. Gettemy, Esq. January 18.— "The Evolution of a New England Home." Mr. Frank Smith, of Dedham. February 15. — "A Union Spy and Her Correspondents." Mr. John Albree, of Swampscott. April 19.— "The First Inauguration of John Hancock." Francis Hurtubis, Jr., Esq., of Boston. May 17.— "The West Medford Congregational Church." Deacon Herbert N. Ackerman. In the Saturday evening course the subjects and speakers were; December 5. — "Shay's Rebellion." Mr. George S. Mann, of Brookline. January 2.— "The Pump in the Market Place." Miss Eliza M. Gill. February 6. — "From the Stage Coach to the Parlor Car." Mr. Charles E. Mann, of Malden. March 6.— "The Water Supply of Medford." Mr. Fred L. Cushing, of Medford. April 3.— "Some Ancient Law Suits in Upper Medford." Mr. Arthur Whitney, of Winchester. May 1.— "Interoceanic Traffic of the Isthmus of Tehauntepec." Mr. George S. Delano.

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